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VOLUME 184 1949 NUMBER 6

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THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, December, 1949, Vol. 184, No. 6. Published monthly. Publication Office, 10 Ferry Street, Concord, N.H. Editorial and General Offices, 8 Arlington St., Boston 16, Mass. 50 cents a copy, \$6.00 a year. Unsolicited manuscripts should be accompanied by return postage. Entered as second-class matter July 15, 1918, at the Post Office at Concord, N.H., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U.S.A. by Rumford Press, Concord, N.H. Copyright 1949, by The Atlantic Monthly Company. All rights, including translation into other languages, reserved by the Publisher in the United States, Great Britain, Mexico, and all countries participating in the International Copyright Convention and the Pan-American Copyright Convention.



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Atomic Energy



PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S announcement of evidence of an atomic explosion in the Soviet Union was received with equanimity at the outset. There is no way to tell how long that equanimity will continue. Perhaps the people of the country have been more alert than authorities anticipated to warnings during the past few years that there is no secret of the bomb, and therefore they received the announcement as something to be expected. In any event, a nation that since 1940 had invested 4.5 billion dollars — as much as the total national debt up to 1918 — in creating a national industry out of the most powerful source of energy appeared to take the news of the end of its weapon monopoly with encouraging calm.

Addition of the clause, "Now that the Russians have the bomb," to the accustomed arguments on the world situation had a clarifying effect somewhat akin to a feeling of relief. It did not, however, alter the arguments greatly. One hopeful theory is that the availability of the bomb to the two greatest powers may mean a standoff as far as atomic war is concerned, with the atom bomb occupying the position in future which poison gas had in the Second World War.

Given such a standoff, some observers are of the opinion that a better opportunity exists for a rapprochement with the Soviet Union, preferably within the framework of the United Nations Atomic Energy Commission. The Baruch proposals for the present seem as little likely of realization as they have been in the past.

The optimists see in the standoff the chance for an agreement between the two bomb-holding powers to place a moratorium on the bomb for a year or more,

in which discussion of a lasting solution could proceed. Efforts towards such an armistice through action in the General Assembly of the United Nations got under way shortly after the announcement of Russian success. Argentina advocated an immediate atomic armistice between the U.S.A. and the U.S.S.R., and Australia requested a new agency within the UN to frame an international control plan.

The pessimists

The less optimistic foresee a continuation of the cold war, a rush by the United States to increase bomb production and swell stockpiles of the weapon, with a concomitant effort on the part of Russia to proceed from a single "atomic explosion" to the mass production of weapons and ultimately to match strength with the United States.

The great Italian-American physicist Enrico Fermi, who directed the famous Stagg Field experiments which culminated on December 2, 1942, in the first self-maintaining nuclear chain reaction, has said that if the United States maintains its present ratio of superiority over the Soviet Union in atomic matters, there will be no war for twenty years. Dr. Fermi's additional remark, that he is a fatalist and will continue to sleep as well as his insomnia permits, took some of the edge off this hopeful comment.

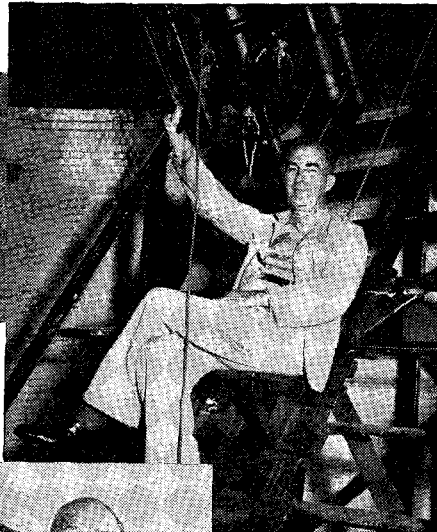
General Walter Bedell Smith, who through his service as American ambassador in Moscow has firsthand knowledge of Russian potentials, predicted six months ago that Russia might soon test an atomic bomb, but held that it might take the Soviet Union ten years to develop the powerful type of bomb that the United States has stockpiled. Such

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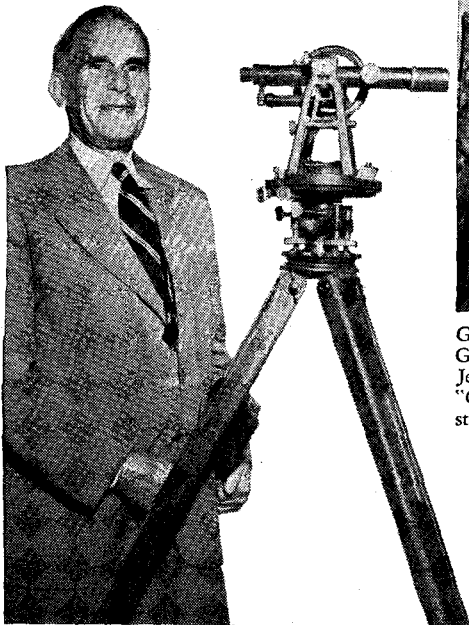
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The Atlantic Report on Atomic Energy



solace gets a dash of cold water from American atomic physicists Harold C. Urey and Harrison Brown, who denounce the belief that the United States has a ten-year lead over Russia in bomb construction, disagree flatly with General Smith, and hold that Russia can be expected to make a substantial supply of bombs in the next few years.

Still a third view of the total situation accepts the idea of a continuing cold war, of competitive stockpiling — in short, of an atomic armament race — but argues that this is only another way of reaching the standoff. Protagonists of this view hold that the nation making the greatest progress in the peaceful, industrial utilization of atomic energy will in the end win out.

On this possibility, the United States has in the past been pretty confident, relying on its well-advertised know-how and on the fact of nearly ten years' progress in the further understanding not merely of atomic fission but of the great barriers that must be surmounted for its successful industrial application. It must be recognized that confidence on the part of the average citizen has been shaken a bit by the fact that the Russians have been able to bring off an atomic explosion considerably earlier than had been generally expected.

There is no guaranteed secrecy

Surprising though the Russian speed may have been to the man in the street, it was no shock to most scientists. It is a cold fact that if any qualified physicists, even if they had had nothing to do with the wartime bomb-building effort, had been called in three years ago and asked to review the published literature on atomic energy, to relate it to their general physical knowledge, and to apply the result to such questions as how to build reactors, how to separate raw materials, and how to build a bomb, they could have come up with the correct answers.

The physicists Frederick Seitz and Hans Bethe some three years ago published a discussion pointing out the possibilities of Russian success on about this basis. These possibilities bear directly on the crippling business of security of information, and specifically on the blandly bandied allegation that "leaks" of restricted information from this country expedited the Russian accomplishment. The Smyth report on which our hypothetical physicists would have had to base much of their work was published in 1945 by the Manhattan District.

From security of information to security in the sense of protection of people against atomic bom-

bardment is a short step, shorter than ever now that the Russians have the bomb. Security of information — secrecy — is, as before, subject to two extreme views: Abandon it entirely; increase it to the utmost.

With two powers possessed of atomic weapons, the sensible mid-course will probably be that propounded by Commissioner Strauss, who has urged the publication of all scientific information not possessing military value and cited the need of continued secrecy on matters having to do with the development of atomic energy and other military weapons.

Whatever the course, security of information, particularly where it involves protection of the people, is still a stumbling block. Publication of the so-called weapons effects handbook, a joint project of the Atomic Energy Commission and the National Military Establishment, which was scheduled for the summer, was postponed. That such a volume is more urgently wanted under the present conditions is obvious. But the problem of classification of information still remains.

Meantime the Commission has had all the published literature relating to civilian defense rechecked and reviewed. Some four hundred and fifty titles with which medical men, city planners, municipal authorities, and the like should be familiar have been singled out.

The majority of these deal with medical topics such as radiation injury or effects of blast, but a respectable number are concerned with the structure of buildings and the layout of cities. It is anticipated that a bibliographical treatment to speed the use of these materials will be available shortly. Demand for this sort of thing can be expected to grow in the months ahead, no matter how great the equanimity of the first few weeks after announcement of the Russian explosion. Already stress has been placed on the statement that the United States defenses against the bomb are pieces of paper.

Such a statement ignores radar nets, interception plans, coastal patrols, and other military measures. But its emphasis upon lack of earlier efforts to save as much civilian life and power as possible in the event of bombardment takes on a new vividness.

Don't crowd the new plants

Hence there will be further advocacy of the development of satellite cities of 50,000 people, separated by open space; further argument that

skyscrapers are specially vulnerable to atomic bombs and should therefore no longer be built; further pleading for underground installation not only of vital manufacturing establishments but also of stockpiles, workers' quarters, hospitals.

There is reason in this course. There would be utter unreason in the hysteria that would urge a flight into quick decentralization, and the abandonment of our principal cities, even if that were economically, socially, and industrially possible.

The sound program will call not for decentralizing, but for halting our increasing centralization. The least we can do, it is argued, is to freeze matters about where they stand and, from now on, to back every effort at putting new construction, new industrial installations, new housing, at a reasonable distance from neighboring centers.

The Washington experience in the years since the war is in point here. When emergency agencies were blossoming like the nettles of doom, and space was at a premium, there was an exodus from Washington. Out, out, to Baltimore, to Philadelphia, to New York, to more remote places, went Patent Office and many other Office thousands, to make place in the main center for the mushrooming organizations whose job was to coordinate the nation's fighting effort.

All roads lead to Washington

The war ended. Back to Washington have come the thousands, augmented necessarily, to add to the population, which has not diminished because the theoretically temporary wartime units are not completely extinct. The result is a greater concentration than ever before in a region as vulnerable as the worst enemy could hope.

Against this background, the too often unheeded example of the Atomic Energy Commission's action stands out sharply. Only one per cent of that agency's total personnel is in the capital city.

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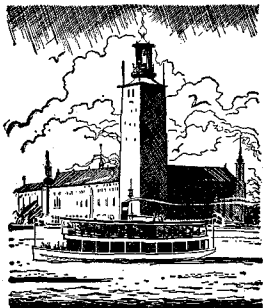
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and transportation facilities — teletype, leased wires, air and rail travel — to decentralize its work. Notable is the fact that the Commission's Chicago office is thirty-five miles from the Loop. Great corporations which at the present moment are moving their main offices from other cities into Manhattan might well heed these facts.

Whether they will or not, the problem of decentralization is a hot potato in anybody's language. Local real-estate values, existing rapid transit systems, municipal pride and prestige, the kudos of the Chamber of Commerce, not to mention settled customs of living, school systems, church systems, medical facilities, and other institutions are involved in any move toward changing the present physical pattern of American life.

He would be a courageous if not indeed temerarious public servant or politician who ventured any sweeping move by national legislation in that direction. But he would be a farseeing public servant indeed who set out to forestall any additions to the present congestion.

It is against this general background that American policy will have to be thought out in the days ahead. The Atomic Energy Commission may be expected not only to seek additional funds for the prosecution of the national atomic energy enterprise but also to seek elimination of the restrictions placed upon its freedom of judgment and operation by the last appropriation bill. Delays have become more critical since the announcement on September 23 of the Soviet atomic explosion.

Failure of legislation for a National Science Foundation to reach action by the Eighty-first Congress makes such greater freedom for the Commission all the more important. Never before has basic research been of more vital importance — an importance pointed up by the possibility that the Soviet may have used lithium for its atomic explosion rather than the uranium 235 of Hiroshima or the plutonium of Nagasaki.

Sniping seems trivial

Against this general background, too, the feeble pop with which Senator Hickenlooper's charges of "incredible mismanagement" came to a

conclusion was lost. It would be a sensitive Geiger counter which could have registered the end of the Hickenlooper investigation against the greater tremors of the September announcement.

The vote of ten to eight which brought the investigation to a close, however, is significant in its indication of a minority report which may be expected to take issue with the majority, which endorsed Chairman Lilienthal and his colleagues in their conduct of the atomic energy enterprise.

Perhaps, also, the most lasting record of the whole inquiry is to be found in the fact that the sixth semi-annual report of the Commission, a detailed and admirable discussion of atomic energy in its relations to the life sciences, which appeared midway in the investigation, is guarded in tone and circumspect almost beyond necessity in its use of illustrations.

Against this general background, finally, must be appraised prospects for the immediate future. A resurgence of argument for returning the whole atomic energy undertaking to military control has been foreseen. One pungent answer to that is implicit in Senator McMahon's declaration that he is satisfied that the military forces have access to atomic weapons instantly if, when, and as they need it.

A resurgence of jingoistic argument for a prophylactic war likewise has been forecast. Both the common sense and the tradition of the nation will be ample opposition to it.

Much interest will attach, on all these scores, to *Modern Arms and Free Men*, a volume by Dr. Vannevar Bush, director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development during the grim years of the war, and subsequently chairman of the National Military Establishment's Research and Development Board.

Its evaluation of wars past and present, its appraisal of weapons and weapons systems, and its balancing of strengths and weaknesses of democracy as against totalitarianism will be valuable guidance for the hard thinking that must be done by citizens confronted with as great problems as ever Americans met.



Washington

THE Capital is putting on the girth and the glitter of wartime in response to its transformation as the headquarters of the new Atlantic community. ECA now has a military corollary in MCA, which is being administered by former Ambassador James Bruce. This will require not only a new bureaucracy but also the presence of additional staffs in Washington representing the treaty partners. There is also an infiltration of new officials from abroad in fulfillment of the pledge in the Anglo-American economic conference to keep up constant consultations on currency and economic problems.

Point IV in the Truman inaugural will also mean a growth of officialdom when program becomes organization. Point IV is the one which called for a "bold new program" for the development of backward areas. The President sought without avail to set up a Point IV agency before Congress recessed. However, a program has been prepared, and when the legislators return, it will undoubtedly figure among the first orders of business.

The President got his appropriation for the arms program just before Congress adjourned. The delay was due to a provision in the Act which testified to the statesmanship of the Eighty-first Congress. They insisted on a plan of integrated defense for the Atlantic prior to the stage of appropriations. The insistence was due to the lesson learned from the Marshall Plan. Instead of economic integration, economic separation has been financed with Marshall money.

Once bitten, twice shy, Congress was not going to subsidize the building of separate military establishments. It spelled out what it wanted — no duplication of function, no separate plans and staff work. To make sure this was done, the President was told that he would have to pass upon the "plan" before he could get the implementing funds. Congress thus applied a needle which made the Atlantic nations jump into action, and the President told Congress he was satisfied with the product.

Point IV would put technological know-how at the disposal of undeveloped countries on request, though they will be expected to share cost. The

first constructive advice will mainly concern the eradication of disease, fishery improvement, and agricultural betterment.

Agriculturally much could be done to assist Eastern peoples to do better what they are already doing. Rice culture, for instance, is laggard. Control of pests is neglected; little has been done in seed experimentation. In these respects the Department of Agriculture contains a fabulous amount of knowledge. Its explorers have scoured the earth for new seeds and new plants for transplantation and cross-fertilization.

To some people it has seemed that all that is necessary in this particular is to put out a sign "Come and get it." The trouble is that the toiling masses in Asia and Africa are neither interested nor able to travel. There has to be show-how, preferably by their own people. Thus the Smith-Mundt Act, which enables foreign teachers to come here, will be helpful.

There has been some misunderstanding over the guaranty provision of Point IV. Some writers think that under the bill any American investor abroad could get a government guaranty of his investment against the hazards of nonconvertibility and expropriation. This is not quite the situation. What the bill does is to spell out powers which the Export-Import Bank now possesses implicitly.

The measure would make clear the intent of Congress to give equity investments a guaranty within the framework of Export-Import Bank resources and requirements. The bank has for fifteen years exercised this power over bond issues.

The Herter bill

Representative Herter has an alternative bill which requires the negotiation of treaties establishing a code of fair practices toward foreign investment. This the State Department has promised to do. But the Herter bill would withhold assistance under Point IV from any country which has not negotiated such a treaty within two years. The Export-Import Bank thinks case-by-case agreement with the benefiting country would afford protection.

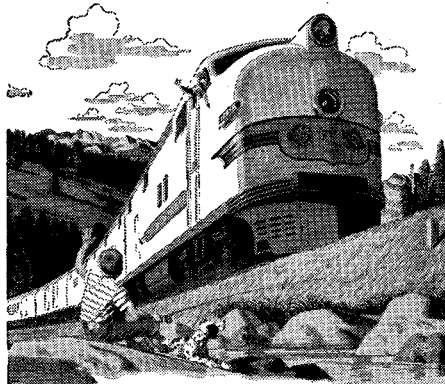
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However, it does not oppose reciprocal treaties.

This activity is in line with the American effort to do its part in enabling the world to earn dollars. A creditor habit of thinking seems to be coming over American business and American politics. Scarcely a murmur was heard, for instance, over the tariff slashes arranged reciprocally with ten countries on the heels of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements extension. But investment is as much the answer to the country's chronic creditorship as trade.

In this respect the World Bank is breaking new ground for investment in Asia and Africa, and Point IV will also be a trail-blazer for investment opportunities. It is felt that aside from the actual investment program the spread of know-how will provoke a desire for development with foreign capital.

Unity of command

A clash on unification was inevitable, even though it occurred while the Defense Ministers of the Atlantic community were meeting in Washington to build the machinery to work out "all for one and one for all" defense.

The ministers might have been forgiven if they had asked whether unity of command could be developed in the Atlantic community when unity of command seemed such a will-o'-the-wisp in Washington. But they saw the row as the inevitable last kick of the die-hards which all of them had experienced in their own countries.

Take, for example, Britain. Between wars the British went through the same clash in integrating their services. But now, as a visiting official said, "Give an airman, a sailor, and a soldier in England a military problem, and they would come up with more or less the same answer. Such are the benefits of the cross-education we have instituted." Much the same comment came from the others.

The Americans are still in the birth pangs of unification, and cross-education is just beginning. Yet even now the Joint Staff of 300 officers of all branches is fairly coherent and getting to be single-minded, without much division in terms of service affiliation.

Success of unification depends not only on the retirement of the die-hards but also on the spreading example of the Joint Staff. Its members are all professional officers of the highest caliber. In association or in groups within the association they are able to achieve solutions which are beyond considerations of service prestige and tradition.

For instance, two Air Force officers on the Joint Staff advocated the cause of the supercarrier. The teamwork owes much to the first director, Lieut. Gen. Gruenther, now Deputy Army Chief of Staff, who has been succeeded by a man of equal impartiality, Admiral Davis.

At the same time the Navy had many a justifiable gripe that deserved an airing. Traditionally the Navy always has been the favored branch on Capitol Hill. The status disappeared during the war because the realities showed conclusively that the sea was no longer the first line of defense. At that time the surface navy was wrangling with naval aviation. The latter, when it did get proper recognition in Navy affairs, became the Navy spokesman in the unification controversy.

However, the Navy airmen say they were quietly silenced by the assurance of Secretary Forrestal that he knew their problems and would watch their interests. Forrestal, as we all now know, was so engulfed by his job that the Navy never got much chance of a hearing. The situation lasted till the supercarrier was canceled by Forrestal's successor, Louis Johnson.

Johnson gets tough

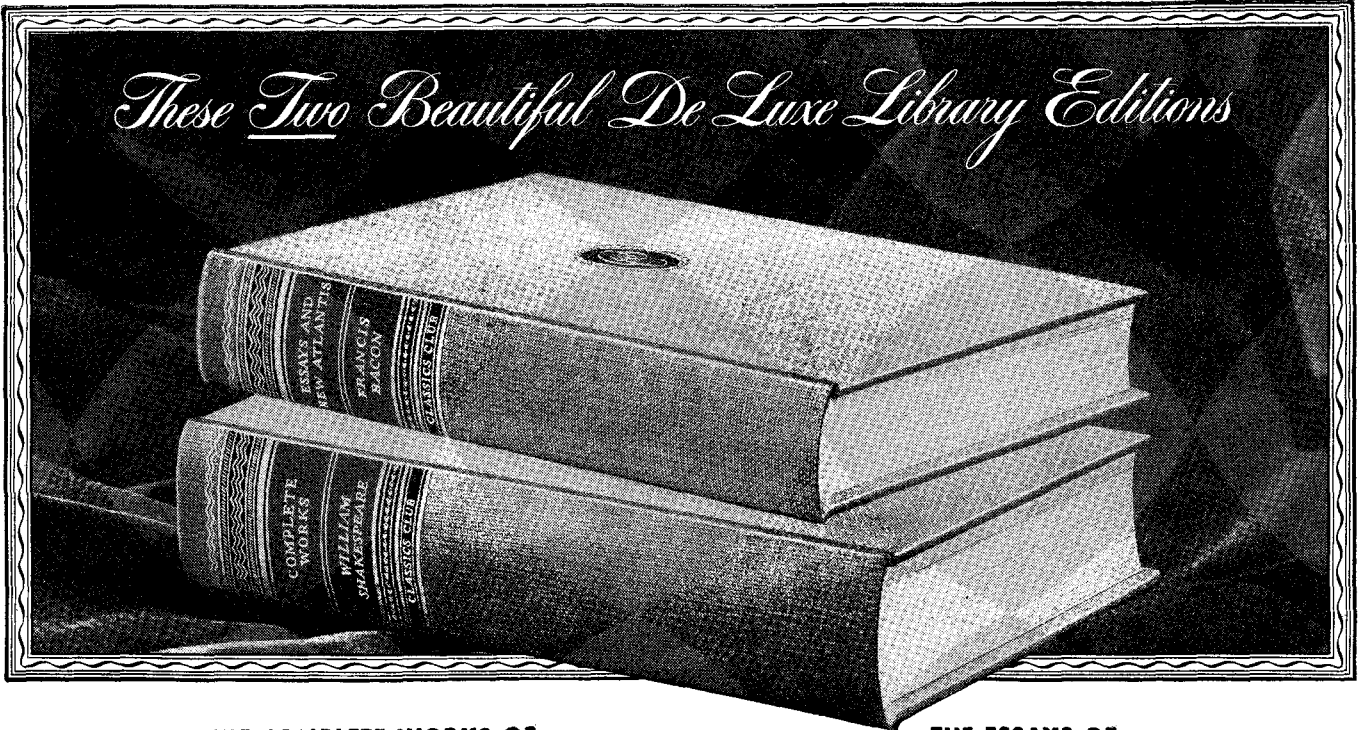
Johnson is an enigmatic personality, and on nothing about him is there any unanimity, except, perhaps, his soaring ambition. Forrestal used to say that a Secretary of Defense should forswear political ambition. This was the reason he bowed out of the Truman campaigning.

It was for Johnson's giant's share in that campaigning, however, that Johnson got the Defense portfolio. He is a burly man, with a corresponding toughness in his handling of the mammoth problem at the Department of Defense. He is inclined to disingenuousness, is given to riding roughshod over people, and is averse

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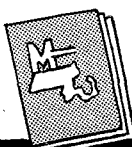
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to listening to all sides. He is as impetuous as Forrestal was indecisive.

What the Navy resents about the supercarrier is not so much the cancellation — or so it says — as the manner in which it was done. Johnson asked the Navy Department to prepare itself for a briefing, but the Department never got the call for an appearance, and the first thing it knew the cancellation had occurred.

It alleges the same injustice over the reduction in big carriers. Eleven is the current number, to be reduced this year to eight; and according to report, the figure next year will be four — all decisions made by Johnson without a Navy hearing. The Navy has had the mortification of reading in the newspapers official assurances that the Navy morale is good, when it knows that, on the contrary, it is bad. Hence the rash of smear stories emanating out of Navy back rooms till the explosion in public permitted by Congress.

It is clear that the whole object of unification would be destroyed by any return to a three-budget system. This the Hoover Commission inveighed against. Three budgets mean waste, a balancing of forces on the basis of compromising rival service claimants, duplication, and a perpetuation of separation. Most people agree that we should not return to such a system.

What is necessary is assurance of a hearing for the Navy on the allocation of economies, though even here there must be an understanding over functions, not to say submission to some framework of an over-all plan. The Navy, faced with this argument, will say, "But we are always outvoted two to one in the Joint Chiefs." Till there is proof, however, that the Navy in fact is wedded to the idea of an over-all plan, not much sympathy will be elicited for the Navy standpoint: that there should be autonomy of allocating economies.

Mutual obliteration?

There is much sense, to a layman, in what the Navy is now enabled to say on strategic doctrine. The view of the Air Force in this department has hitherto prevailed. And it is a believer in strategic bombing — that is to say, in a strategy aimed at reducing Russia's cities to rubble.

The strategic bombing theory has had little rebuttal. Those laymen with "lob over an A-bomb" ideas have acquiesced in it. But the Navy blasts the theory on many a count, and thinks that "Red Atom Day" has made the strategic bombing theory valueless. They repeat with the British military historian, General Fuller, that it is morally wrong, militarily wrong, and politically suicidal.

The nation, the Navy contends, must decide whether this kind of warfare — which has now become mutual obliteration — is the way to achieve the more perfect peace which is the aim of warfare. Is there not a way short of mutual annihilation that would accomplish the war purpose?

In effect the Navy is putting a prime question to the National Security Council. Never has there been a firm outline of a policy the achievement of which would settle our differences with Russia.

A bill-of-particulars policy must be spelled out before the Joint Chiefs can embark on a strategical plan to achieve the objectives in case cold-warfare diplomacy not only fails but sets off an explosion. It is starkly clear from the Navy testimony that there are no basic plans either in the Security Council or the Joint Chiefs of Staff. Crisis diplomacy appears to be taking up the time of the Security Council; strategic bombing fills the vacuum in the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

The military wrongness of the doctrine is attested in illustration. Navy men say that one of these days we shall wake up to find that guided missiles have outmoded the B-36 as the delivery agent of the A-bomb. The layman is impressed with this argument, though he cannot assay other naval arguments aimed at demonstrating that the B-36 is not all it is cracked up to be, and that the Russians are better prepared against it than the Air Force admits.

The case for carriers

At any rate, the case for carrier-based planes, and therefore carriers, has been pretty well re-established.

To the Navy they are essential for a number of reasons, some of which derive from Red Atom Day. No landing field in Europe may be tenable in a war with Russia. Carriers would

be the means of aiding Western Europe in resisting attack, rather than in liberating Europe, as Army and Air Force heretofore have stressed. The Navy air arm, being mobile, could keep the Russians guessing where attack was coming from, so that the Russians, guarding against surprise, would have to secure their entire sea and land frontier.

A subsidiary lamentation throughout the Navy is the Navy's deficiency in the infighting in the Battle of the Pentagon. This was a way of criticizing former Chief of Naval Operations, Admiral Denfeld. Denfeld is a mild man, without the authority of a King or the prestige given to a Nimitz. He is a product of the "silent service," the submarines, and although he lived up with the other admirals, he was certainly a fish out of water in the row between the Navy and the Air Force.

No wonder the Navy looked to Radford, the brilliant leader of the fightin' and feudin' between the services. Johnson made no secret of his disdain for Denfeld, and the Navy knew it.

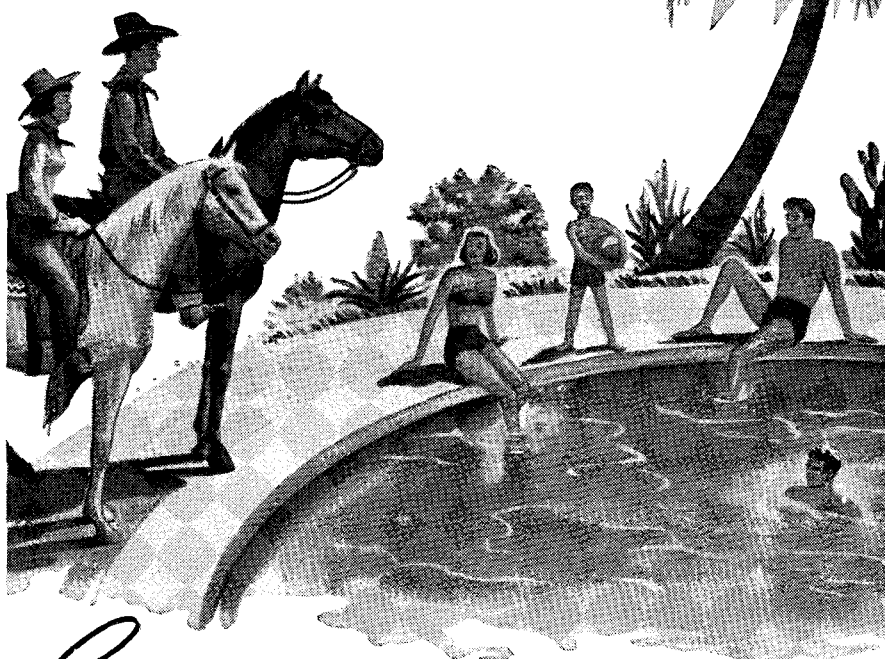
The Mood of the Capital

The mood of the Capital at the time of the adjournment of Congress reflected as much satisfaction with achievement as the President himself indicated. In foreign affairs Congress acted with a marked sense of responsibility and a demonstration of statesmanship, particularly in the handling of the arms program.

On the home front a good deal of work was done, some of it in conformity with the President's program. However, the kind of welfare state envisaged by the President fell far short of enactment. No socialized medicine, no socialized farming, nothing on civil rights, no alternative to the Taft-Hartley Act.

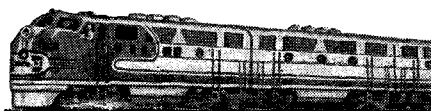
Why, in view of these omissions, the President praised the first session of the Eighty-first is somewhat mysterious. Most of the satisfaction of Congress was expressed precisely because Congress did not act on these basic measures. In actual time spent on the public work, the legislature must have made a record. Much history has been made, and the tempo on Capitol Hill has been almost killing.

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India

INDEPENDENCE from British rule has given India an exhilarating freedom of the spirit. There are men who delight in such tokens as national flags, new postage stamps, and a national anthem in place of "God Save the King." But pleasure in the superficial marks of independence does not blind Indians to their serious problems. Here are the plain facts: in 1941 India had a birth rate of 35 and a death rate of 22 per thousand, and an expectation of life of 27 years as against 65 in the United States. There are only 47,400 doctors and 7000 nurses for 337 million people.

In a country of unreliable rainfall, only 25 per cent of the cultivated land is protected by irrigation. So backward is agriculture that acre yields are miserable. Reports of flood or drought make newspaper headlines, and harrowing details of famine follow. The food situation is so grim that Government rations in the towns can guarantee only 8 ounces of cereal per adult per day — half the minimum required for efficiency.

The people of India are poor, but the country is rich in natural resources. Two thirds of her wealth is estimated to be still untapped. She has heavy deposits of iron, coal, manganese, bauxite, mica, and numerous other minerals — even a fissionable substance, thorium. Her farms, though starved of fertilizers and in cultivation for centuries, are still able to give not one but two, and sometimes three, crops a year.

In the Himalayan snow and the water of her rivers she possesses hydroelectric power of several million kilowatts and irrigation for millions of acres. And she has an industrious population, unskilled in modern industry but capable of being swiftly trained in highly complicated operations. This was shown during the war when India became the arsenal of democracy in the East.

India expands her industry

Such resources are being put to work since independence. The Geological Survey of India has located new coal fields and deposits of iron, bauxite, and other ores. The Government has built a fertilizer factory for 300,000 tons of ammonium sul-

phate and has signed agreements for a telephone factory, a factory for the manufacture of radio and radar apparatus, two million-ton steel mills to treble the million-ton output of the Tata Steel Works, one of the biggest of its kind in the world, and blueprints for the production of oil from coal.

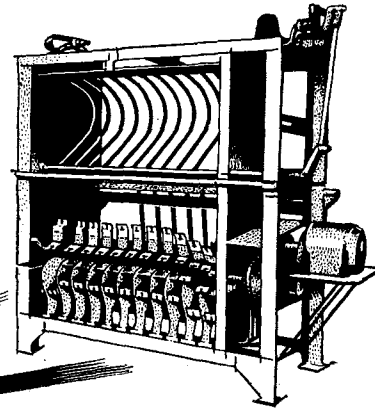
Two shipbuilding yards have been at work since the war, turning out 10,000-ton ships. Indian airlines carry mail and passengers on 22 routes, flying 25,000 miles daily, and even operate a weekly service to London. A newsprint mill is being laid down for a 30,000-ton output. Assembly of radios, bicycles, automobiles, and aeroplanes is already established and part manufacture has started. There are of course older industries like cotton textiles, aluminum, sugar, cement, paper, and jute which are expanding to meet India's needs as well as the needs of her neighbors.

The biggest step towards industrialization is the Government's plan for hydroelectric development. Some fourteen projects, on the model of the TVA, are in hand. They will raise 9 million kilowatts of electricity and irrigate 27 million acres of land. A number of United States firms, such as Westinghouse, General Electric, and Koppers, are collaborating with the Government of India on the construction of hydroelectric projects, iron and steel mills, fertilizer factories, and with Indian firms on the assembly and manufacture of radios, refrigerators, automobiles, and aeroplanes.

There are nearly 2000 Indian students undergoing advanced training in technology in the United States to lead the coming industrial revolution. Its object is to double the purchasing power of India's 337 million citizens in fifteen years or less. It is a modest ambition, for the present purchasing power is only \$50 per head.

India's food deficit, partly as the result of partition, is estimated to be 5.3 million tons of cereals. The most fertile areas in the Punjab and Bengal — virtually her breadbasket — went to Pakistan. While India has 78 per cent of the population, she has only 71 per cent of the wheat and 72 per cent of the rice area.

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Part of the deficit is met by importing wheat from the United States, Canada, and Australia, and rice from Siam and Burma. India's bill for food imports was 390 million dollars for 2.8 million tons in 1948. The need to pay hard dollars for food hinders her economic program.

While waiting for the hydroelectric projects to fructify in ten or fifteen years, India hastens to bring waste land under the plow. Out of 6 million acres of such land with food possibilities, 23,000 acres have been brought into cultivation with tractors, 418 of which were imported in 1948. In the United Provinces, a portion of 200,000 acres of land formerly set aside for an annual pigsticking tournament for Indian maharajas and British Army officers has been sown with crops.

For irrigation, tube wells discharging 33,000 gallons per hour are being dug at the rate of 3000 per year. To supplement India's present output of farmyard manure and of 10,000 tons of fertilizers, the manufacture of compost from town waste was organized to yield about 1.75 million tons in 1948. These steps will shorten the gap between the production and consumption of food.

The "super-colossal" in India

India makes about 200 feature films a year, mostly in Hindustani, the language spoken or understood by the majority. There are 50 motion picture studios — located chiefly in Bombay, but Madras and Calcutta have a few too. The capital invested in production is 33 million dollars. There are 1700 theaters, a small number because of lack of electricity. The first movie was made in 1913, the first talkie in 1930, the first technicolor in 1948. The first "super-colossal" film, *Chandralekha*, involving 2500 artists, 1000 extras, hundreds of elaborate sets, 2000 lavish costumes, and 725 twelve-hour shooting days at a cost of \$1,050,000, was recently released by Gemini Studios at Madras.

Indians like song and spectacle, pretty girls, moving drama, ballet, thrilling mystery, some "stunts," a lot of comedy. Mythological and historical pictures become favorites, with year-long runs.

The wage bill is not high, as competition for the stars is not excessive. A popular star attracts fans not

once or twice but six, eight, ten, a dozen times, for familiarity in India breeds affection. Stars do not need to draw attention to their private lives, and often live modestly without lavish display of their wealth or charms. Their mail is heavy with admiration, often spiced with criticism.

Indian movies have done one signal service: they have helped the spread of Hindustani, the national language, to Bengal and Madras, where it is not the mother tongue.

Equal rights for women

Hindu law regarded woman as property and denied her equality with men. The lack of a national government and the reluctance of the British to interfere with Indian custom blocked legal reform. Independent India has produced a Draft Hindu Code which abolishes polygamy, introduces divorce, and gives equal shares to girls and boys in the family inheritance. Hitherto polygamy has been legal, though economic factors have greatly restricted it. The Code will become law after full discussion in and outside Parliament.

In society the Indian woman takes her position according to her own inclinations and ability, the views of her family, and the enlightenment of her group. India's Mrs. Vijaya Lakshmi Pandit, former Ambassador to Russia, is now Ambassador to the United States. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, poet and politician, was once President of the Indian National Congress, and died in March as Governor of the United Provinces. Rajkumari Amrit Kaur is Minister of Health at New Delhi.

There are 53 elected women in India's legislatures, the youngest one being only twenty-five years old. Women are serving as magistrates and members of municipalities and district and village councils; they have entered practically all the professions. Under the Draft Constitution, women are not barred from public office, even in the highest grades of the administrative service.

Thirty million school children

Education is administered by the provinces and states, and except in progressive cities like Bombay has never been compulsory. In March, 1949, however, compulsory education in the mother tongue was established by law throughout India. The pro-

vincial governments have made great sacrifices to provide money for the tremendous expansion of the rudimentary educational system which maintained literacy at about 15 per cent. Today thousands of primary schools are being put up in the rural areas. There is a proposal before several legislatures for the conscription of high school boys and girls, before they go to the university or take up jobs, for a year's service as teachers of India's 30 million school children.

India has twenty-four universities teaching the arts and sciences, and a dozen institutions for advanced research, including atomic research. Adult education is making rapid progress. In the Central Provinces about 400,000 adults, including 100,000 women, learned to read and write in 1948. Movies and the radio are regularly used to spread information about progress in all lands.

The untouchables

After centuries of social discrimination, the untouchables are now coming into their own, mainly because of Mahatma Gandhi's struggle for their rights. These pitiable people, the original inhabitants of India, became victims of the prejudice of the Aryan folk who migrated into the country four thousand years ago through the northwestern passes in the Himalayas. While the Aryans settled down as conquerors, priests, soldiers, merchants, and manual workers, they kept the conquered outside the pale as untouchables.

To the ranks of these unfortunates were consigned from time to time people of Aryan stock who had offended against the social code. All these untouchables were supposed to undergo punishment in this life for sins committed in a previous birth. The period of expiation was spent in hard and lowly occupations, in the direst poverty, and under permanent deprivation of the means of social advance such as education.

Independent India has struck a blow at this ancient fabric of prejudice and superstition by making the practice of untouchability a punishable offense. The public schools are open to untouchables, and if a private school refuses one of them, it loses its subsidy from the Government. Scholarships are given to untouchables, as well as positions in the public service.



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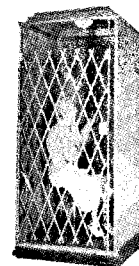
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Two ministers of the Government of India, Dr. B. R. Ambedkar, Minister for Law, and Mr. Jagjivan Ram, Minister for Labor, are untouchables. The enforcement of the law — for instance, against hotels and barber shops — is already having salutary effect.

Mahatma Gandhi sowed the seed of social equality on the ground prepared by hard economic necessity. The 44 million untouchables of India are part of the labor force employed in industry. Refusal of caste Hindus to work or travel with untouchables

in public conveyances would mean loss of their own opportunities to earn a living.

In the countryside, however, prejudice is deeply rooted, but there are already signs of a change. In the United Provinces, where for the first time elections were held during March in all villages, to choose village executive councils and courts, 27 million adult voters in 7000 villages elected, among others, 95,000 untouchables to village councils and over 2000 to village courts. Of these, 155 became presidents and 455 vice-

presidents. The setting up of village courts and councils is, incidentally, a return to the democracy practiced in ancient India. The result of the first election fully justifies faith in the unlettered Indian villagers' sound common sense.

The princes retire

When the British withdrew, they renounced their "paramouncy" over the princes of India and advised them to "accede" either to India or to Pakistan according to their geographical location or the wishes of their subjects. A dozen princes within Pakistan's orbit acceded to that Dominion; the rest acceded to India, with the exception of the Nizam of Hyderabad, the world's wealthiest man.

Nearly 500 princes, big and small, have abdicated. Their states, formerly a romantic patchwork on the map of India, have been "integrated" with the provinces or with one another to make a united, democratic India under the one central authority at New Delhi.

There are six unions of states, like Rajasthan in the north, and there are five states, like Mysore in the south, enjoying internal autonomy under their own maharajas. In the unions the Rajpramukh or president is a maharaja elected by a college of maharajas whose territories form the union. His authority is subject to the advice of a cabinet of ministers responsible to the union legislature. But both the Rajpramukhs of the six unions and the five autonomous maharajas, who practice a kind of limited monarchy, are under the direction of the Government of India.

Incomes of princes having been fixed at reasonable levels for their lifetime, their subjects have been saved a bill of 7 million dollars in taxes. Their armies are being absorbed into the Indian Army under the Commander-in-Chief at New Delhi. The efficiency of administration is being leveled up with the help of New Delhi officials.

The final result is a unity of India such as has not been seen for a thousand years. Gone are the days when a maharaja could do what he liked with his own — whether it was his subjects, his revenue, his palaces, or his elephants. Today the people of India are sovereign.



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ATLANTIC

Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR

West Coast Waterfront

SIR:

It is a great shock to me that the *Atlantic* has been hoodwinked into publishing such a blatant piece of propaganda as "Conflict on the Waterfront" by Clark Kerr and Lloyd Fisher (September issue).

As this article is based entirely on the "wonderful" contract which ended the 1948 West Coast longshoremen's strike, one fact not mentioned by the authors is sufficient to show their bias:—

The International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union has not yet ratified this contract.

My faith in the integrity of the *Atlantic* would be severely shaken if this fact were not brought to the attention of your readers.

HUGO P. KORTSCHAK
Honolulu, Hawaii

Mr. Kortschak is quite correct in his statement that the contract executed between the Waterfront Employers Association and the ILWU in December, 1948, has not yet been ratified by the membership of the ILWU. It was initialed by the negotiators on both sides and the parties have operated under it without friction for nine months.

The contract has not been submitted to the union membership for ratification solely because negotiations are continuing on certain differences of long standing, such as the jurisdiction of the ILWU in the loading discharge of steam schooners. It is the hope that even the perennial dispute over steam schooners can now be negotiated which has delayed ratification, rather than any implied

threat that the contract may be repudiated.

The strength of the West Coast agreement has been amply tested. The Hawaiian strike lasted five months without a strike or lockout in any port of the Pacific Coast. This could only have been accomplished by the determined effort of both sides to quarantine the strike.

— CLARK KERR

Imports from England

SIR:

I was impressed by Alex Faulkner's article, "What We Do to British Exports" (October *Atlantic*). A few Americans, such as myself, who are bound to England by ties of friendship and ancestry and who are aware of the traditionally high quality of British products, habitually look for British goods in the shops and buy them whenever possible. Even so, our consumption of British exports is small when compared with our total purchases of consumer goods. The average American shopper, who buys without preference for British exports, consumes very few British goods.

Unfortunately, a number of desirable items of British merchandise are not on the American market at all in a general sense. Phonograph records are a good example. Apparently deals in restraint of competition make it necessary for an American who wishes to purchase British phonograph records to buy sterling and pay an English dealer in that currency, or obtain them through one of the few "authorized" import channels at a price so far above the normal British and American retail that the

possibility of effective competition or large sales is eliminated. A twelve-inch classical record that retails in Britain at 86 cents (new exchange) sells in this country at \$2.50. Considering that the importer buys at wholesale, a fantastic markup such as this, based on the supposed "exotic" quality of a foreign label, defeats the urgent need for exchange behind the British export program.

CHARLES BECKETT MARSH
Cambridge, Mass.

Trees

SIR:

Apparently one result of the living you've done in your tree-guarded retreat is a sensing of human relations to all the things of the living earth. I have a feeling that one of the most threatening conditions of the future is the loss, by so many of our people, of the fundamental that we are part of that living world.

We become so hedged with our structural environment and what it contains that we come to think we shall be able to meet all needs by science, engineering, construction, social and political measures.

All life rests on the green cell with its chlorophyll. The raindrop, the particle of soil, sunlight, and the green cell, all simple things, underwrite all else. We pass up this basic truth and rely on synthetic vitamins.

Yousaw and mentioned the drought. Not the immediate cause, but certainly having considerable bearing, must be the deterioration of the lands in that section in their water-holding facilities.

In your retreat you've "made contact" with the world outside four

Is there anything **NEW** in the movies?

It happens now and then. *THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES* was an example. *GOING MY WAY* was another. So were the *JOLSON* pictures. They burst like rockets across the country and millions of movie-goers are made happy.

Another is just around the corner — a brilliant, merciless study of a self-made man, a ruthless “big shot,” his morals, manners, and women . . . of the gamblers and crooks who fought for his favor . . . and the few who risked ruin and sought to destroy him. The title? *ALL THE KING'S MEN* . . . the great Pulitzer Prize-winning novel by Robert Penn Warren . . . produced and directed by Robert Rossen. The cast? Great actors . . . some whose names might not fall too familiarly from your lips . . . but great actors.

The story? The theme? The background?

Here is a story of such mounting intensity that a number of preview audiences became couriers of applause and adulation.

The theme you've discussed . . . with your family . . . with your neighbor . . . at countless dinner tables . . . it's a part of the life we live.

The background is an exciting tapestry in which life, death and tragic happenings vie with each other in remarkable faithfulness to the mood of Warren's great book.

That's *ALL THE KING'S MEN*, a vital, very great picture. You should see it. Its like may not come your way again.

This Columbia Picture is now being presented at the Victoria Theatre on Broadway in New York City.

walls. We all need a lot of that — and it doesn't come from manicured city parks, a two-week motoring trip to see Old Faithful, or a visit to the zoo. It has to be through earth contact; and in a modern day, that's hard to get, even for dwellers in a fair-sized community.

ARTHUR H. CARHART
Denver, Colo.

SIR:

In your delightful and understanding review of *Trees: The Yearbook of Agriculture* (Peripatetic Reviewer, October *Atlantic*), you say, "I don't want to sound too gloomy but I wish those of us who care for trees were better organized. I wish for an organization like the vigilantes who could alert each community to the threatened danger before it was too late."

You have such an organization in Massachusetts: the Massachusetts Forest and Park Association, which was established to perform the very function you wish for.

On the national front we have the American Forestry Association (seventy-five years old next year), which has long been the citizens' champion for forest protection, and was the first organization to promote conservation of all resources in America. Its magazine, *American Forests*, has almost as venerable a history as the *Atlantic*.

HENRY CLEPPER
Society of American Foresters
Washington, D.C.

I Personally —

SIR:

Has Peter Viereck ("Parnassus Divided," October *Atlantic*) noticed that Pound's "superb music" of

Tudor indeed is gone and every rose, Blood-red, blanch-white that in the sunset glows

Cries: "Blood, Blood, Blood!" against the gothic stone Of England, as the Howard or Boleyn knows,

is almost a direct condensed paraphrase of quatrains five and six of the *Rubáiyát*? Let's credit Omar and FitzGerald for the music.

JAMES H. HAINES
Aberdeen, Wash.

SIR:

It has been nice to see the articles by experts on fine wines in recent *Atlantics*, because I too am a connoisseur of fine wines. My favorite is the

rhubarb of 1949, late summer. Other successes have been my elderberry 1948, and my potato, also of that year. Each of these has the fine bouquet, full body, and delicate aroma appreciated by connoisseurs.

Unfortunately, I do not have a wine cellar, exactly, and have to invite my guests to stand in front of the jams and jellies cupboard between the potato bin and the turnip barrel. Turnips, by the way, make a fine beverage if allowed to age properly and not broached except when you are pretty dry. Most of my wines are superior under this latter condition. In fact my experience has been that it is more important for the connoisseur to be dry than the wine.

You will be interested in my methods of preparing fine wines. I always use plenty of yeast. Sprinkle it generously over some slices of toast or shredded wheat or whatnot and float it on top of the mixture. The mixture can be most anything. Beets, potatoes, parsnips are good; but if these are too expensive, pea pods or cull tomatoes will do just as well. The big secret — and this is where so many connoisseurs slip up — is to use plenty of yeast and plenty of sugar. Put in a big crock and stir frequently to prevent the green slime from forming on top. Too much of this slime will spoil a batch of fine wine. After two or three weeks, strain through three layers of old curtains, and bottle. Cork lightly. If debris does not settle to bottom, pour in a handful of crushed eggshells. Strain them out later, however, as connoisseurs, seeing them, will wonder.

If a stronger drink than those I have described is desired, a fine apple brandy may be had by allowing a barrel of hard cider to freeze, punching a hole in the ice, and pouring out what did not freeze. To get a stronger proof, the process may be repeated several times. However, a triple-proof product has been proof enough for any connoisseur I have ever known.

This suggests a point raised by one of your experts as to whether certain wines "travel well." I was rather mystified about that. My observation has been that it was always the connoisseur who did not travel well.

I hope we connoisseurs can get together sometime. We have many interesting things in common to talk about.

RUXFORD KNIGHT
Jamaica, Vt.

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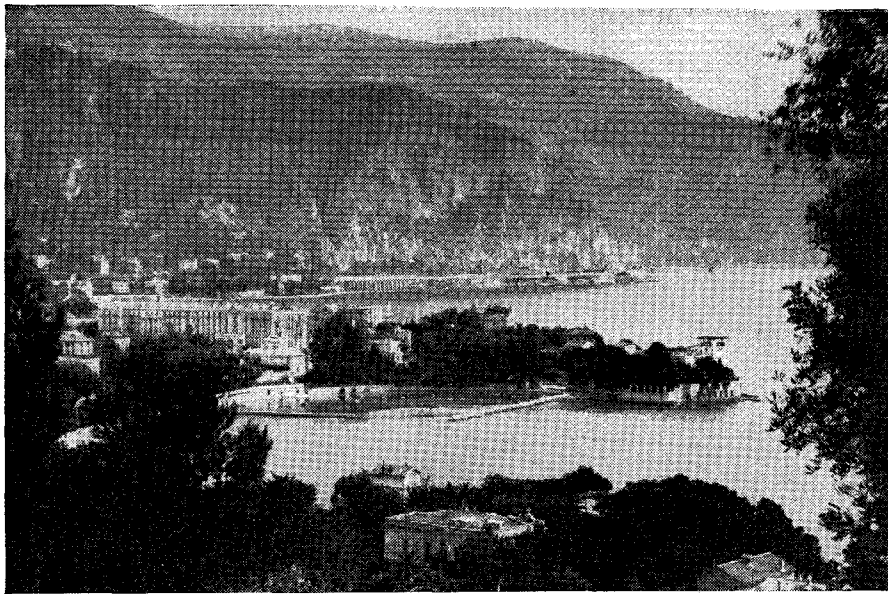
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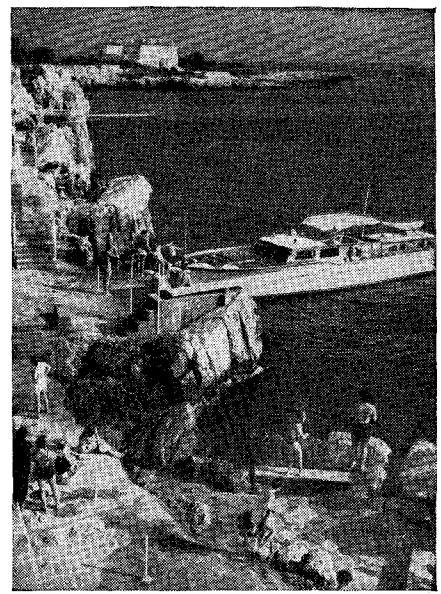
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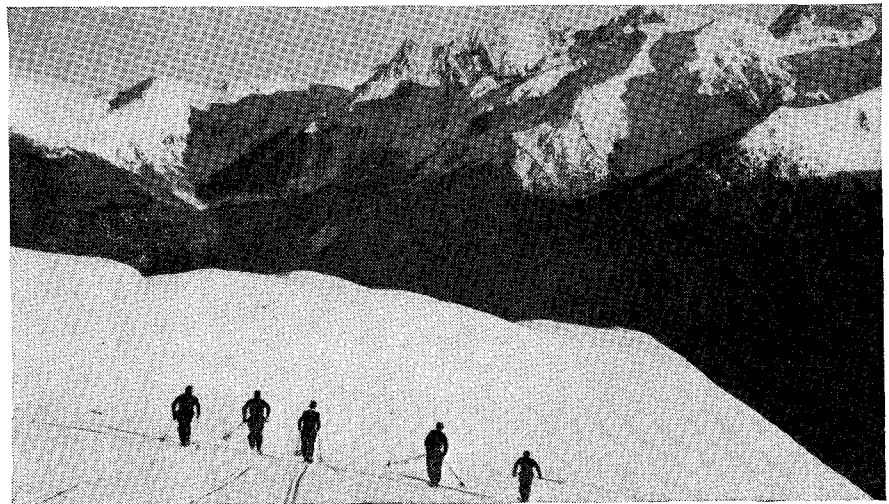
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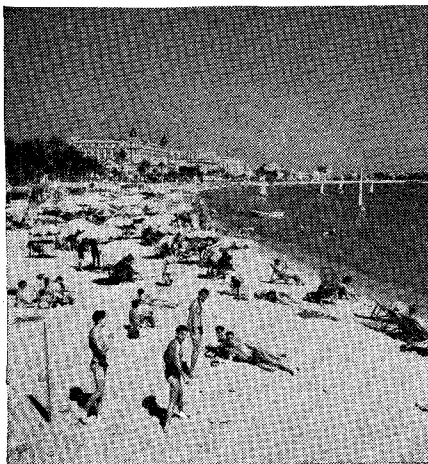
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UNDERSTANDING...THROUGH TRAVEL...IS THE PASSPORT TO PEACE



The Pickwick Papers, that book of perennial Christmas laughter, has been reissued this autumn in a handsome new edition by Simon and Schuster. For the volume, CLIFTON FADIMAN, for many years the literary critic of the New Yorker, has written a foreword from which we have drawn the following essay. The characters in Pickwick have come down to us in the famous drawings by Phiz; now they reappear in the creative interpretation of a British artist, Frederick Banbery, who has contributed the black and whites and the cover panel for this issue.

PICKWICK LIVES FOREVER

by CLIFTON FADIMAN

SOON after Christmas, in 1835, the perfect project fell into the young Charles Dickens's lap. To his door in Furnival's Inn came Mr. Hall, the managing partner of Chapman and Hall, a new publishing firm with which Dickens's fortunes, and a few misfortunes, were to be linked for some years to come. He came with this proposal: that Dickens furnish some not very important serial letterpress to accompany the humorous sporting plates of Robert Seymour, then fairly well known as a comic draftsman. The idea was to set up a "Nimrod Club" of amateur sportsmen who would become embroiled in a succession of difficulties, all laughable and all suited to the genius of Seymour.

Dickens, to whom publisher-fighting was to become as natural as breathing, bristled, and at once produced four reasons for handling the notion *his* way. His way involved dropping the Nimrod Club (Dickens knew nothing of sport) and subordinating the illustrations to the text. A fifth reason he did not voice, though he must have been aware of it: he was a genius, and Seymour wasn't.

In the quaint little bow-windowed office at 186, Strand, Dickens and the publishers worked out their arrangements. From a letter of February 10, 1836, to Catherine Hogarth, soon to become his wife, we learn that Chapman and Hall "have made me an offer of £14 a month to write and edit a new publication they contemplate, entirely by myself; to be edited monthly and each number to contain

four woodcuts. I am to make my estimate and calculation, and to give them a decisive answer on Friday morning. The work will be no joke, but the emolument is too tempting to resist."

The "work" has turned out to be the merriest of jokes, and the "emolument" more tempting than the recipient was ever to know, for it is the love and laughter of untellable generations.

However, the mind of the businesslike Dickens was fixed less on fame than on the £14. By February 12 Chapman and Hall had drawn up a letter of agreement for the monthly publication of *The Pickwick Papers*. Six days later their young author was able to write them, "Pickwick is at length begun in all his might and glory." On February 21 Dickens, who at no time found it any trouble to indite novels with one hand and reams of correspondence with the other, wrote his Catherine: "I have at this moment, got Pickwick, and his friends, on the Rochester coach, and they are going on swimmingly, in company with a very different character from any I have yet described, who I flatter myself will make a decided hit." (The different character was Alfred Jingle, the "rather tall thin young man, in a green coat" who saved the Pickwickians from the onslaught of the pugnacious cabman.)

Of the first number of *The Pickwick Papers*, the cautious publishers printed only 1000 copies. Of the 400 ordered bound up, perhaps fifty were sold. Apparently Mr. Pickwick set forth on his

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perambulations at a sluggish pace, for one month later the print order for the second number was reduced by 50 per cent, only 500 copies being issued.

The first notices were what publishers call "mixed" — that is, not very good. One reviewer found "some few instances of profanity which we could readily dispense with; and some jokes, incidents, and allusions, which could hardly be read by a modest woman without blushing." In general one might call the book's reception successful only in a *Pickwickian* sense.

Things hardly improved when on April 20, two days after he and Dickens had met for the first and only time, the artist Seymour committed suicide. He died, quite in character for a maker of sporting sketches, by pulling a string attached to a loaded fowling piece. A pathetic claim was later made by his distracted widow that her husband had been the "originator" of Mr. Pickwick. In 1927 a letter of Dickens dealing with this claim sold for \$2800 — a crass commentary on the relative importance of Dickens and his first illustrator. It



is true, however, that in a book which Seymour had illustrated previous to *Pickwick* — it was called *Maxims and Hints for an Angler* — you will find a character who looks vaguely like Mr. Pickwick, one who slightly resembles Jingle, one even more remotely recalling Sam Weller.

As a direct result of Seymour's suicide there occurred one of the most interesting and unclimactic encounters in literary history. An enormously tall, gangling young man, hearing that a job as Dickens's illustrator was open, made his way to Furnival's

Inn and offered his services. In the world of practical affairs Dickens always knew what he wanted. He did not care for the samples submitted. The tall young artist who moodily retired from Dickens's chambers was William Makepeace Thackeray, later to become friend, enemy, and then again friend to Dickens, and to share with him the affection of the British novel-reading public.

A new illustrator, R. W. Buss, did three plates for the third number of *Pickwick*, but he was a poor draftsman; and Hablôt K. Browne ("Phiz") was subsequently engaged. It is the Phizical conceptions of the *Pickwick* characters, of course (as well as of many later Dickensian creations), that have become traditional. That they did not exhaust the possibility of further creative interpretation is proved by the remarkable drawings of Frederick Banbery.

Pickwick progressed rather slowly until the fifth number (August, 1836). At this point Sam Weller sauntered in and stole the show. From here on it was nothing but, as Dickens upper-cased it in a letter to a friend, **PICKWICK TRIUMPHANT**. Sales leaped from the hundreds to the tens of thousands (the printing order was 1000 for Part One and 40,000 for Part Fifteen). Disregarding the reviewers, the British people as a body discovered a masterpiece. Dickens awoke to find himself Dickens. For the first time since 1066, England was conquered — by a fat man in gaiters, attended by a cockney.

Nor did *Pickwick's* popularity diminish as the century wore on. During his second American tour, in 1867, Dickens met the Secretary for War, Edwin Stanton, who told him that during the Civil War, when he had served in Lincoln's administration, he had never gone to bed without reading a few pages from *Pickwick*. Perhaps the simplest and best of tributes is that of George Saintsbury: "There is no book like *Pickwick* anywhere."

One might add that its fame has been somewhat meaninglessly enhanced by the circumstance that a complete set of the numbers in their original parts has become one of the great prizes of book-collectors. In 1837 one could have bought the twenty Parts for £5. At the moment a perfect Part One is worth about \$1000; a perfect Part Two about \$2000. In 1929, at the famous Jerome Kern sale, a complete *Pickwick* was knocked down for \$28,000.

A final minor note: Dickens himself made perhaps £3000 in all out of *Pickwick*. The publisher's profit came to about £14,000.

2

THE best way to read *Pickwick* is for fun. It is one of the few great books that do not call upon the reader for reflection. The laughing confounder of commentators, almost everything it has to offer lies on its sparkling surface.

It even defies classification. "*Pickwick*," said George Gissing, "cannot be classed as a novel; it is merely a great book." If it has any at all, the structure is that of a dance, rather than that of a properly plotted narrative. Certain patterns recur: the appearances of Mr. Jingle, the visits to Dingley Dell. It may also be said to boast a comic climax in the Bardell-Pickwick trial and a serious one in Mr. Pickwick's incarceration in the Fleet. After his release, despite a few great scenes, such as the arrangement of the business affairs of the elder Weller, the story runs downhill rapidly. The whole Winkle-Allen marriage imbroglio is feeble stuff, and reflects a Dickens anxious to be off upon a new project.

No, it is not constructed at all — merely created. There never was a book in which such perpetual fun is made of the mere notion of a plot. The only "plot" in *Pickwick* is a conspiracy, a conspiracy on the part of the characters to take over the so-called story at every turn, bind it, gag it, toss it out the window. Progression in *Pickwick*? On the contrary, there is retardation. Everybody is hard at work, or at play, raising obstacles to the free flow of the narrative. When Sam Weller attends the "swarry," he does so not to advance the story but to detain it. He is there to afford Mr. John Smauker and Mr. "Blazes" Tuckle an opportunity to delay everything with their aimless, immortal conversation.

It is apparent that *Pickwick* is not a "deep" book. But, disconcertingly, it is not a shallow one either. Still more oddly, it is not something in between. What it is is *simple*, like a fairy tale or a ballad. At bottom the charm of *Pickwick* resembles that of primitive works of folk art, those evolved in a period before human life began to be analytically observed. It has far more in common with the story of Jason than with the modern novel. Written by one of the most complexly organized of individuals, somehow it seems also to have emerged out of the popular imagination. Once Dickens met an old charwoman who, astonished to learn that he was the sole author of *Dombey and Son*, cried, "Lawks! I thought that three or four men must have put together *Dombey*!" This is even truer of *Pickwick*. It has a quality of anonymous composition, like a legend.

Dickens was an uncommon man not because he was ahead of his time, but because he was unconsciously in touch with certain simplicities that underlie all times. Here is André Maurois on *Pickwick*: "A whole picture of rural England rose up, a very eighteenth century and rural England, alive with that sort of childlike delight which the English take in simple pleasures, the enjoyment of roaring fires on the hearth, sliding in snowy weather, a good dinner, and simple, rather absurd love-affairs." Note that even our urbane Frenchman responds to these "simple pleasures" — otherwise he could not

write about them so fresh and pleasant a sentence. As for these pleasures, what are they if not what men for thousands of years have been spontaneously responding to: fire, weather, food, and a woman? Add to this brief list laughter, friendship, and movement — particularly movement — and



you hold in your hand the true subject-matter of *Pickwick* and the secret of its appeal.

If for the moment we omit from consideration some of the dismal (and dull) interpolated stories and virtually all of the prison chapters, we may say that the tone of this vast legend is set by a sentence directed by Mr. Wardle at the Pickwickians on their first meeting: "And now you all know each other, let's be comfortable and happy, and see what's going forward; that's what I say." This is the tone of a merry yarn of the commonplace. If we define the commonplace as something that commonly takes place and also something that takes place in common, we begin to feel what *Pickwick* is.

3

WHEN Dickens was first approached to do the sporting novel Seymour had in mind, he refused on the ground that he "was no great sportsman, except in regards of all kinds of locomotion." Many years later, in 1845, recalling the early newspaper training that preceded *Pickwick*, he wrote John Forster, his biographer: —

There never was anybody connected with newspapers who, in the same space of time, had so much express and post-chaise experience as I. And what gentlemen they were to serve, in such things, at the old *Morning Chronicle*! Great or small, it did not matter. I have had to charge for half a dozen breakdowns in half a dozen times as many miles. I have had to charge for the damage of a great-coat from the drippings of a blazing wax-candle, in writing through the smallest hours of the night in a swift-flying carriage and pair. I have had to charge for all sorts of breakages fifty times in a journey without question, such being the ordinary results of the pace which we went at. I have charged for broken hats, broken luggage, broken chaises, broken harness — everything but a broken head, which is the only thing they would have grumbled to pay for.

This, surely, is the spirit of *Pickwick*, expressed in old Wardle's high exultant shout during the epic pursuit of Rachael and Jingle: "Ah! we *are* moving now!" — expressed again in Mr. Pickwick's first statement after the trial: "And now the only question is, Where shall we go next?"

In *Pickwick* two years of peregrination form the foundation of a narrative in which the author exploits an extraordinary variety of travel aids, from shying horses to wheelbarrows. Of these the greatest is the post-chaise. Nowhere else in Dickens (except



perhaps in the wondrous description of Tom Pinch's journey to London) is the poetry of the post-chaise so rich. Gissing thought the best coach drive ever put into words was that of the Muggleton Coach. Another admirer has said, "You can't hold a copy of the 'Pickwick Papers' to your ear without hearing the coach-horns in it."

The Road and what happens on it have supplied a staple of narrative from the Odyssey almost up to our own day. With the advent of the railroad and particularly the airplane, however, this symbol has lost some of its emotional charge. We have not "abolished space" — the phrase mirrors our paranoia — but we have, by the pointless, dehumanized acceleration of movement, abolished a part of ourselves. A man moving about on the surface of his home, the earth, *is* a man. A man in a jet plane is simply so much transportable material. Antaeus, detached from the soil under his feet, grew feeble and was easily overcome.

Dickens lived well into the Railway Age, but never took to it. (See Tony Weller's wry remarks on the "rail" in *Master Humphrey's Clock*.) He felt the immense chasm — no more and no less than the gap between the organic and the inorganic — that separates travel from transportation. But in 1832 his imagination was still happily anchored in the pre-paleotechnic period. As Mr. Pickwick remarks in his speech to the Club, "Traveling was in a troubled state, and the minds of coachmen were unsettled," assuring us in this delightful sentence that travel was still far from its present state of dehumanization. The Road was all before the Pickwickians, where to choose their place of rest, and Providence their guide.

The warm Cave and the open Road — to these

primal symbols the simplest and deepest parts of us respond. And co-primal with the Cave and the Road is Food-and-Drink. Take the Cave (for at the end of every Pickwickian journey beckons the farmhouse kitchen or the tavern snuggerly) and the Road out of *Pickwick* and you remove its heart and arteries. Take out Food-and-Drink and you remove its very guts.

"Now, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, "the first thing to be done is to —"

"Order dinner, sir," interposed Mr. Weller.

Dickens, like Mr. Weller, knew what the First Things were; *Pickwick* is made of them. He knew that on the whole the lot of man is gaunt and uncomfortable; therefore he smothers the reader with comfort, stuffs him with food, fills him with drink. (He mentions twenty-two separate and distinct inns and taverns.) *Pickwick* is one long harvest-ritual of abundance. It is filled with a primitive delight in the earth's replenishing and consolatory generosity.

The mottled-faced gentleman rose, as did the other gentlemen. The mottled-faced gentleman reviewed the company, and slowly raised his hand, upon which every man (including he of the mottled countenance) drew a long breath, and lifted his tumbler to his lips. In an instant the mottled-faced gentleman depressed his hand again, and every glass was set down empty. It is impossible to describe the thrilling effect produced by this striking ceremony; at once dignified, solemn, and impressive, it combined every element of grandeur.

Dickens is half in earnest: it *is* a ceremony. Food and drink for him are the serious, which is to say, the joyful, matters that they would be for all of us were we able to approach them freshly and innocently, instead of taking them for granted.

Hot punch is a pleasant thing, gentlemen — an extremely pleasant thing under any circumstances — but in that snug old parlour, before the roaring fire, with the wind blowing outside till every timber in the old house creaked again, Tom Smart found it perfectly delightful.

All the Pickwickians are heavy drinkers (indeed, the bland Mr. Pickwick occasionally verges on the sot) but they drink out of conviviality, which can be a profound emotion. Nothing more aptly measures the distance between *Pickwick's* world and ours than the difference between that book and Charles Jackson's remarkable and symptomatic *The Lost Weekend*. All too often we eat and drink because we are unhappy. In *Pickwick* they eat and drink because they are happy.

4

UNTIL we come to the Fleet the satire of *Pickwick* has a certain airiness, an amoral *commedia dell'arte*

quality. The characters are more like great clowns than carefully observed types. The business of the clown is to make fun not of a specific local or temporal institution but of those absurdities which reside in the very circumstance of our being human, of having ridiculous appendages like legs and arms, of acting oddly when we eat or drink too much, of losing our dignity, our temper, our balance.

For the most part, the Pickwickians are such clowns. This is not to say they are untrue to human nature, but only that they are true to human nature seen in the very large and often very crude. Mr. Tupman embodies the howling ridiculousness involved in the mere spectacle of the male vis-à-vis the female. Mr. Winkle is the clown as predatory hunter, Mr. Snodgrass the clown as poet and visionary. His "wash-up," the majestic Mr. Nupkins, does not arouse resentment of bureaucracy; he merely stimulates delight in Nupkinsism. We say to ourselves, Wouldn't it be fun *if* military maneuvers were as absurd as those at the Rochester field day; *if* visiting celebrities were as great geese as Count Smortork. Those strange animals, Dodson and Fogg and Perker and Buzfuz, constitute about as cogent a criticism of the law as the Fat Boy constitutes of greediness.

Are Jack Hopkins and Bob Sawyer intended as satire on the medical students of the period? One supposes so: as knowing an authority as Logan Clendening calls these grotesque portraits the best of their kind in literature, and goes on to say that their dialogues have "the spirit of practice . . . only Dickens divined that patients are bores." True; but they are also buoyant with a helium-life



of their own, soaring at once to those upper airs where live their greater clown-brothers, Falstaff and Uncle Toby.

Opening it almost at random, one sinks back into *Pickwick* as into a dream; indeed the book has a dreamlike quality, as though it were partially exempt from the restrictions of space, time, and conventional behavior. In this dream, as in most dreams, nothing really comes to a head. Forever shall the villainous Captain FitzMarshall be unmasked and forever shall the Pickwickians be taken in by him, for neither the deceptions nor the unmaskings are meant seriously, being but feints and

lunges in a harmless comic duel. Mr. Pickwick says to the temporarily crestfallen Jingle, "I might have taken a greater revenge, but I content myself with exposing you, which I consider a duty I owe to society." That is the point: it is Mr. Pickwick's duty to "expose" Mr. Jingle — that is, to exhibit him in the clearest possible comic light.

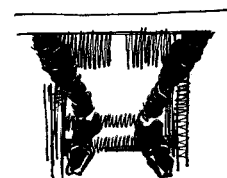
One is tempted to apply to *Pickwick* Charles Lamb's seductive theory expounded in *On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century* and to think of the book as containing neither true heroes nor true villains, as retaining only the simulacrum of moral values.

Take Buzfuz. He is an unfair, hypocritical, prevaricating shyster. Logic tells us he should be disbarred. But Buzfuz laughs at logic. He reminds us that his disbarment would be an irreparable loss to the human race. It were almost better that the legal profession should remain a mass of futility than that we should not possess Buzfuz. He may behave like an idiot, in a kind of eternity, but, if so, he is an indispensable idiot, and his eternity gives greater savor to our mortality.

The relation of these people to the real world, though far from nonexistent, is joyfully tenuous, like the antics of the Marx Brothers or, to descend to a lower, perhaps the lowest, level, like the moron absurdities of our national reading, the comics. They should be judged not as satire, but as jokes.

Of these jokes the best is the relation between the two Sams, Pickwick and Weller, who transform into gleeful absurdity the notion that a human being is a dignified animal. Mr. Pickwick is the Eternal Innocent disguised as the Eternal Respectable; Mr. Weller is the folk philosopher who protects the innocence and sees through the respectability. They form an alliance — Don Quixote-Sancho Panza is the classic example — over which men have always smiled with pleasure.

It is exquisitely right and humorous that the benevolent Mr. Pickwick should call himself "an observer of human nature" — and that Mr. Weller should do all the observing. It is quite proper that Mr. Pickwick should suppose he is attaching Mr. Weller to his person, when in truth Mr. Weller proceeds at once to attach Mr. Pickwick and everyone else to *his* person. It is true that when Mr. Pickwick enters the Fleet he becomes a different man; but the Fleet Pickwick is not the one we remember. The Pickwick we remember is the one who falls asleep drunk in the wheelbarrow; or slides on the



ice; or dashes his spectacles insanely on the floor; or listens with blessed gullibility to the extraordinary medical narratives of Jack Hopkins. The real Pickwick is just what the strong-minded Mrs. Pott calls him: "a delightful old dear."

And what shall we say of his good fairy, Sam Weller? He represents that best-beloved of human types: the clown, the hind, the peasant, the cockney, who turns out wiser and wittier than his betters. It is he who sees in Mr. Pickwick the lovable man beneath the ridiculous gentleman. His mind is



keener than that of anyone else in the story (except perhaps his begetter, Mr. Tony Weller). His wit is more searching, his energy more tireless, his worldly wisdom more applicable. It is he who infuses the warm, popular life of the street into almost every page. He democratizes the book but in a spacious, imaginative manner that confounds the critic who would make of him a hero of the proletariat. He tells tales of the street, but they are mythical tales. He issues moral quips, but they are odds and ends from a gigantic underground system of folk wisdom. He has that most uncommon of talents, the common touch.

Incomparably the greatest character in *Pickwick*, Sam Weller is among the greatest in literature. Perhaps the secret of his hold on us lies in the simple fact that he is a poet, a lord of language, one for whom the word is quite literally life. Mr. Weller stands with Falstaff, Panurge, Pantagruel, Huck Finn, Hotspur — all vast and poetical *talkers*. His trade, of course, is not that of a boots, or a gentle-

man's gentleman, or anything so minor and transitory. What he is is a professional conversationalist, like Socrates. He lives in anecdote and dialogue. Take his story of the crumpet-eater "as killed himself on principle." It is pure dramatic legend, perfect in form, alive in every word, loaded with nuance. For him humorous, detached observation is a way of life, as for Hamlet tragic, subjective observation is a way of life: complementing each other, they represent the two poles of the English imagination working at high speed.

Here is Mr. Pickwick explaining Sam Weller to Mr. Peter Magnus: "The fact is, he is my servant, but I allow him to take a good many liberties; for, between ourselves, I flatter myself he is an original, and I am rather proud of him." To which Mr. Magnus replies: "Ah, that, you see, is a matter of taste. I am not fond of anything original; I don't like it; don't see the necessity for it." Mr. Weller is an "original" in the sense that he is a poet, a pure creative imagination; just as Mr. Magnus, who doesn't see the necessity for originals, prefigures, however mildly, the Gestapos of our time.

5

NEVER again was Dickens to write anything so purely comic as *Pickwick*, so free of bitterness and indignation. Yet even *Pickwick* foreshadows the novels of the future, with their increasing somberness and ferocity. *Pickwick* contains the farce which later on is to darken into satire. Mr. Nupkins faintly indicates the bureaucrats to come, as Lord Mutanhead indicates Dickens's view of the upper classes. Stiggins is a freehand sketch preliminary to the full-dress portraits of Chadband and Pecksniff. The Fat Boy (a perfect observation, by the way, of a hyperpituitary case) is the first and one of the greatest of a long series of Dickensian half-wits and flutter-minds.

Dickens's contempt for politics and Parliament was to explode in novel after novel; we note it first at Eatanswill. As for his great enemy, the law — perhaps it is the great enemy of all imaginative men — he sounds his preliminary battle-cry with the Bardwell-Pickwick trial. In Alfred Jingle's rather callous view of the female sex we catch more than a hint of Dickens's own mature attitude toward women — or, rather, a component of that attitude.

There is, moreover, a large and important section of *Pickwick* which we cannot properly call comic or farcical. Many readers have felt this section, describing Mr. Pickwick's incarceration in the Fleet Prison, to be badly out of key with the rest of the book. It seems odd that a young man of twenty-four, cocky as the very devil, with a best-seller on his hands, apparently bursting with energy and optimism, could have conceived it. The Fleet scenes might have been drawn by Hogarth: they are at once ferocious and sorrowful.

In them the character of Mr. Pickwick undergoes a change many have found unconvincing. The corpulent innocent in tights and gaiters is transformed into a thoughtful spectator of man's inhumanity to man, and finally into an indignant reformer. With Sam Weller as his Virgil, Mr. Pickwick enters the hellish gates of the nineteenth century.

A similar transformation is undergone by some of the lesser characters, in particular the extraordinary Mr. Jingle, the glandular polar opposite of the Fat Boy. Mr. Jingle, who up to now has been merely a great grotesque, a grimacing Punchinello, suddenly reveals unsuspected capacities for suffering. There is real imaginative power in his broken ejaculations as he contemplates what he conceives to be his inevitable death in the darkness and dankness of the Fleet: —

"Lie in bed — starve — die — Inquest — little bone-house — poor prisoner — common necessities — hush it up — gentlemen of the jury — warden's tradesmen — keep it snug — natural death — coroner's order — workhouse funeral — serve him right — all over — drop the curtain."

These chapters seem almost to comprise another book. It is as if during the rollicking high jinks of the pre-Fleet *Pickwick* Dickens had unconsciously been repressing a part of him that now suddenly rises and clamors for attention. There is a tone, difficult to define, in these chapters that makes one feel they are the involuntary translation of some actual episode of Dickens's life.

We can point to this crucial episode: it took place in Dickens's boyhood during the short period when his father was confined in the Marshalsea Prison for non-payment of debt. In the Fleet Mr. Pickwick hears the pathetic cry: "Pray, remember the poor debtors." Dickens remembered them.

But the harsh, wild tone of this section springs from something in Dickens that lay deeper than the effect of any single episode in his early life.

The Fleet is in part a re-creation of the Marshalsea. But it is more than that. The Prison is one of the central symbols that recur in Dickens's novels almost to the very end. It is his *Moby Dick*: it has a terrible special agonizing meaning for him.

This has been pointed out with superlative brilliance by Edmund Wilson in *Dickens: The Two Scrooges*, a profound study from which all future serious interpretations of England's second greatest creative imagination must take their lead. Wilson demonstrates, within the compass of a relatively brief exposition, that Dickens, probably from childhood, was a sorely divided human being, and that as he grew older the chasm in his soul grew wider. Part of him was a Victorian gentleman; part of him was a guilty outcast. His sense of guilt expressed itself, among other ways, in an obsession with crime and criminals. All his life this good Victorian, the prose-laureate of the family, the celebrant of Christmas, the lover of little children, writhed in painful and only half-conscious rebellion against the institutions that had blighted his boyhood and whose hollowness he had systematically observed during his novitiate as parliamentary shorthand reporter and traveling newspaper correspondent.

For Wilson, therefore, even the great comedy of the Bardell trial represents, "like the laughter of Aristophanes, a real escape from institutions." For Wilson, "*Pickwick*, from the moment it gets really under way, heads by instinct and, as it were, unconsciously, straight for the Fleet Prison."

I cannot feel as Wilson does about the Bardell trial; but with respect to the Fleet he seems to me essentially right. Dickens did not know that his epic of laughter was to rise to its climax there; but something in him forced that climax upon him. The underground Dickens rose to the surface, to remain there for the rest of his life. The Fleet episode *is* at variance with the rest of the book; but it is not at variance with the complex and unhappy temper of the man who, to our doubtless limited twentieth-century eyes, is the real Charles Dickens.





Editor of the editorial page of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, who served as a staff officer under General Patton and General Eisenhower, IRVING DILLIARD is a layman who for twenty years has followed closely the decisions and philosophy of our Supreme Court. More than a dozen years ago he published a survey and statistical study showing that although the minimum-wage laws had been held unconstitutional by Supreme Court decisions, a majority of the Justices who passed on those measures actually voted to uphold them. A graduate of the University of Illinois and a Nieman Fellow at Harvard, Mr. Dilliard has been with the Post-Dispatch since 1923.

TRUMAN RESHAPES THE SUPREME COURT

by IRVING DILLIARD

1

TOM CLARK's elevation from Attorney General to the Supreme Court seat of the late Justice Frank Murphy promises to have more effect on the most vital work of our highest tribunal — the disposition of Bill of Rights cases — than any other replacement in a long time. This prospect of notable change is not lessened by the more recent death of Justice Wiley B. Rutledge and the subsequent promotion of Judge Sherman Minton from the Federal Court of Appeals at Chicago. On the contrary, the succession of the former Senator from Indiana to the Rutledge place on the bench only emphasizes the basic shift that may well come as a result of Clark's accession to the seat of Murphy.

Every year American citizens carry up through the hierarchy of courts their claims that the government — Federal, state, or municipal — has violated their constitutional rights. Every year the Supreme Court justices split wide apart in deciding some of the most important of these civil liberties cases. Not infrequently these decisions are by the hairline margin of 5 to 4. This means that a citizen's right to speak freely or to worship in his own way or to enjoy the protection of a fair trial turns on the interpretation of a single member of the Supreme Court in a surprisingly large number of cases.

As I see it, there is not the slightest doubt that, in this new term, cases of this sort — cases that make the United States of America a free nation — will be decided one way and not the other simply because of the accident of Frank Murphy's death and the appointment and confirmation of Tom Clark as his successor. The Fourth Amendment's constitutional guarantee against "unreasonable searches and seizures," for example, will mean much or little depending on whether Justice Clark lines up with President Truman's first two ap-

pointees, Justice Harold H. Burton of Ohio and Chief Justice Fred M. Vinson of Kentucky.

For nearly a decade Frank Murphy was the most devoted defender of human rights on the supreme bench. As Attorney General and as Justice, he burned with zeal for the liberty of the citizen, however humble that citizen's station in life.

These are not surmises. They are facts which are readily documented. Writing in the *Cornell Law Quarterly* three years ago, Vincent M. Barnett, Jr., pointed out that in "some 77 cases involving alleged violations of civil liberties from the time he came to the bench in February 1940, through the spring of 1946," Justice Murphy "cast his vote 61 times in behalf of the right alleged to have been infringed."

Tom Clark's record on human liberties comes mighty close to being the direct opposite. Before he became Attorney General, he was lent to the Department of Justice to assist in the removal of persons of Japanese extraction from the Pacific coast to inland internment camps. He takes pride in that use of force to displace thousands of residents of the United States. Not so President Truman's own Committee on Civil Rights. In its historic report of 1947, this group of distinguished Americans described the removal of these citizens from their homes as the most striking interference since slavery with the right to physical freedom.

Under Tom Clark the Department of Justice filed many suits which gave rise to civil rights issues. A lot of these cases went on to the Supreme Court for final determination. Presumably Tom Clark saw no violation of civil rights in these suits or he would not have filed them. He also allowed the Department's civil rights section to lapse into relative inactivity. This section, which was organized by Frank Murphy in his short tenure as

Attorney General, was intended to be a vigilant, vigorous instrument for the protection of the rights of citizens. In Tom Clark's four years it won just one important civil rights case — that against the enforceability of racial restrictions on real estate.

The only way to appreciate what a key place Justice Clark occupies is to see his seat not only in terms of the record of his predecessor, but also in the light of the performance of the first and second Truman appointees. Justice Burton, a colleague of Truman on the Senate War Investigating Committee, was appointed in 1945 upon the resignation of Owen J. Roberts. Chief Justice Vinson, a close friend of Truman, was chosen in 1946 to succeed Harlan F. Stone.

Thus, the 1946–1947 term was the first in which the first and second Truman appointees served together. It was a term with outstanding civil rights decisions on which the Justices divided. These included the newspaper contempt-of-court case from Corpus Christi, Texas, the New Jersey school bus case, and the Harris search case from Oklahoma. They also included the Carter, Payne, and Foster right-to-counsel cases from Illinois and the Adamson case, which upheld a California prosecuting attorney in his comment to a jury that a defendant had not taken the witness stand to testify in his own defense. In Federal courts no such comment is permitted since the Fifth Amendment protects a defendant against the compulsion of testimony against himself in criminal cases.

It is illuminating to see how the nine Justices divided in these split civil rights cases. Lest someone object that a mere layman is bound to lose himself in this technical legal field, let me say that I have checked my study of such cases with John P. Frank, who has just gone to the Yale Law School from Indiana University, where he began a series of annual reviews of the grist of the Supreme Court for the *University of Chicago Law Review*. After coming into agreement with Professor Frank, I have arranged this record, term after term, into box scores. My box scores list the Justices in the order in which they supported civil rights claims.

Here is the lineup for the first Vinson-Burton term (1946–1947) in split civil rights cases: —

<i>Justice</i>	<i>For Claimed Right</i>	<i>Against Claimed Right</i>
Rutledge	11	1
Murphy	10	1
Douglas	8	4
Black	8	4
Burton	3	9
Jackson	2	9
Frankfurter	2	10
Reed	2	10
Vinson	0	12

The extreme divergence in this table is amazing. In almost every instance Justices Rutledge and Murphy sustain the view of the protesting citi-

zen that his right was trampled by some unit of government. Not once does Chief Justice Vinson take that view; not once does Harlan Stone's successor vote for the invoked civil right as Harlan Stone so often did.

This does not mean, of course, that the Justices who voted in support of the claimed right in non-unanimous decisions always were fair and just in doing so. Neither does it mean that those who voted against the right invoked always were wrong. It does, however, suggest a difference in attitudes — a striking difference in what seems right to the Supreme Court judges.

Let us turn to the second Vinson-Burton term. We find these attitudes, for the most part, confirmed, though there is one notable instance of modification. This time there are more than double the number of split civil rights cases in the previous term. The 27 such cases include the celebrated separation of Church and State case which Mrs. Vashti McCollum, a freethinker, appealed from Champaign, Illinois, where "released time" sectarian instruction was maintained in the public schools. They include also free speech, racial discrimination, right to counsel, and still other search and seizure cases. Here is how the Justices stood in the 1947–1948 term: —

<i>Justice</i>	<i>For Claimed Right</i>	<i>Against Claimed Right</i>
Rutledge	26	1
Murphy	25	2
Douglas	23	4
Black	19	7
Frankfurter	12	15
Jackson	7	20
Burton	6	21
Vinson	6	21
Reed	4	23

In this second Vinson-Burton term we find that Chief Justice Vinson and Justice Stanley Reed are again in eighth and ninth places. The only difference is that the order is reversed. Justices Rutledge, Murphy, Douglas, and Black are again first, second, third, and fourth. Justice Burton drops from fifth to seventh, thus changing places with Justice Frankfurter.

This fact about Justice Frankfurter is particularly interesting. For while these cases clearly looked much like those in the previous term to Justices at the top of the box score and also to the Justices at the bottom, they apparently looked very different to the former Harvard Law professor. Justice Frankfurter's record of 2 to 10 becomes in 1947–1948 a record of 12 to 15. It is the difference between 1 to 5 and 4 to 5. And that is a big difference.

Now let us look at the standings for 1948–1949, the term which ended last June. The non-unanimous civil rights decisions number 18. Among others there is the widely noted *Terminiello* case,

in which a notable free speech victory was won by the narrow margin of 5 to 4. The box score for the last term is as follows:—

<i>Justice</i>	<i>For Claimed Right</i>	<i>Against Claimed Right</i>
Murphy	18	0
Douglas	16	2
Rutledge	15	2
Black	12	6
Frankfurter	9	9
Jackson	5	12
Reed	2	16
Vinson	2	16
Burton	1	17

President Truman's first appointee, Justice Burton, has now dropped to the bottom of the list, with Chief Justice Vinson next to the bottom. The top four are again the top four though the order is shaken up a bit. Most interesting of all perhaps is the record of Justice Frankfurter. He is not only established as the middle man, but this time has a record of upholding the invoked right just as many times as he denied it. With a 9 to 9, he is now a long way from his 2 to 10 record of two terms earlier.

When we merge the compilations for the three terms, as follows:—

<i>Justice</i>	<i>For Claimed Right</i>	<i>Against Claimed Right</i>
Murphy	53	3
Rutledge	52	4
Douglas	47	10
Black	39	17
Frankfurter	23	34
Jackson	14	41
Burton	10	47
Reed	8	49
Vinson	8	49

we really see what Justice Murphy meant to the protection of civil rights. In a total of 57 split decisions in Bill of Rights cases, he votes to uphold the claimed right 53 times. Only Justice Rutledge runs him close. These two, with Justices Douglas and Black, make up the four who supported the claimed right more times than not.

But the weight is against them. Though Justice Frankfurter's three-term average is much more favorable to individual freedom than in the first and second Vinson-Burton terms, he sides against the claimed right more often than he supports it. Even so, he actually is the "swing" Justice. It is below him where the citizen really loses out — with Justices Jackson, Burton, Reed, and Vinson.

Certainly 57 cases, over a period of three years, are ample to show how such issues shape up in a Justice's mind and heart.

As I wrote at the outset, the replacement of Rutledge with Minton only underlines all this. The box scores show Rutledge to be almost as steady as Murphy in supporting the civil rights claimed by

the citizens, and from the standpoint of Bill of Rights issues the loss of Rutledge is hardly less than the loss of Murphy.

Minton was on the appellate bench for eight years, but in that time he wrote no important civil liberty opinion such as Rutledge did while on the similar Federal court for the District of Columbia. Outwardly, at least, Minton's chief qualification was this substantial tenure on the bench ranking one level below the Supreme Court. His appointment was a promotion from the lower courts, and that was something for which many critics of the Roosevelt and Truman appointments had been calling for a decade. There were of course other considerations. One of these certainly was the fact that Harry Truman and "Shay" Minton were freshmen Senators together back in 1935.

Minton probably feels closer to Black than to any other Justice. Black was in the Senate when Minton arrived there. They served in the Roosevelt ranks until Black was appointed to the supreme bench in 1937. The prospect is that the newest Justice will be looking to the senior member for at least some measure of guidance in his first term. Beyond that it would be foolish to forecast. But even if Minton should agree with Black in every split civil rights case, still the Rutledge replacement would not equal the Rutledge impact in these cases in the past. Our composite box score shows Black voting to uphold the claimed right 39 times to Rutledge's 52. We can say with positiveness that the death of Rutledge so soon after the death of Murphy just doubles the loss to citizens who invoke the guaranties of the Bill of Rights.

2

THE use of numbers has limitations, as the most devoted statistician must in the end agree. Cases are not exact equals in importance. When the facts are different the issues may vary also. Some judges are less constant in their views than are certain of their colleagues on the bench. Still other changing factors may enter in. But let us not wave these tables aside as unimportant.

The very fact that a case has been carried upward through the court system to our judicial apex is in itself some measure of the case's importance — at least to the pressers of the suit. Unquestionably this is true in civil liberties cases, and it is on split-decision civil rights cases that we are centering our attention. The decision in many of these cases determines whether a man will go to prison. It decides whether he will continue to be a convict behind bars which may have confined him unjustly through his adult life. It rules whether he is to have another trial or perhaps go free — or whether he is to die in the electric chair or mount the gallows stair to the hangman's noose. It speaks the final order in issues of free speech and religion

and assembly, and in the security of the citizen in his own home against trespass by unbridled authority. To some men and women these rights are more precious than life itself.

Now and then a civil liberties case involves someone whose name is well known. For the most part such cases arise around people whose names are unknown at the beginning of their litigation. They often concern persons of little financial means.

How then do these unknown, oftentimes indigent petitioners make their way over the uneasy road to the Supreme Court? They make it because they have a case or strongly think they have a case and others join them in their conviction. Here one lawyer and there another who believes intensely in his own responsibility in his profession will take up issues of human rights. Such a lawyer will devote himself, perhaps entirely without financial compensation, to seeing the case through to a decision at the highest judicial level. Sometimes a newspaper will take the lead in calling attention to a grievous flouting of the Bill of Rights. Sometimes it is a layman or an organization of laymen. In any event, the cases are not handled in any automatic way, as much of the legal work of large corporations is handled. These Bill of Rights cases represent belief, deep feeling, apprehension, or despair about basic things. These cases need not be precisely equal to be worth an inventory.

Someone may point out that Chief Justice Vinson and Justice Black were agreed in the school bus case in favor of allowing state payments to the parents of parochial school children, that they were together in opposition to released-time sectarian classes in public schools, and that they parted company in the free speech case of Father Terminiello. Does this not make it plain, some member of the bar may ask, that nothing of value is to be concluded from grouping cases and aligning Justices for statistical review?

The question should answer itself. Obviously not much is to be told by only three cases. But a great deal may be learned from a study of twenty times three. Who would say that since three roll calls give little insight into the voting attitudes of a member of Congress, sixty roll calls would be no more informative?

Judges generally do not like to be put in tables. They may prefer to think that the work they do cannot be counted up in columns of figures. No impertinence is intended in the suggestion that they had better begin to get used to some numerical analysis. Legal scholars are using it and doubtless they are going to use it more and more.

In the main I agree with the Justices who are zealous in the protection of the rights of the citizen. I credit the Justices at the bottom of the box score with being for something, too — orderly government, perhaps. But we make our choices, and I

choose to be with those who put the rights of the individual first. In short, I think that if an error is to be made, we should be sure that we make it on the side of the preservation and application of the Bill of Rights.

There is in all this situation of course a very large inconsistency. President Truman is on record as the bravest supporter of civil rights this country has had in the Presidency since Lincoln freed the slaves. In 1947 he released at the White House the report of the President's Committee on Civil Rights. This report and the stand the Democratic national convention took in its behalf in the platform on which Harry Truman was nominated at Philadelphia in 1948 amount to one of the greatest risks in American political history. It was certain to have angry repercussions in the traditional Democratic stronghold — the South. These repercussions were so great that they produced the Dixiecrat rebellion which cost the President the electoral votes of Alabama, Louisiana, Mississippi, and South Carolina. This stand was reiterated in the new Democratic Congress notwithstanding the threat of filibuster — a threat fulfilled with unhappy consequences to the Fair Deal legislative program.

These are the proclaimed civil rights principles of the Truman administration. How are they to be reconciled with the astonishing civil rights box scores of Chief Justice Vinson and Justice Burton? How do they harmonize with the elevation of Tom Clark, under whom the so-called loyalty program has harassed many citizens and organizations against whom no charges have been brought?

It may be that the President does not realize that the conflict exists. This may be just one more instance of the disconnected, if generally well-intentioned, kind of government the Truman administration provides. But whatever the explanation, this particular inconsistency is a dangerous one. Not to know about it is to invite it to run on and on until it does perhaps irreparable harm to the most cherished of American institutions — the Bill of Rights.

In such a situation there shines a ray of hope. This is that Justices Frankfurter, Jackson, and Reed will begin to side with the citizen oftener than they have in the last three terms.

What if the bottom four Justices stay put and Tom Clark joins them? Let that come about and the Supreme Court after twelve years of Roosevelt and four of Truman — after sixteen years of combined New Deal and Fair Deal — will be less concerned about the rights of individual citizens than it was when an economic conservative like Republican Justice George Sutherland wrote Bill of Rights decisions in the Scottsboro Fair trial and the Huey Long press gag cases.

What a bitter irony that will be.



MARK DEWOLFE HOWE was first concerned with the traditions of the Supreme Court in 1933-1934 when he was secretary to Justice Holmes. That same year he was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar. After four years of practice, he was appointed Professor of Law at the University of Buffalo Law School, of which he became the Dean in 1941. There followed four years in the Army, two of which he spent overseas in Military Government. In 1945 he was discharged with the rank of Colonel and accepted his present post as Professor of Law at Harvard. He is the editor of the *Holmes-Pollock Letters* and is now engaged in writing the biography of Mr. Justice Holmes.

JUSTICE IN A DEMOCRACY

by MARK DEWOLFE HOWE

I

MR. DILLIARD, as he indicates, is not the only student of constitutional decisions to build a tower of criticism upon statistical foundations. Although I am tempted to comment upon the innocence of Mr. Dilliard's faith in judgment by slot machine, I shall for the moment assume with him that a statistical method of appraising judicial opinions may have utility. My concern will be to show that his statistics, however much they may be centered upon an important issue, tell us little that is of decisive importance.

Mr. Dilliard would have us believe not only that his tables show a striking difference in the attitudes of the individual Justices towards civil rights, but that the security of these rights is entirely dependent upon the degree of personal devotion which the Justices have to liberty. He nowhere suggests that other conceptions and other standards than those of the appropriate scope of freedom have constitutional or even statistical relevance in cases concerned with civil liberties. He has prepared his tables and appraised their significance as if history had presented no problems of the role of the judiciary in a democracy, and as if the Supreme Court were not functioning in a federal society. In thus oversimplifying the issue, Mr. Dilliard is following in the wake of other forgetful liberals who seem to have lost all recollection of a relatively recent past in which they protested that judicial predilections — economic, political, and purely personal — were setting the limits to the constitutional powers of the nation and the states. In those forgotten days it was the first article of liberal faith that humility was an essential quality in the judicial temperament.

Mr. Dilliard now feels, however, that the Justice who does not drive the hook and ladder to every fire in which the feathers of liberty may be singed is restrained by a discreditable indifference to the

fate of liberty rather than by a legitimate doubt whether his driver's license qualifies him to make such exhilarating journeys. To say that the present problem is not comparable with that of an earlier day, and that humility, important then, is unimportant now, is simply to say that we shall demand humility of those with whom we disagree and boldness of those with whom we sympathize. It is hard for me to believe that Mr. Dilliard would accept such a blunt formulation of his creed; yet I believe that its acceptance is implicit both in the questions which he asks and in the methods which he follows to find their answer.

My criticism of his method will perhaps be more comprehensible if I refer to specific decisions which are included in his statistical tables, but of which little that is telling can be said so long as their meaning is measured exclusively in terms of the personal devotion of individual Justices to the cause of civil liberty. Among the civil rights cases which were decided at the 1946 term was *Adamson v. California*. Mr. Justice Murphy concurred in a dissenting opinion in which it was maintained that the defendant had been unconstitutionally denied his civil rights. The Chief Justice concurred in the opinion of Mr. Justice Reed for the majority. Tabulating the individual "votes" on his scale of values, Mr. Dilliard gives Mr. Justice Murphy a score of "1" and the Chief Justice a score of "0."

Let us, however, look at the issues before the Court in the *Adamson* case to see whether Mr. Dilliard's alignment of the Justices adds appreciably to our understanding of their sympathy or indifference to civil liberties. In 1908 the Supreme Court determined that the due process clause of the Fourteenth Amendment does not compel a state to forbid comment on the failure of a criminal defendant to take the stand. Although the specific provision of

the Fifth Amendment, applicable to criminal proceedings in Federal courts, had been interpreted to forbid such comment, the Court in 1908 had said that the states were free to follow a different rule. The defendant in the Adamson case endeavored to persuade the Court that it should overrule its earlier decision and invalidate a provision in the constitution of California adopted in 1934 by which the right to comment on the defendant's silence was specifically granted to judges of the state.

The majority of the Supreme Court of the United States refused to overrule the earlier decision. They emphasized the fact that confidence in the effectiveness of juries may not unreasonably be carried farther than it had been in the past. They suggested that it is important that the Supreme Court of the United States should not so apply procedural rules of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries as to make them constitutional rules of the twentieth century. And they warned that to do so may "deprive the States of opportunity for reforms in legal process designed for extending the area of freedom."

Unless one disregards entirely the stated ground of judicial opinions, it would seem to be a fantastic oversimplification of the Adamson case to treat it as if no other aspects of a judge's constitutional philosophy than those which concern civil rights were tested in its difficulties. The reliance of the people of California on the earlier decision of the Supreme Court, the hope that experiments within the states may produce helpful answers to persistent problems of trial procedure, and the settled formula that Federal courts should exercise the greatest caution in invalidating state legislation were no less serious elements in the problem with which the Court was confronted than those concerning the defendant's civil rights. The Justices who were in the minority were persuaded that in the judicial balance the defendant's interest in a particular rule of procedure outweighed the general interest in the fixity of precedent and traditional principles of federalism.

There clearly is ample room for disagreement as to the merits of the case; I submit, however, that agreement with Mr. Dilliard's contention that the opinions in the case can be taken as an index to the degree of individual devotion to liberty is impossible. He is proceeding, I believe, from the mistaken notion that the Supreme Court's responsibility is that of making abstract pronouncements on questions of liberty. He seems to overlook the critical fact that the Court functions as a judicial body in a federal democracy.

When Mr. Dilliard examines the judicial "box score" in the last term of the Supreme Court he gives great credit to those Justices who joined in the opinion reversing the conviction of Father Terminiello. Once more the slot-machine readily discounts the complications of the total problem and

tags each Justice with the appropriate label. The five Justices who subscribed to the opinion that Terminiello's conviction for breach of the peace was unconstitutional are awarded the accolade of champions; those who dissented and argued that the decisions of three courts of Illinois, through which the case had passed, should stand are classed as men with relatively small appreciation of the significance of freedom. The dramatic aspects of the case are sufficiently numerous to lead many casual readers of the newspapers to believe that the only issue before the Supreme Court was whether the fascism of Terminiello's beliefs and the violence of his language deprived his speech of constitutional protection.

Mr. Dilliard's reference to the opinions would suggest that his understanding of the case was no more discriminating than that of the man on the street. Surely he realizes that in fact the principal division in the Supreme Court concerned the appropriateness of basing reversal upon a ground which had not been raised in the courts of Illinois, had not been argued in the Supreme Court of the United States, and which, in the view of the Chief Justice, had been "ferreted out of a lengthy and somewhat confused record" by the independent energy of his associates. Mr. Justice Frankfurter stated that the reversal on a ground that was neither urged before the courts of Illinois nor presented to the Supreme Court was in violation of a rule settled by one hundred and thirty years of Supreme Court practice. Perhaps the rule is not justified and should now be overturned. It is scarcely accurate, however, to describe the Justices who believe that it should persist as less alert to the protection of civil rights than those who consider that the taking of exceptions and the argument of constitutional questions are formalities which may, without injury to the system of appellate review, be abandoned.

2

WHERE I debating these questions face to face with Mr. Dilliard, I am quite sure that he would make at least three points in reply to my criticism. He would urge, in the first place, that I have violated a settled principle of statistics in seeking to rebut their showing of a general truth by rejecting selected examples. The point which I have tried to make clear, however, is that in every case involving civil liberties which comes to the Supreme Court there are issues of Federal jurisdiction and of the relationship of the judicial power to the legislative and executive powers which are inescapable and which, in numerous instances, are of controlling importance. A statistical method which, in its eager search for labels, leaves those issues out of account is drastically inadequate.

In the second place, Mr. Dilliard might be expected to say that in my failure to deny the accuracy of his statement that Mr. Justice Murphy

and Mr. Justice Rutledge more frequently than any of their associates sustained claims that civil rights had been invaded, I have admitted that their concern for liberty is more sensitive than that of their associates. Of course I deny the admission. Mr. Dilliard's tables tell us nothing of the temper of an individual Justice's devotion to civil liberty. They do not do so because the problems coming to the Court for resolution are not abstract issues of freedom. Each particular problem of liberty arises in a context which compels the Court to deal with other issues of policy — sometimes of federalism, always of the limits of judicial power in a democracy. If Mr. Dilliard, admitting this, would go on to argue that his tables at least show that his heroes gave to civil liberties, in relation to other interests with which the Supreme Court is necessarily concerned, a relatively high valuation I should agree with him. Relational statistics, however, have significance only when discriminating account is taken of all the values which are brought into relationship.

The third point which I believe that Mr. Dilliard would make in reply to my argument is that I am willing to let legal technicalities block the rushing waters of liberty. I suspect that Mr. Dilliard would consider that those aspects of the Adamson and Terminiello cases which I have emphasized are simply legalisms. If he should choose to use that label I should not object, for it seems to me quite clear that such legalism as that upon which I put my emphasis lies at the center of our traditions and gives them much of their strength. The majority of those civil rights to which Mr. Dilliard finds that Mr. Justice Murphy gave such fine devotion were, by any reasonable classification, rules of procedure of the most technical sort. On its face a rule of law which says that a jury may draw no inference of guilt from a defendant's failure to testify is irrational, in that it seeks to prevent the jury from making an inference which the average man would surely make in the absence of the rule of law. If technicality is important in such matters, it seems to me evident that it may be equally important in other constitutional issues.

The exuberance of the Supreme Court's majority in the 1920's not only did much temporary harm in leading to the formulation of mistaken rules of constitutional law, but it did permanent damage in encouraging the popular belief that the Court is under an affirmative responsibility of spreading a soft blanket of enlightened liberty over the whole surface of our land. We are thus led to the easy assumption, which is central to Mr. Dilliard's thesis, that any Justice who does not, each Monday morning of the term, tuck in the blanket's edges and smooth its wrinkled surface in Illinois, New Jersey, California, and Alabama (even stretch its comforts to Germany and Japan) is unfriendly to the cause of liberty.

Judicial reluctance to undertake such large responsibilities is naturally phrased by judges in terms that have a legalistic sound to the eager ears of libertarians. Issues are nonjusticiable, proper exceptions were omitted at the trial, the presumption of constitutionality must be given weight — decisions to let matters find their solution elsewhere than in the Supreme Court of the United States are reached through such legalistic phrases as these. The wisdom of such decisions is the central constitutional issue of our time, not the issue whether Mr. Justice Murphy was more friendly to civil rights than is the Chief Justice.

I am not concerned with the merits of the prophecy which Mr. Dilliard has made concerning the probable position of Mr. Justice Clark in civil liberty cases. If what I have said is true, Mr. Dilliard has based his gloomy prediction on largely irrelevant facts. For it is less important to know how a Justice values civil rights than it is to know what he considers to be the limits of the responsibility of the Supreme Court. That that is so seems to me to be clearly shown by the position which Mr. Justice Frankfurter occupies on Mr. Dilliard's statistical tables. Certainly it would be hard to show that the pre-judicial career of any Justice was marked by a greater devotion to civil liberty than that of Mr. Justice Frankfurter. Yet he appears in the ambiguous position not of Associate Justice but of "Swing" Justice on Mr. Dilliard's tables. Perhaps Mr. Dilliard believes that the Justice has moved, if not swung, from left to right since his appointment to the bench. Conceivably that is so. If one is to credit the Justice with intellectual honesty, however, and take as seriously intended the stated grounds of his decision in cases which Mr. Dilliard scores to his disadvantage, it is entirely evident that when he has been reluctant to join the brethren whose robes are of armor it has almost invariably been because of his conviction that the arm of the judicial power, and more particularly of the Federal judicial power, was being stretched beyond its appropriate reach.

At the outset I expressed doubt whether the statistical analysis of Supreme Court opinions can, under any circumstances, be fruitful. That doubt is persistent. If it ever is dispelled it will only be by a showing, which has not yet been made, that "box scores" and tables, figures and computations, can record the impalpable factors in a process as subtle and complex as that of constitutional adjudication. Until those who write of constitutional law postpone the affixing of handy labels to consideration of the problems of setting limits to judicial power, predictions of what will come in future terms of the Court are the idlest form of speculation. The quality of Murphy is surely strained if it is made the sole standard of constitutional criticism.



THE FEAR OF DYING

ALL men know it, the young when the enemy in them,
Or an enemy armed, reveals a little its real wrath.
Older men speak of it to men of their age only after
They search the pain secretly, the shortened breath.
It comes as a cough in winter rudely, or it waits
Behind dawn, at the edge of the sleep it illuminates.

All men suffer pangs not to be slept away, soreness
Some for the lame world, but more for this new hurt
Indifferently durable and cruel, so dull, so patient
At kidneys, or head, or the heart the heart the heart.
Every day men die. Not every day a man a man knows.
But they die. The vague ache returns after it goes.

Or seems a veil, each voice possibly the last speaking.
Or superstition seems as good a rule as any rule.
At forty-five I think how my thin father at eighty
Died without any of this wordiness about his soul,
His bowels, his world-sorrow. But it is my own death
I count kisses toward. Or is it mine? Or my breath?

Where is there consolation? I'll imagine my funeral —
No, not mine, but yours, my father's, the ceremonials
Of the sad unwinding of the world, the fading. This
All attend, honorably dressed in good dark clothes,
This end of Ming and Elizabethan effort, this stop
To colonial Roman and American history. All this goes
Down with me if I must go down, and I say No to death,
No death. Let them stand, the walls of my house. I'll
Be angry I cannot sit there angry at such time's waste,
The music, bad poetry, then friends busy in daylight,
And my light out, and a slowness to my furious haste.
It is enough to make a man think twice before dying.
I'll send myself a green wreath, I'll send a wreath
All green, deserved, but not be there for that death.

JOHN HOLMES



An Atlantic "First"

A STORY



Born on Long Island in 1917, and educated at Groton, Yale, and University of Virginia Law School, LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS now enjoys the disciplines of two professions, law and fiction. He is an associate of Sullivan & Cromwell, and his week-ends he devotes to his writing. His first novel, *The Indifferent Children*, was published in 1947 under a pseudonym. This story, which will be concluded next month, is the first of a group of his short stories which the Atlantic looks forward to publishing.

MAUD

by LOUIS AUCHINCLOSS

ALL Maud's life it had seemed to her that she was like a dried-up spring at the edge of which her devoted relatives and friends used to gather hopefully in the expectation that at least a faint trickle might appear. Their own natures, it seemed, were rich with the bubbling fluid of hearty emotion, and their very repleteness made her own sterility the more remarkable. She gazed back at them; she tried to feel what they felt, tried to respond to their yearning glances. But what was the use? It had been her lot to live alone, surrounded by smiles and love, by sports and games and homely affection, through cold winters with warm fires and long, bright, boisterous summers. To Maud, the Spreddons seemed to be always circling, hand in hand, the bonfire of their own joy in life. Could they mean it? she would sometimes ask herself. Yet in sober truth they seemed to be what they appeared. Daddy, large and hearty, was always spoken of as one of the best lawyers downtown and was certainly a rich man, too, despite his eternal jangle about being the average father of an average American family. Mummie, stout and handsome, bustled with good works, and the morning mail was always filled with invitations to accept the chairmanship of worthy drives. Brother Fred was captain of his school football team; brother Sam was head of his class; Grandpapa was the good old judge whom all had revered, and beautiful Granny one of the "last" of the great ladies — there was no end to it.

But why did they always think that they had to draw *her* in, make *her* part of it? Why did they all turn to her on those ghastly Christmas Eves, when

they gathered around the piano to bray out their carols, and cry: "Maud, sing this," and "Maud, isn't it lovely?" And why, when, with the devil in her soul, she raised her uncertain voice to sing the page's part in "Good King Wenceslaus," did they say: "That was *really* nice, Maud. You do like Christmas, don't you, after all?" It was the "after all" that gave them away. They smelled her out, spotted her for what she was, a rank intruder in their midst; but at the same time, with inexhaustible generosity, they held open the gate and continued to shout their welcome.

"Damn you! Damn all of you!"

There. She had said it, and she had said it, too, on Christmas Eve, one week after her thirteenth birthday. Not as long as she lived would she forget the shocked hush that fell over the family group, the stern amazement of her father, the delighted animosity of the boys. It was out at last.

"Maud!" her father exclaimed. "Where did you ever pick up language like that?"

"From Nannie," she answered.

"From Nannie!"

"Darling!" cried her mother, enveloping her with arms of steel. "Darling child, what's wrong? Aren't you happy? Tell Mummie, dearest."

"Maud's wicked," said brother Sam.

"Shut up, Sam," his father snapped.

Pressed to the lacy warmth of her mother's ample bosom, Maud felt welling up within herself the almost irresistible tide of surrender, but when she closed her eyes and clenched her fists, her own little granite integrity was able, after all, to have its day. She tore herself out of her mother's arms.

"I hate you all!" she screamed.

This time there was no sternness or hostility in the eyes around her. There was only concern, deep concern.

"I'll take her up to her room," she heard her mother tell her father. "You stay here. Tell Nannie, if she hasn't already gone out, to stay."

Her mother took her upstairs and tried to reason with her. She talked to her very gently and told her how much they all loved her and how much they would do for her, and didn't she love them back just a little, tiny, tiny bit? Didn't she really, darling? But Maud was able to shake her head. It was difficult; it cost her much. Everything that was in her was yearning to have things the way they had always been, to be approved and smiled at, even critically, but she knew how base it would be to give in to the yearning, even if everything that stood for resistance was baser yet. She was a bad girl, a very bad one, but to go back now, to retrace her steps, after the passionately desired and unbelievably actual stand of defiance, to merge once more with that foolish sea of smiles and kisses, to lose forever her own little ego in the consuming fire of family admiration — no, this she would not do.

Alone in the dark she flung herself upon her pillow and made it damp with her tears, tears that for the first time in her life came from her own causing. Why she was taking this dark and lonely course, why she should have to persist in setting herself apart from all that was warm and beckoning, she could only wonder, but that she *was* doing it and would continue to do it and would live by it was now her dusky faith. "I will. I will. I *will*!" she repeated over and over, until she had worked herself into a sort of frenzy and was banging her head against the bedpost. Then the door opened, swiftly, as though they had been standing just outside, and her mother and father and Nannie came in and looked at her in dismay.

2

Mrs. SPREDDON had certainly no idea what had possessed her daughter. She was not without intelligence or sympathy, and responsibility sat easily with the furs on her ample shoulders, but there was little imagination and no humor in her make-up, and she could not comprehend any refusal in others to participate in that portion of the good of the universe which had been so generously allotted to herself. The disappointments that resulted from a failure to achieve an aim, any aim, were well within her comprehension, and when her son Sammy had failed to be elected head monitor of his school she and Mr. Spreddon had journeyed to New England to be at his side; but misery without a cause or misery with bitterness was to her unfathomable. She discussed it with her husband's sister, Mrs.

Lane, who was in New York on a visit from Paris. Lila Lane was pretty, diminutive, and very chatty. She laughed at herself and the world and pretended to worship politics when she really worshiped good food. She dressed perfectly, always in black, with many small diamonds.

"It isn't as if the child didn't have everything she wanted," Mrs. Spreddon pointed out. "All she has to do is ask, and she gets it. Within limits, of course. I'm not one to spoil a child. What could it be that she's dissatisfied with?"

Mrs. Lane, taking in the detail of her sister-in-law's redecorated parlor, heavily and perfectly Georgian, all gleaming mahogany and bright new needlework, reflected that Maud might, after all, have something to be dissatisfied with.

"Is she ever alone?" she asked.

"Why should she be alone?" Mrs. Spreddon demanded. "She's far too shy as it is. She hates playing with other children. She hasn't a single friend at school that I know of."

"Neither did I. At that age."

Mrs. Spreddon was not surprised to hear this, but then she had no intention of having her Maud grow up like Lila and perhaps live in Paris and buy a Monet every fifth year with the money that she saved by not having children.

"But Maud doesn't like *anybody*," she protested. "Not even me."

"Why should she?"

"Oh, Lila. You've been abroad too long. Whoever heard of a child not liking her own family when they've been good to her?"

"I have. Just now."

Mrs. Spreddon frowned at her. "You seem to think it's my fault," she said.

"It isn't anyone's fault, Mary," Mrs. Lane assured her. "Maud didn't choose you for a mother. There's no reason she should like you."

"And what should I do about it?"

Mrs. Lane shrugged her shoulders. "Is there anything to be done?" she asked. "Isn't the milk pretty well spilled by now?"

"That's all very well for you to say," Mrs. Spreddon retorted. "But a parent can't take that point of view. A parent has to believe."

"I don't mean that she's hopeless," Mrs. Lane said quickly. "I just mean that she's different. There's nothing so terrible about that, Mary. Maud's more like her grandfather."

"The Judge? But he was such an old dear, Lila!"

Mrs. Lane placed a cigarette carefully in her ivory holder and held it for several seconds before lighting it. She hated disputes, but the refusal of her sister-in-law to face any facts at all in the personalities around her other than the cheerful ones that she attributed to them, a refusal that Mrs. Lane felt to be indigenous to the stratum of American life that she had abandoned for Paris, irritated her almost beyond endurance.

"My father was not an 'old dear,' Mary," she said in a rather metallic tone. "He was a very intellectual and a very strange man. He was never really happy until they made him a judge, and he could sit on a bench, huddled in his black robes, and look out at the world."

"You have such a peculiar way of looking at things, Lila," Mrs. Spreddon retorted. "Judge Spreddon was a great man. Certainly, I never knew a man who was more loved."

Mrs. Lane inhaled deeply. "Maybe Maud's daughters-in-law will say the same about her."

"Maybe they will," Mrs. Spreddon agreed. "If she ever has any."

Mr. Spreddon worried even more than his wife, but he knew better than to expose himself to the chilly wind of his sister's skepticism. When he sought consolation it was in the sympathetic male atmosphere of his downtown world where he could always be sure of a friendly indifference and an easy optimism to reassure his troubled mind. Mr. Spreddon at fifty-five showed no outward symptoms of any inner insecurity. He was a big man of magnificent health, with gray hair and red cheeks, who had succeeded to his father's position in the great law firm that bore his name. Not that this had been an easy or automatic step, or that it could have been accomplished without the distinct ability that Mr. Spreddon possessed. He was an affable and practical-minded man whose advice was listened to with respect at directors' meetings and by the widows and daughters of the rich. But it was true, nevertheless, that beneath the joviality of his exterior he carried a variegated sense of guilt: guilt at having succeeded a father whose name was so famous in the annals of law, guilt at having leisure in an office where people worked so hard, guilt at being a successful lawyer without having ever argued a case, guilt at suspecting that the sound practical judgment for which he was reputed was, in the last analysis, nothing but a miscellany of easy generalities. It may have been for this reason that he took so paternal an interest in the younger lawyers in his office, particularly in Halsted Nicholas, the prodigy from Yonkers who had started as an office boy and had been Judge Spreddon's law clerk when the old man died.

"I tell you she's all right, Bill," Halsted said with his usual familiarity when Mr. Spreddon came into the little office where he was working surrounded by piles of photostatic exhibits, both feet on his desk. "You ought to be proud of her. She's got spunk, that girl."

"You'll admit it's an unusual way to show it."

"All the better. Originality should be watered." Halsted swung around in his chair to face the large ascetic features of the late Judge Spreddon in the photograph over his bookcase. "The old boy would have approved," he added irreverently. "He always said it was hate that made the world go round."

Mr. Spreddon never quite knew what to make of Halsted's remarks. "But I don't want her to be abnormal," he said. "If she goes on hating everybody, how is she ever going to grow up and get married?"

"Oh, she'll get married," Halsted said.

"Well, sure. If she changes."

"Even if she doesn't."

Mr. Spreddon stared. "Now, what makes you say that?" he demanded.

"Take me. I'll marry her."

Mr. Spreddon laughed. "You'll have to wait quite a bit, my boy," he said. "She's only thirteen."

3

MR. AND MRS. SPREDDON were not content with the passive view recommended by Mrs. Lane and Halsted Nicholas. Conscientious and loving parents as they were, they recognized that what ailed Maud was certainly something beyond their own limited control, and they turned, accordingly, in full humility and with open purses, to the psychiatrist, the special school, the tutor, the traveling companion. In fact, the whole paraphernalia of our modern effort to adjust the unadjusted was brought to bear on their sulking daughter. Nobody ever spoke to Maud now except with predetermined cheerfulness. She was taken out of the home that she had so disliked and sent to different schools in different climates, always in the smiling company of a competent woman beneath whose comfortable old-maid exterior was hidden a wealth of expensive psychological experience, and whose well-paid task it was to see if somehow it was not possible to pry open poor tightened Maud and permit the entry of at least a trickle of spontaneity. Maud spent a year in Switzerland under the care of one of the greatest of doctors, who regularly devoted one morning a week to walking with her in a Geneva park; she spent a year in Austria under equally famous auspices, and she passed two long years in Arizona in a small private school where she rode and walked with her companion and enjoyed something like peace. During visits home she was treated with a very special consideration, and her brothers were instructed always to be nice to her.

Maud saw through it all, however, from the very first and resented it with a continuing intensity. It was the old battle that had always raged between herself and her family; of this she never lost sight, and to give in because the struggle had changed its form would have been to lose the only fierce little logic that existed in her drab life. To this she clung with the dedication of a vestal virgin, wrapping herself each year more securely in the coating of her own isolation. Maud learned a certain adjustment to life, but she lost none of the bitterness of her conflict in the process. At nineteen she still faced the world with defiance in her eyes.

When she returned from the last of her many schools and excursions and came home to live with her family in New York, it was just six years from the ugly Christmas Eve of her original explosion. She had grown up into a girl whose appearance might have been handsome had one not been vaguely conscious of a presence somehow behind her, holding her back — a person, so to speak, to whom one could imagine her referring questions over her shoulder and whose answer always seemed to be no. She had lovely, long, dark hair which she wore, smooth and uncurled, almost to her shoulders; she was very thin, and her skin was a clear white. Her eyes, large and brown, had a steady, uncompromising stare. She gave all the appearance of great shyness and reserve, for she hardly spoke at all, but the settled quality of her stare made it evident that any reluctance on her part to join in general conversation did not have its origin in timidity. Maud had established her individuality and her prejudices, and it was felt that this time she had come home to stay. Her parents still made spasmodic efforts to induce her to do this thing or that, but essentially her objectives had been attained. Nobody expected anything of her. Nobody was surprised when she did not kiss them.

She adopted for herself an unvarying routine. Three days a week she worked at a hospital; she rode in Central Park; she read and played the piano and occasionally visited the Metropolitan. Mrs. Spreddon continued the busy whirl of her life and reserved teatime every evening as her time for Maud. What more could she do? It was difficult to work up any sort of social life for a daughter so reluctant, but she did make occasional efforts and managed once in a while to assemble a stiff little dinner for Maud where the guests would be taken on, immediately upon rising from table, to the best musical comedy of the season, the only bait that could have lured them there. Maud endured it without comment. She was willing to pay an occasional tax for her otherwise unruffled existence.

At one of these dinners, she found Halsted Nicholas seated on her right. She remembered him from earlier days when he had spent summers with them as her brothers' tutor, and her memories of that summer were pleasanter than most. He was, of course, no longer a boy, being close to thirty-five, and a junior partner now of her father's; but his face had lost none of the sensitivity and charm, none of the uncompromising youth that she dimly remembered. He seemed an odd combination of ease and tension; one could tell that his reserve and even his air of gentle timidity were the product of manners; for when he spoke, it was with a certain roughness that indicated assurance. This was reinforced by the intent stare with which he fastened his very round and dark eyes on his plate and the manner in which his black eyebrows seemed to ripple with his

thick black hair. She would have liked to talk to him, but that, of course, was not her way, and she watched him carefully as he crumbled his roll on the thick white tablecloth.

"You've certainly been taking your own sweet time to grow up, Maud," he said in a familiar tone, breaking a cracker into several pieces and dropping them into his soup as Maud had been taught never to do. "This makes it six years that I've been waiting for you."

"Six years?" she repeated in surprise.

He nodded, looking at her gravely. "Six years," he said. "Ever since that wonderful Christmas Eve when you told the assembled Spreddon family to put on their best bib and tucker and jump in the lake."

Maud turned pale. Even the heavy silver service on the long table seemed to be jumping back and forth. She put down her spoon. "So you know that," she said in a low voice. "They talk about it. They tell strangers."

He laughed his loud, easy laugh. "I'm hardly a stranger, Maud," he said. "I've been working as a lawyer in your father's office for twelve years and before that I was there as an office boy. And you're wrong about their telling people, too. They didn't have to tell me. I was there."

She gasped. "You couldn't have been," she protested. "I remember it so well." She paused. "But why are you saying this, anyway? What's the point?"

Again he laughed. "You don't believe me," he said. "But it's so simple. It was Christmas Eve and I was all alone in town, and your old man, who, in case you don't know it, is one prince of a guy, took pity on me and asked me up. I told him I'd come in a Santa Claus get-up and surprise you kids. Anyway I was right in here, in this very dining room, sticking my beard on and peering through the crack in those double doors to watch for my cue from your father when — bingo! — you pulled that scene. Right there before my eyes and ears! Oh, Maud! You were terrific!"

Even with his eyes, his unsure but friendly eyes, upon her as he said all this, it was as if it were Christmas again, Christmas with every stocking crammed and to be emptied, item by item, before the shining and expectant parental faces. Maud felt her stomach muscles suddenly tighten in anguished humiliation. She put her napkin on the table and looked desperately about her.

"Now, Maud," he said, putting his firm hand on hers. "Take it easy."

"Leave me alone," she said in a rough whisper. "Leave me be."

"You're not going to be angry with me?" he protested. "After all these years? All these years that I've been waiting for the little girl with the big temper to grow up? Maud, how unkind."

She gave him a swift look. "I've been back home

and grown up for several months," she pointed out ungraciously. "If you know Father so well, you must have known that. And this is the first time you've been to the house."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Lawyers are busy men, Maud," he said. "We can't get off every night. Besides, I'm shy."

She was not to be appeased so lightly. "You didn't come to see me, anyway," she retorted. "You came because Daddy begged you to." She smiled sourly. "He probably went down on his knees."

"Nothing of the sort," he said coolly. "If you must know, I came because I heard we were going to *Roll Out the Barrel*."

Maud stared at him for a second and then burst out laughing. "Then you're in for a sad disappointment, Mr. Nicholas," she said, "because Daddy couldn't get seats. We're going to *Doubles or Quits*. I do hope you haven't seen it."

He covered his face with his napkin. "But I have," he groaned. "Twice!"

Maud, of course, did not know it, but Halsted Nicholas was the partner who, more than any other, held the clients of Spreddon & Spreddon. Mr. Spreddon increasingly accepted positions of public trust; he was now president of a museum, a hospital, and a zoo, all the biggest of their kind; he represented to his partners that this sort of thing, although unremunerative and time-consuming, "paid dividends in the long run." If anyone grumbled, it was not Halsted, whose industry was prodigious. What drove him so hard nobody knew. He never showed ambition of the ordinary sort, as, for example, wanting his name at the top of the firm letterhead or asking for paneling in his office. He felt, it was true, the deepest gratitude to Mr. Spreddon and to his late father, the Judge, who had seen promise in him and who had sent him to college and law school, but this he had already repaid a hundredfold. He loved the law, it was true, but he was already one of the ablest trial lawyers in the city and could certainly have held his position without quite so liberal an expenditure of energy. No, if Halsted was industrious it was probably by habit. He may have lacked the courage to stop and look into himself. He was a man who had met and undertaken many responsibilities; he had supported his friends with advice and his parents with money; he was considered to be — and, indeed, he was — an admirable character, unspoiled even by a Manhattan success; but whatever part of himself he revealed, it was a public part. His private self was unshared.

He left the theater that night after the second act to go down to his office and work on a brief, but the following Sunday he called at the Spreddons' and took Maud for a walk around the reservoir. A week later he invited her to come to Wall Street to dine with him, on the excuse that he had to work after dinner and could not get uptown, and after she had

done this, which he said no other girl would have done, even for Clark Gable, he became a steady caller at the Spreddons'. Maud found herself in the unprecedented situation of having a beau.

He was not a very ceremonious beau; he never sent her flowers or whispered silly things in her ear, and not infrequently, at the very last moment, when they had planned an evening at the theater or the opera, he would call up to say that he couldn't get away from the office. Maud, however, saw nothing unusual in this. What mattered to her was that he expected so little. He never pried into her past or demanded her agreement or enthusiasm over anything; he never asked her to meet groups of his friends or to go to crowded night clubs. He never, furthermore, offered the slightest criticism of her way of living or made suggestions as to how she might enlarge its scope. He took her entirely for granted and would, without any semblance of apology, talk for an entire evening about his own life and struggles and the wonderful things that he had done in court. She was a slow talker, and he a fast one; it was easier for both if he held forth alone on the subjects closest to his heart. In short, she became accustomed to him; he fitted in with her riding and her hospital work. She had been worried at first, particularly in view of his initial revelation, never thereafter alluded to, of what he had once witnessed, but soon afterwards she had been reassured. It was all right. He would let her be.

4

MR. AND MRS. SPREDDON, in the meantime, were holding their breath. They had almost given up the idea that Maud would ever attract any man, much less a bachelor as eligible as Halsted. It was decided, after several conferences, that what nature had so miraculously started, nature might finish herself, and they resolved not to interfere. This, unfortunately, they were not able to do without a certain ostentation, and Maud became aware of an increasing failure on the part of her family to ask their usual questions about what she had done the night before and what meals she expected to eat at home the following day. If she referred to Halsted, her comment received the briefest of nods or answers. Nobody observing the fleeting references with which his name was dismissed at the Spreddon board would ever have guessed that the parental hearts were throbbing at the mere possibility of his assimilation into the family.

Maud, however, was not to be fooled. The suppressed wink behind the family conspiracy of silence was almost lewd to her, and it brought up poignantly the possibility that Halsted might be thinking of their friendship in the same way. It was true that he had said nothing to her that could even remotely be construed as sentimental, but it was also true, she realized ruefully, that she knew very

little of such things, and the effusive, confiding creature to whom her brother Sammy was engaged, who frequently made her uncomfortable by trying to drag her into long intimate chats "just between us girls," had told her that when men took one out it was never for one's society alone and that this went for a certain "you know who" in the legal world as well as anyone else, even if he *was* somewhat older. Maud seemed to feel her breath stop at this new complication in a life settled after so many disturbances. Was this not the very thing that she had always feared, carried to its worst extreme? Was this not the emotion that was reputedly the most demanding, the most exacting of all the impulses of the heart? She had a vision of bridesmaids reaching for a thrown bouquet and faces looking up at her to where she was standing in unbecoming satin on a high stair — faces covered with frozen smiles and eyes, seas of eyes, black and staring and united to convey the same sharp, hysterical message: "Aren't you happy? Aren't you in love? Now, then, didn't we *tell* you?"

The next time Halsted called up she told him flatly that she had a headache. He took it very casually and called again about a week later. She didn't dare use the same excuse, and she couldn't think of another, so she met him for dinner at a French restaurant. She nibbled nervously on an olive while he drank his second cocktail in silence, watching her.

"Somebody's gone and frightened you again," he said with just an edge of roughness in his voice. "What's it all about? Why did you fake that headache last week?"

She looked at him miserably. "I didn't."

"Why did you have it then?"

"Oh." She raised her hand to her brow and rubbed it in a preoccupied manner. "Well, I guess I thought we were going out too much together."

"Too much for what?"

"Oh. You know."

"Were you afraid of being compromised?" he asked sarcastically.

"Please, Halsted," she begged him. "You know how people are. I like going out with you. I love it, really. But the family all wink and nod. They can't believe that you and I are just good friends. They'll be expecting you — well, to say something."

He burst out laughing. "And you're afraid I won't. I see."

She shook her head. "No," she said gravely, looking down at her plate; "I'm afraid you will."

He stopped laughing and looked at her intently. Then he gave a low whistle. "Well!" he exclaimed. "So that's how it is. And this is the girl whose father used to say that she had no self-confidence! Well, I'll be damned!"

Maud blushed. "You mustn't think I'm conceited," she said with embarrassment. "It's not that at all. I just don't understand these things.

Really." She looked at him, imploring him not to take it amiss.

"Look, Maud," he said more gently, taking her hand in his. "Can't you trust me? I know all about it. Honest."

"All about what, Halsted?"

"What you're afraid of. Listen to me, my sweet. Nobody's going to make you do any falling in love. Nobody could. Yet. Do you get that? It's just possible that I may ask you to marry me. We'll see. But in any case I'm not going to ask you how you feel about me. That's your affair. Is that clear?"

She looked into his large and serious eyes and felt her fears subside. It was true that he was completely honest. He did not even tighten his grip on her hand.

"But why should you ever want to marry me?" she asked. "Nobody likes me."

"Give them time, darling," he said, smiling as she withdrew her hand from his. "They will. You want to know why I should be thinking about marrying you? Very well. That's a fair question. I'm thirty-four. There's one reason. It's high time, you'll admit. And I'm not so attractive that I can pick anyone I want. I have to take what I can get." And again he laughed.

"But don't you feel you could do better than me?" she asked seriously. "I'm really a terrible poke. Besides, Sammy says you make all sorts of money. That should help."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, I haven't quite given up," he said cheerfully. "Don't get your hopes too high."

This time she smiled too. "You mean I'm only a last resort?"

Again he put his hand on hers. "Not quite. There's another point in your favor, Maud," he said. "If you must know."

"And what's that?"

He looked at her for a moment, and she suddenly knew that they were going to be very serious indeed.

"I wasn't going to mention it," he continued, "but I might as well now. I'm in love with you, Maud."

She could only shake her head several times in quick succession as if to stop him. "Why?" she asked. "What do you see in me?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "Who knows?" he said. "Call it the desire to protect. Or the mother instinct. Or just plain middle-aged folly. It might be anything. But, Maud, you wouldn't believe it. I can even catch myself thinking about you in court."

They looked at each other gravely for several seconds.

"Well, I suppose that does it," she said, smiling. "I'll have to marry you now."

He raised his hand. "Wait a moment!" he warned her. "First you've got to be asked. And

after that you've got to think it over. For several days. I want no fly-by-night answer."

Halsted did things in his own way, and he adhered strictly to a program laid down by himself. Three days later she received a telegram from Chicago, where he had gone on business, saying: "This is the formal offer. Think it over. See you Friday."

Maud did think it over. In fact, she had thought of nothing else since it had first occurred to her that he might do this. She examined the state of her heart and asked herself if her feeling for Halsted could, even by the watered-down standards of her own emotions, be called love, and she decided that it probably could not. She then tried to analyze what it was that she did feel for him: it was certainly the friendliest feeling that she had ever experienced for another human being. She asked herself if she was not lucky indeed — miraculously lucky — to have run into the one man, probably in the whole country, who wanted her as she was. She visualized the joy of sudden and final liberation from her family. And then too, undeniably, she felt

stirring within her the first faint manifestations of a new little pride in her own self that she could pull this off, that she could mean so much to a man like Halsted, a good man, an able man, a man whom people looked up to; she thought of Sammy and his silly little fiancée, and of her worried parents and their hopelessness about her; she pictured the amazement of the family friends. She stood before her mirror and pushed the hair out of her face and tossed her head in sudden resolution.

When Halsted called for her on Friday night she was waiting for him in the front hall with her hat and coat on. She was so nervous that she didn't even allow him to speak.

"Halsted," she said, and the words tumbled out. "I've decided. I will. Definitely."

He walked slowly across the front hall to the bottom step of the circular stairway where she was standing and took both her hands in his. For a long tense moment he looked at her.

"Darling," he said and then laughed. "I thought you'd never make up your mind!"

(To be concluded)



SONG

by DONALD C. BABCOCK

BEAUTY, like a spirit,
For a body sightheth,
Hovering always near it,
While its shadow lieth
For a little space
Over form and face.
But when glad youth dieth
Beauty fades apace.

How shall Beauty find
That for which it yearneth?
When within the mind
How to live it learneth,
Shining through the face
With an inward grace
Like a lamp that burneth
In a holy place.



A member of the editorial staff of the Boston Globe for the past ten years, OTTO ZAUSMER served as head of the Intelligence Department of the Office of War Information in London. After the war, he covered the Nuremberg Trials and the Trial of Pétain for his paper, and made firsthand reports on the reconstruction going on in Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary, Germany, Italy, and France. This past summer, he again returned to Europe, and in our zone in Germany detected a development which is of concern to every thinking American.

LOSING THE WAR IN GERMANY

The Educational Front

by OTTO ZAUSMER

I

THE German newspaper headline asked very bluntly: "Who learns from whom?" The article itself left no doubt that the question was strictly rhetorical: the American would-be teachers have learned from their German pupils, not the Germans from the Americans.

This may be a shocking statement but it is correct.

The Germans have learned little, if anything, in almost five years of occupation. But American officials on the spot have learned a great deal. Among other things, American educators in Germany have come to understand that the United States has limped behind Britain and France in the re-education of Germany; that it would not take more than two minutes to list the accomplishments of the first years of occupation; that no amount of money can buy democracy in Germany (or anywhere else); that economic and political reconstruction must end in failure if re-education remains stalled; that re-education cannot be grafted on a nation's body but must be given time — a generation or longer — to grow from within; and finally, that the program drawn up by competent educators could work if State Department and Pentagon had also learned a lesson since 1945.

Unfortunately, they have not, and pleas and warnings have been in vain. One of the most recent SOS calls has come from Dr. Arno Jewett, Professor of Education at the University of Texas. After studying education in the U.S. zone Dr. Jewett wrote in the Official Military Government Information Bulletin: "There is almost no evidence of democracy in German academic high schools."

This stern verdict is in sharp contrast to the cheerful progress reports which Pentagon and State Department release for political reasons. It has been confirmed by other competent observers,

among them Dr. Alonzo G. Grace, Director of the Educational and Cultural Relations Division of Military Government — a prominent scholar who resigned as Commissioner of Education of Connecticut last year in order to head the educational setup in Germany. In a survey for the Commission on the Occupied Areas, appointed by the American Council on Education, Dr. Grace wrote last summer: —

If we hope to make any imprint at all on the German people by using the "observe, advise, and assist" formula, then we must face squarely the necessity of a basic program over a long period of time. . . .

There is no reason to believe that after twelve years of indoctrination in Nazi ideology, German youth has accepted the democratic ideal. . . .

The thinking American is somewhat embarrassed and chagrined by the average European concept of American culture. . . . It is essential that we let the German people know that the United States has something beside CARE packages and material aid.

In this the United States has failed almost completely. Fortunately, it is not too late; not yet. Naturally, it would have been easier — and in the long run less expensive — to establish German education on a democratic basis when the first post-war reconstruction work was being done. To introduce necessary changes today or tomorrow would require destruction of part of the recently built foundation. The problem would have been big enough even immediately after V-E Day. But every day of delay increases the future price and reduces the chances of ultimate success.

What Germany needs is not re-education but a new education. It would have been comparatively easy to make pulp of the Nazi textbooks, to fire

the most ardent Nazi teachers, and to discredit the Hitler regime in the eyes of the youth. But that would not have been enough.

Nazism was a mass psychosis which had its roots in the educational and social setup of the country. Despite its high scholastic standard, German education failed miserably in the training for society and for political maturity. It produced "leaders" and "subjects" — oftentimes very scholarly subjects — but no citizens.

At the time when Adolf Hitler was an unknown private in the Kaiser's army, Wilhelm Wundt, the founder of modern experimental psychology, wrote in his essay *The Nations and Their Philosophy* (1915): —

We shall learn three things [from this war]. The first derives from the unconditional trust which we may put in our much decried militarism. . . . No, we shall not follow the advice of our enemies to abandon our militarism. We shall be in need of it in the future. . . . Military training has become a means of education which provides physical training and an attitude of duty for our youth. German military service like German gymnastics is a genuinely democratic institution unlike sports through which the wealthy young people of England satisfy their needs for physical exercise and for a stimulating pastime.

If this was the "wise" counsel of one of the most outstanding scholars Germany has ever produced, can anybody be surprised to find a Minister of Education of the following generation postulating still more dangerous nonsense, such as: "Science in the service of racial heritage goes before intellectual education" (Dr. Hartnacke, Nazi Minister of Education, in an address before the German Society of Psychologists).

What is true for psychologists is also true for textbook writers and teachers in general. They have remained backward, undemocratic, or brazenly antidemocratic from the time of the Empire throughout the Weimar Republic, the Third Reich, and until today.

Heimatland ("Native Land"), a textbook published in 1925, seven years after the founding of the Republic, was practically an exact reprint of the first edition of 1872. In order to comply with the democratic spirit of the Republic, a few stories about aristocrats had been replaced by stories about the war of 1914–1918. They bemoaned the Fatherland's defeat and peddled the Nazi stab-in-the-back legend: the enemy conquered the Kaiser's army because the people betrayed their country.

2

MILITARISM and extreme nationalism are only more dramatic and more conspicuous poisons which the traditional education has injected into the German youth for generations and regardless of the

regime in power. Less obvious but more fundamental has been the vicious circle in which an antiquated, antidemocratic educational system is linked with the antidemocratic political setup that has harmed both Germany and her neighbors.

This is the way education and politics have moved around in a circle. Admission to a German university or college depends on successful completion of eight years of high school. Only 10 per cent of the German youth take this road to academic education, because high school tuition is not free and a child must decide at the age of ten whether he wants (that is, usually, whether he can afford) to go to high school for eight more years. His alternative is a four-class vocational school; this is where the school education ends for about 90 per cent of the German youth.

The high school curriculum for the 10 per cent comprising the intellectual elite is traditionally restricted to academic and cultural subjects; more than half the program is devoted to the study of languages, while social studies are virtually nonexistent. To make matters worse, it is impossible to get beyond a certain lower level of the civil service without a university degree, and especially without law school. This draws another vicious circle around civil service, making it the exclusive hunting grounds of a small, very limited clique. The members of this civil service elite, the *Beamten*, are appointed for life and have enormous prestige, power, and privileges which they want to retain for their small caste.

So far they have been successful in surviving the Empire, the Republic, Hitlerism, and Military Government. They have occupied a major number of seats in all diets and parliaments, and because of their legal training have been particularly numerous in committees, where they have blocked all moves to curb their powers before a bill could reach the plenum. A peculiar twist in German law permits them to remain in their executive positions even while they are sitting in the legislature. Finally, the *Beamten* are the main pool from which cabinet ministers have been drawn in the past; and if the minister is not a *Beamte*, the keymen on whom he depends in office undoubtedly are.

A study made by French educators shows that the son of a German worker sometimes invades the area of the "ten-percenters," goes to high school and afterwards studies philosophy, theology, or medicine. They have found practically no case of the son of a worker going to law school and moving up into the higher brackets of civil service.

Thus, there can be no democratic education and no democratic Germany without a democratic civil service law. So far such a new law has been prevented by the desperate resistance of the *Beamten*. Its chances in the future are equally slim without a sweeping change in the educational system so that the nation's youth would no longer be divided

into intellectuals and *misera plebs* at the age of ten. The vicious circle goes on and on.

There would have been a way of breaking it: namely, by Military Government decree. The United States has failed to take this step; but the French have done it in their zone.

Madame Irene Giron, Deputy Director of Education in the French zone, transformed the old army barracks at Germersheim into a modern academy with university rank. There is nothing like it elsewhere in Germany. The name "Dolmetscher-Schule" would suggest that the 350 students of the institution are being trained for jobs as translators. Some of them will perhaps enter this field. But after graduation all of them will be qualified for positions as interpreters or as "public relations specialists" — in other words, propagandists — or as diplomats of the medium rank. They must be given priority for German civil service vacancies.

Their curriculum includes constitutional law, history, philosophy, and above all, languages. The German rector has a faculty of ten German instructors, nine French, five British, two Swedish, one Italian, and one Spanish. Once a week, for example, the students are ordered to set up a law court and try a case, say in French or English. Next time the assignment would be to comment on a certain event; one student is supposed to represent the views of the *London Times*, the other of the Communist *Daily Worker*. Naturally, in order to do that they have to be acquainted thoroughly with foreign life, press, customs, and opinions. Their baseball games are always carried on in English.

The Staatliche Verwaltungsakademie in Speyer (Palatinate) is another French experiment. There students are being prepared for higher civil service careers. Each graduate is guaranteed a position when he leaves the academy. Even while in school he receives a small salary so that he can pay his way. Six months at Speyer are followed by one year of practical experience under supervision of an older civil servant, before the student returns to Speyer for six more months. There he can bring up in class all the problems that puzzled him in his job.

Graduation from high school is required for admission to Germersheim or Speyer. Applicants for the first academy must be twenty-one years old; candidates for the other must be between twenty-five and thirty-five. The French are now working on the program for a third institute, a three-year college course, for workers and people who could not go through eight years of high school. They will be trained for lower civil service jobs at first, with the right to continue education for a higher civil service position at Speyer later on.

The French planned German re-education carefully before the occupation began. They surveyed their own limited resources and decided on a

minimum program. Let us write off the older people, they said, at least in the beginning, and concentrate on the younger generation. There were few qualified, politically clean teachers. So the French set up twenty-two teacher-training colleges with free tuition, and today the enrollment has reached 3200. Applicants are selected at the age of fourteen and are sent to a preparatory school for five years, and later to a pedagogical academy for another five years. These institutions are boarding schools located close to regular elementary schools where the students can get their practical training. Thus, the French hope to have sufficient trustworthy elementary school teachers for their zone by 1955.

Much less has been done for secondary schools. Paris wanted to impose a school reform law, and as one prominent Frenchman remarked: "If we had ordered it in 1945, the Germans would defend it against us now." But Washington barred an "imposed" reform and insisted on the "observe, assist, and advise" formula. So school reform is still undecided. Pessimists say it is dead.

All textbooks were banned in the French zone immediately in 1945 (as they were in the American and British zones), because there was no book without Nazi propaganda. In Latin, Carthage was compared to Britain, and Rome's victory over the Teutonic hero Arminius was held up as a warning example. In mathematics, youngsters were asked to figure out how many bombs would be needed to level an enemy's city, and how many planes would have to carry the missiles. The French requested altogether new books and — with a little pressure — had them long before any other power.

Today the average German child in the French zone has four or five times as many textbooks as a youngster in the U.S. zone. German scholars offered 450 manuscripts for all kind of textbooks, but not a single one on history, because the French Military Government had stipulated two conditions: first, German history must be treated as a part of European history; and second, the narrative must not consist of a series of battle descriptions. On the other hand Paris ruled that no Frenchman could write a textbook for German schools. So the educational authorities had to turn to other European scholars. Social science books were handled by Scandinavians, a Luxemburger has just finished the story of World War I, and other gaps were filled by Swiss educators.

The shortage of books was equally painful at the university level. The lack of reliable teachers was even worse because college enrollment hit an all-time record. The French hired Swiss, Belgian, Dutch, and English lecturers, appointed high school teachers to university professorships, and added practical lawyers to the law school faculties, which was something quite unusual in Germany.

It is generally admitted today by Germans who

otherwise dislike the French that their educational experiment has been a striking success. Here is how one French official describes it: "We have made a special effort to demonstrate to the Germans that the democracy we want to introduce is not a foreign product which has to be eyed with suspicion; on the contrary, we show them what contributions their own thinkers and poets have made."

3

COMPARED with the achievements in the French zone, progress in the British and in the American area of occupation has been very slow.

Perhaps the task was more difficult, too. While France has to deal with the problems of about six million Germans, Britain and the United States are responsible for re-education of more than twenty-two and about nineteen million people, respectively. The task of repairing the physical damage alone has been colossal. For example, of all the institutes with university rank in the province of North Rhine-Westphalia (British zone), which is about twice as populous as the entire French zone, only Cologne University and the Dusseldorf Medical Academy escaped serious damage during the war. There are roughly 6000 elementary schools left; 12,000 were destroyed or badly hit.

Classes are being held where rain and wind cannot come in: in air-raid bunkers, Nissen huts, and army barracks. Nevertheless, teachers have to operate in three shifts in order to give all the children a minimum amount of instruction. One group would go to school from eight to eleven in the morning, the next from eleven to three, and the third from three to six. Needless to say, little can be accomplished in three hours a day and with teachers who work almost on an assembly-line setup. Fifty pupils in a class is considered quite normal; there are also groups with seventy and eighty in a room. A six-year construction program is expected to bring some relief. But its fulfillment will depend on economic conditions and on how much money the state can spare for education.

The situation in the U.S. zone is not much brighter. There are about 42,000 classrooms in use; another 29,000 are needed. In cities such as Ulm or Heilbronn, practically every school building is in ruins; 60 per cent destruction is frequent. Classes are being held in restaurants, factories, old army barracks. Little if any money is available for school buildings, and it would take very favorable circumstances to meet the most urgent needs in the next ten years.

By and large there are enough teachers. In many places there are too many because thousands of teachers from Communist countries, such as Czechoslovakia and Poland, have settled in Western Germany. In the British zone, for example, every

sixth teacher is a refugee. This abundance is of little help because most teachers are politically unreliable, to put it mildly. An "informed" guess puts the number of convinced, active democrats at about one in five. Between 60 and 70 per cent are former Nazis, and many among them are still brazenly peddling the Goebbels ideology.

The failure of denazification in general has had its most adverse effect on civil service and education in particular, the two main pillars on which the new states must rest. Even teachers who do not consider themselves Nazis, wittingly or unwittingly defeat the re-education program. They are the products of the pre-Hitler era which led to Nazism, or of the Hitler regime itself. They can give their pupils only what they have themselves; and that is often scholarship but rarely understanding of democracy. Again, they teach children how to become "subjects," not how to become citizens.

Sometimes they do more harm than good, even though they may be anxious to prove their excellent intentions. For example, in 1946 Military Government suggested that Berlin schools provide information on the progress of the trial of Göring, Hess, and others, and interpretation of the trial reports as a part of the regular curriculum. The German officials clicked their heels and ordered one hour a day classroom discussion of the trial. Only intervention from American headquarters reduced this to one hour a week. Or take another example. Dr. Hundhammer, the Bavarian Minister of Education — an ultrareactionary old-time politician — approved physical punishment in schools. Many teachers were against it and Military Government backed them up. Dr. Hundhammer called a referendum among parents; they approved of spanking and so it was dragged in again through a back door, by a "democratic" procedure.

If democratic education cannot expect more support from the German administration, parents, and teachers, then dependable textbooks would seem to be our last hope.

Unfortunately, this is another instance where the United States has lagged behind France and Britain. Today, in the fifth year of occupation, hundreds of thousands of students still depend on their notes because books are not available. For example, in one of the states of the U.S. zone there is no reader from the seventh to the ninth grade. About two thirds of the titles for high school are completed; the other third are still in preparation and teachers must spend their time dictating what the pupils should be able to read alone after class hours. There are no history textbooks, only outlines in table form; there are no high school chemistry books, biology books only for a few grades, and the physics book is "not scientific enough," the responsible German official in the Ministry of Education declared. Modern language primers

are good; the new editions of Latin textbooks have excellent introductions as well as footnotes.

The situation at the universities is probably worse. Political and ideological problems play an even more important part on this higher level. University libraries have lost millions of volumes through bombing and shelling. Losses range from 200,000 at the University of Bonn to 600,000 at the University of Hamburg.

4

THIS textbook calamity reflects the Cinderella position of education in the Military Government setup. In 1945 three titles were printed in 38,000 copies for the entire U.S. zone. In 1946 the number of volumes was less than a million. By the end of 1947 five million books had been added. In April, 1948, Dr. Grace arrived in Germany and took over control of education. That same year fourteen million textbooks were finished and the printing presses have been running at a similar speed this year. This looks like victory. But it is of little use if books are ready at the publishers' and not in the hands of students — which is exactly the situation now. Millions of copies are stacked in warehouses because parents cannot afford to buy them and the German authorities refuse to supply them free.

Military Government has not heeded the repeated pleas of its own officials for school reform which would make education a duty of the state, not a privilege of those who can afford to pay the price. "Teaching the Germans democracy" and "re-educating" them have been the most abused slogans since Dr. Goebbels died in the Berlin air-raid bunker. But little has been done about it. The main object of occupation clearly is re-education, the only solid foundation of reconstruction and recovery. The men in charge of it have been soldiers, technicians, successful businessmen, and economists, who had little experience in education. They were primarily interested in short-range security and financial problems. Education was at the bottom of the table of organization either as a branch or as a section of Military Government. It rose to the rank of a division only after the arrival of Dr. Grace a year and a half ago.

Education still has neither the budget nor the influence it needs and deserves. But a great deal of excellent spadework has been done. Since last March educators of the three Western zones have tried to coördinate their plans at fortnightly meetings. A very good program has been drafted; given time, money, and administrative power, the ultimate objective — re-education of the German people — could still be achieved.

Why then bring up the mistakes of the past and cry over spilled milk? Because there are still many

influential people in Washington who have a passion for spilling milk, a luxury which is no longer permissible. Re-education of a nation is no rush job. It will take at least five years to lay the foundation and another fifteen to build the permanent structure. This long-range program is being endangered by the haste with which the United States has made its two partners turn executive and legislative power back to the German masses, and to officials and teachers who are unreformed themselves and therefore hostile to reforms.

"Many current difficulties never would have presented themselves," states the survey of the American Council of Education, "if an adequate and impressive occupation force had remained in Germany. It seems to be one of the qualities of the United States to go all out to complete a job without realizing that successful completion, in the case of war, means more than the termination of fighting. It is important that German educational reconstruction and cultural regeneration not be abandoned now that material reconstruction is on the way and economic recovery assured. It would be typically American for us to say that the time has arrived to withdraw our meager educational forces from Germany and leave the country to itself."

No good can come from indefinitely prolonging occupation and tutelage of the German people. It is just as desirable to make the Germans self-governing as it is to make them self-supporting. The sooner the country can be put back on its feet, and off our back, the better. But if put on her feet while her brain still works like an authoritarian robot, Germany would inevitably use her feet again for goose-stepping behind the next corporal who offers himself as a Führer. To buy back freedom and the rights of man in a third world war would be much more expensive than to keep the educators there for another generation.

Several who started with great hopes and the best of intentions have given up in despair; the latest is Dr. Grace, who resigned a few weeks ago. The desperate struggle between a few idealistic educators and a stubborn administrative machine concerns not only a small group of teachers and scholars but every mature person here and abroad.

It has become a commonplace to say that the German people must prove themselves in the experiment which began after V-E Day. This may sound well and give us the comfortable feeling that we have done our duty. But is it correct? Perhaps the arrogant question of the unreconstructed, nationalistic German editor can serve as a last-minute warning: "Who learns from whom?" Five years of occupation should have taught us that if anything is on trial in Germany, the "defendant" is not the German nation, but democracy.

(Mr. Zausmer's second article, on the rebuilding of German industry and its dangerous consequences, will appear in the January Atlantic.)



A Bostonian and a famous shot who knows by heart many of the best coverts for woodcock and partridge in New England, W. GORDON MEANS has spent countless happy hours training and working his bird dogs. In a reminiscent mood, he has made pen portraits of some of his favorites, and from his collection we have selected these two as being especially endearing. In 1941, Mr. Means published a private edition of his first book, My Guns.

HONEY AND DAVE

by W. GORDON MEANS

1

A good deal of spit and palaver, to say nothing of much printer's ink, has been expended on the relative merits of bird dogs. I like a dog that has a merry gait, one that cuts up all the territory within thirty or thirty-five yards of me as I walk through the woods, one that understands that I have a definite part in the proceedings and that he therefore must not get too far away. It has been argued that such dogs miss a lot of birds that a wide-going dog would ordinarily find. This may be so, but the coverts I hunt are not that big, and every experienced gunner should know all the hot corners of his favorite woodlands, rimmings, and strips.

I like to hunt with my dog, not after him. I get a big kick out of seeing him work and handle his birds, especially woodcock. Furthermore, as the years have begun to pile up, I've learned it pays to conserve my energies by taking as few unnecessary steps as possible. There's plenty of walking a brush hunter has to do in a day, without having to thrash about looking for some dog that is frozen on a point a quarter of a mile away.

Generally speaking, I get along better with a setter's personality than with a pointer's. People ask me why I don't try out a springer or a Brittany spaniel or a German short-hair or a pointing griffon. The answer is, I've enough on my hands with setters — and a cobbler should stick to his last. I believe that a good setter is as good as anything anybody can get.

I got off to the poorest kind of start training dogs because I was brought up in the school that believed that the only way to "learn" a dog anything was to beat it into him. Then an old-timer told me how he worked his dogs with a check cord at mealtimes, and I had a lot of luck with this. Some years after, I heard of the obedience classes in dog shows, and I got interested and joined a class with my then young setter Judy. This taught me even more than it did her, and now every dog I got

has to go through that routine, though I don't go in for shows or classes any more. It's the modern way to train a dog, and I believe in it thoroughly. But you must keep it up until your dog knows his stuff, and then put him through his paces from time to time; not just once a month, but at least once a week — or, better still, once a day.

A well-bred dog should have enough nose and instinct to take care of the bird-finding end of the game, and usually will. The trainer's job is to tie instinct in with obedience and eventual understanding of what it's all about. Obedience therefore must be rigidly enforced.

Whipping creates in a dog's mind the idea of something he must not do — and points can be hammered home in this way; but it will never teach a dog to do the things he must do in order to become truly outstanding. The memory of the whip will tend to make him see the negative rather than the positive side of life. Luckily, most dogs have wonderfully forgiving natures; they love their masters so much that they shake off a lot of stupid abuse, and in time man and dog get to understand each other better.

No one rule can be laid down to fit all dogs. Therefore, it behooves everyone who starts to train a dog not only to take into account the dog's nature, but to take careful stock of his own.

I've owned many a good gun dog, some of which I've bred, raised, and trained; but never has there been within my ken another such as little Honey, a natural who hunted almost faultlessly from the day she was first put down in the field. I got her from the Glenn Rock Kennels in Ballardvale, where many fine gun dogs had flourished under the guidance of a great old-timer, Charlie Davies. When I went to see him he had just one dog for sale: the runt of a litter, eighteen months old, who had never been trained. This sounded far from encouraging, but I thought I'd have a look anyway. I

was shown a little white, chestnut-ticked setter bitch that timidly smelled my hand to see if I were someone she could trust. Apparently the odor I exuded gave her confidence, for she jumped up on me and later snuggled close to my leg as I sat inquiring about her pedigree and the price that was asked for her.

Right from the start I had a hunch this little dog was what I was looking for, and I suppose that my faith in her built up her confidence in me. It was what might be called love at first sight; I have never had any other young dog that took my eye so completely as this one did. I paid the hundred dollars that was asked for her without even questioning the price, and took her home.

Honey was soon completely at ease with the family, though she was always shy and sensitive with strangers. She had a funny little way of asking if she was doing right. Unlike most dogs, she had to be encouraged to do things. When I fed her she would hesitate before eating, and look up at me to see if I intended the food for her. At first I had to tell her to go ahead before she would touch it. Likewise, when I took her out in the fields near the house for exercise, she would keep looking back at me to see if what she was doing had my approval.

I knew it was useless to start to yard break her, as time was so limited; so after a day or two in which she had got entirely accustomed to her new surroundings, we started out to pit our skill against that of wily grouse and the nimble timber doodles.

That first morning was a truly memorable one. My sister Jessie and I headed for a covert which held both partridge and woodcock; in it were also some little ponds to which ducks were apt to come. It was a fairly open covert crisscrossed by wood roads and the trails of wild creatures. Honey trotted ahead continuously, always looking back for directions and encouragement. We went very slowly to give her ample time to examine and investigate all the strange new smells of the forest.

We were rounding a turn on one of the lanes, and as I watched the dog, who was on a little knoll to our right, I saw her half stop on a scent that really seemed to her to be something of great importance. She took a step or two forward and then to my great astonishment she pointed. Whatever it was, was over the top of the knoll and around the bend of the lane. Telling Jessie to work quietly up behind Honey, I stole round the corner, where I could see down the lane. I knew that if this should turn out to be a game bird, everything depended on my killing it.

I had hardly got set when a big grouse left the knoll with the usual thunderous getaway and sailed majestically down the lane, a perfect straightaway shot. Had I missed that one, I'd have put my gun aside forever.

At the shot Honey dashed to my side with that funny little inquiring look of hers. She was trem-

bling, partly from fear and partly from excitement, but calmed down when I patted her and told her she was a good dog. Then I led her up to the freshly killed bird and let her smell it and get all the enjoyment a dog gets out of inhaling the sweet scent of game. She didn't offer to pick up the bird, nor did I encourage her to do so. I didn't even speak to her then, but let her alone, to figure out in her own way just what had taken place.

After a while, I picked up the bird and we sat in the warm October sun. Honey lay close beside me with her head in my lap, looking up and blinking at me from time to time. She seemed contented and I hoped that she was beginning to realize how well she had done on her first bird. The day was young, so we went on deeper into the covert. Luck still perched on my shoulder, for I killed two more grouse — one over another point, and another that flushed off to one side of us. Honey came in to me at each shot. There was no denying she feared the noise of the gun, but the smell of the warm dead birds was kindling within her the fires of all her breeding and instinct that had come down through countless generations. The conflict between the dog's sensitiveness and her desire to hunt and to please me was probably what made her such a success at the start, for she did not go dashing about, but stayed just far enough out so that she was easily controlled.

I thought three grouse were enough for the first day, so back home we went; and the next day being Sunday, I gave Honey a rest.

2

WHEN we got to hunting woodcock she behaved fully as well as she had on grouse, and inside of a week she was handling both birds to my complete satisfaction. This was in the days when the limit on woodcock was six and on partridge four, and there was enough game to give a dog a lot of work, especially if I had one or two shooting partners along, which frequently happened.

One day in particular, I well remember. We were in the covert where Honey had first distinguished herself, in the part where woodcock were apt to be found, and not far from a little pond. On the way over, I had noticed a big cock pheasant run into a patch of briars; and leaving Honey in the car, I had walked him up and killed him, for I was fearful that she might be tempted to break her point if allowed to work on one of these fleet-footed fowl.

Arriving on the woodcock ground, I noticed a flock of four black ducks in the pond. I could see them plainly through the trees, although they were some distance away. The pond was in an open field, but I thought I could creep up on them if I could get on the other side where the grass was waist high. Thinking that Honey, who had not been taught to heel, would spoil my chances of a shot if I took her

with me, I tied her by her leash to a small tree. I should have known this wouldn't work. She barked and howled and put on such an act that I had to go back and quiet her lest she disturb the ducks. I untied the leash from the tree and we started off again. When we reached the far side of the pond, I got down on all fours and, holding Honey by the leash with one hand, and my gun with the other, wiggled slowly toward the spot where I had last seen the "quackers."

So near did we get to the quarry that when I jumped to my feet they were completely befuddled. Two of them took to the air, while the other two made the fatal error of diving under the water. I dropped the air-minded pair and had time to reload and pick off first one single, then the other, as they came up for air and jumped for the sky. Honey took it all in, but as she had never been in deep water I did not let her go for the dead birds. Instead, I waited for the wind, which was favorable, to blow them ashore. Then I let her retrieve them. After all this excitement we went back to our woodcock corner and bagged three — all in all, a mighty fine mixed bag for one day.

When the season came to a close that fall, I was confident the dog question was settled for several years to come, but Fate decreed otherwise. At the end of my vacation I had to go away on a business trip. I left Honey in the care of a man who took dogs to board, and who ran an exceptionally fine kennel of his own. As I knew him to be absolutely trustworthy I expected no trouble, but on my return I learned, to my sorrow and dismay, that Honey had died. The kennel man had done all he could for her and had called in the local veterinary, who was also a man in whom I had the utmost confidence, but they could not save her.

I asked the vet what he could tell me of the cause, but he said he really did not know — it seemed to him that she was more brokenhearted than anything else. She just couldn't stand going back to a kennel after the glorious fall we had had together. Doubtless the fact that she missed me had much to do with it, but probably the real cause of her death was some congenital weakness. It must be remembered she was a runt to begin with, and during the time we hunted together I had noticed she tired easily and lacked stamina.

She was just too good to last.

3

DAVE had plenty of what it takes to make a good gun dog — strength, stamina, brains — and his long nose was as sensitive as the needle of a compass when it was a question of locating game. By and large he was the best all-round dog I ever owned.

Before the pup was six months old he was in a trainer's hands, and I did not see him again until the second season after that, when I went out to

shoot over him. He was wild and headstrong, and the trainer, who had been used to gentler blood, feared I'd never make much of a dog out of him. We succeeded, however, in killing a couple of grouse over his points, and I liked the way the dog behaved on game; so I paid my bill and took him home.

I had four or five shoots with him that fall. They were what one might expect from a young hot-headed dog. A good bird finder he surely was, but I had to rate pretty high as a dog finder sometimes to locate him when he was on point. I realized that I had not given him enough work; so I sent him to another trainer, a man more used to hot-blooded dogs, and he got him down to where he belonged. When the next shooting season came along, Dave began to round out into the grand dog he was to become; and it was after that season that I went to work teaching him to retrieve on the system of checking him with a cord at mealtime. This system was also intended to have the extra advantage of making him staunch and steady on point.

Every night I'd place his supper at one end of a bare room, then snap a long cord to his collar, starting and checking him without moving myself as he made for the food. It took only a short time before he would stand patiently right over his dish and wait until he got the word to fall to. Then I started doing the same thing with raw meat, and he became so perfect that he would not only hold the meat in his mouth at a command but would even bring it to me and drop it into my hand.

Once I took him to a cocktail party and left him sitting quietly in the car while I went in to join the festivities. In a little while one of the guests, noting him, remarked how handsome he was — which turned the conversation on him and naturally to his ability as a bird dog. I said I was sorry I could not show him off on game, but if they were willing, I could prove he was a good retriever. All hands agreed; so I called him from the car, having first secured a slice of cold lamb from the buffet. Asking everyone to be quiet for a minute, I covered his eyes with one hand and threw the meat into a far corner of the crowded living room. I then uncovered his eyes and let him smell my hand that had just held the meat, telling him at the same time to "go fetch." He was off in a jiffy, weaving his way through the assembly, and soon found the piece of lamb and brought it to me, placing it gently in my outstretched hand. Of course the applause was tremendous.

The following season, when he was four, Dave had really come into his own, and through the next eight memorable years my shooting partners and I killed many a grouse and woodcock over his points. Besides this, I think he was the best retriever I ever saw.

Everyone who has shot woodcock knows how hard it sometimes is for a dog to find one that has

fallen stone dead. It is not uncommon for a good dog actually to step on a dead bird and not be able to locate it. Something unaccountable happens, which kills the scent when they are knocked out cold. One fair autumn afternoon I was walking through an open field with my friends the Gunner and the Groper. Suddenly from behind us a woodcock jumped up out of the grass. No flutterer he; we must have awakened him out of a sound slumber and almost scared him out of his feathers. Anyway, he went flying low and hard like a quail, and by the time we turned to shoot he was almost out of range. At first it appeared that our shots had had no effect; then he suddenly started to tower; evidently one of the thousand or more number nine pellets had hit him in the head. Upward and upward he went over some poplar woods which bounded that end of the field, until he appeared no bigger than a swallow. Then he suddenly collapsed and fell lifeless, deep among the trees.

We walked up to the edge of the field and looked in. The woods here were a forbidding tangle of down timber as a result of a heavy ice storm the preceding winter. The bird might be anywhere within seventy-five or a hundred yards of us, surrounded by a jumble of trunks, branches, and brambles. I ordered Dave in, and we sat down on the grass to await results. He was gone a long time but at last he came trotting out, and in his mouth was the woodcock, almost as unruffled as it had been when it quit the field — a wonderful piece of retrieving.

With all his virtues, however, Dave was not without his shortcomings. It was always hard to keep him from chasing rabbits. He would draw to a perfect point, and then, when the rabbit bolted, he'd be away sometimes for quite a while in the vain hope of catching Mr. Bunny. Though he bravely tried to improve, he really never got the better of this weakness.

4

A PERFECTLY trained dog should be taught to break his point at a command and flush the bird for you, but this is something that should only be attempted after a dog is well along in years and has proved to be completely staunch and reliable. Dave acquired this trick, and no amount of whistling could make him leave a point; but if I were near enough to speak quietly to him, he would walk in and put the bird up. This was especially useful, as it gave me a chance to get into a good shooting position and then have the bird served up to me as if it were at skeet. Even with this additional advantage I fear I let him down more often than I

should have; and when one of those misses occurred, it burned him up plenty. If any dog ever registered disgust Dave could, and that look might have been worth a lot on the silver screen.

In this connection, a very ludicrous and humiliating thing happened one afternoon. Dave and I were working out a certain thicket, a spot so overgrown with juniper that it was impossible to see the ground at all. Out of these junipers sprouted maples and wild apple trees here and there, and in the offing was a nice stand of white pine in which a grouse could take refuge. Dave, whom I could make out only by the movement of the junipers, finally stopped by a particularly bushy and gnarled apple tree. On making over to him I found him on point with his nose thrust well into the lower branches of the tree.

It was impossible to see anything on the ground, but, as there were good openings through the trees on all sides, I ordered him to put the bird up. Instantly he sprang forward; there was a terrific flapping in the bush and he backed out with a partridge in his mouth. Another wounded bird, thought I; and as this wasn't the first time that Dave had brought in birds that had been knocked down and lost by others, it was a fair assumption. I took it from him and was examining it in my hands, having laid down the Greener for a moment; all of a sudden the bird gave a violent flutter and the next second was headed with devastating speed for the pines. I snatched up the gun and fired, but I was too surprised to take careful aim, and at that there was barely enough time to get off one barrel before it vanished in the sheltering haven of the trees. I didn't dare look my dog in the face, and I was thankful he couldn't talk.

In the early thirties, time was beginning to tell on Dave. The Gunner, the Groper, and I had had many glorious days with the old dog, but finally his stout heart began to falter. I could not bear to leave him when we went out with another dog; on the other hand, it would have been wicked to ask him to do the work that he would cheerfully have tried his best to do till he dropped. Fortunately the end came suddenly, and he died of a coronary thrombosis.

I still remember my handsome black and white setter — the little warning wag of his tail when he found a scent; the cautious, almost catlike approach to a bird, perhaps a half point, then a full point rigidly telling us to get ready, for the bird was about to take wing; then the thunder of the wings and the little eddies of brown and yellow leaves left in their wake; the roar of the guns; and as a grand finale, the bird brought to my outstretched hand by that wise old maestro of one of the greatest sports on earth.



POEMS

by THOMAS MERTON

HYMN FOR THE FEAST OF DUNS SCOTUS

On a day in fall, when high winds trouble the country
I visit the borders of my world, and see the colored hills.
And while I walk upon their coasts
The woods and grasses tumble like a sea:
Their waters run after the dry shores
Of the path made for my feet.
And I open the book of Duns Scotus,
To learn the reason for theology.

This is the book whose vision is not its own end,
Whose words are the ways of love, whose term is Trinity:
Three Who is One Who is Love.

One, because One is the reason for loving
And the One Love loved. But Three
Are the Three Lovers Who love and are loved
And are Love.

One is the Love we love, and love for:
But Three are those we love and
One our Three Lovers, loving One another.
Their One Love for One another is their Love for us,
And One is our Love for all Three and all One
And for us, on earth, brothers, one another!

One God is the One Love *propter quam amatur*
And Three Persons of the One Love are *quae amantur*.
So to love One alone is little better
Than loving none.
But to love Three is to love One.

Now today, while these Three
Love One another in me,
Loving me, and I love them,
Suddenly I can no longer live in mortal flesh,

Because your book, O Scotus, burns me like a branding iron!
If I could only breathe I would cry out, if I could cry,
To tell someone what Voices robbed me of my being!

For the sound of my Beloved,
The voice of the sound of my Three Beloved
(One of my Three of my One Beloved)

Comes down out of the heavenly depths
And hits my heart like thunder:
And lo! I am alive and dead
With heart held fast in that Three-Personed Love.

And lo! God, my God!
Look! Look! I travel in Thy strength
I swing in the grasp of Thy Love, Thy great Love's One Strength,
I run Thy swift ways, Thy straightest rails
Until my life becomes Thy Life and sails or rides like an express!

Word, the whole universe swells with Thy wide-open speed,
Father, the world bursts, breaks, huge Spirit, with Thy might
Then land, sea and wind swing
And roll from my forgotten feet
While God sings victory, sings victory
In the blind day of that defeat.

THE READER

LORD, when the clock strikes
Telling the time with cold tin
And I sit hooded in this lectern

Waiting for the monks to come,
I see the red cheeses and bowls
All smile with milk in ranks upon their tables.

Light fills my proper globe
(I have won light to read by
With a little, tinkling chain)

And the monks come down the cloister
With robes as voluble as water.
I do not see them but I hear their waves.

It is winter, and my hands prepare
To turn the pages of the saints:
And to the trees Thy moon has frozen on the windows
My tongue shall sing Thy Scripture.

Then the monks pause upon the step
(With me here in this lectern
And Thee there on Thy crucifix)
And gather little pearls of water on their fingers' ends
Smaller than this my psalm.



Japan with her ancient heritage so different from ours is now poised on the threshold of democracy. Will she turn our way or Russia's? NORA WALN, author of The House of Exile and Reaching for the Stars, has been living in Japan for the past two years. With her disarming Quaker spirit, she has penetrated farther than most Americans in her understanding of the uncertainty and the aspiration of the Japanese people. Her findings will come to us in the form of a regular monthly article. Last month she described the indoctrination and hostility with which the Japanese prisoners returned from Russia; next month she will speak of the schools and the young refugees from Communism to whom Japan has given sanctuary.

THE GRASS ROOTS REVOLUTION IN JAPAN

by NORA WALN

1

QUAKER interpretation of Christ's mission to earth is that he came to help people comprehend that we are everywhere kin. Across all political barriers, beneath every difference in skin color, under all strangeness of habit and custom, we have similarities of mind. My trip to Japan is an attempt to test, in one more foreign place, the soundness of the Quaker faith in which I was reared. Every visit in a Japanese home has helped me realize the fact of human unity.

When my companion-interpreter, Mrs. Masa Mukaibo, and I came from Tokyo, we had promised to be Yasuko's house guests this visit. She sent her elder son, a young medical student, down to Komoro by foot and bus to meet our train and bring us up to the valley in the Komoro taxi. After a pleasant hour of conversation while we rode through well-formed country, we arrived at Shiga-hongo, the second of the string of hamlets jointly called Shiga, where the Koza clan have their country home.

Yasuko's son told us how they came to live here. They have been in this valley a long time. Twenty-two generations ago Machida Koza, a bow and arrow man from the south, first saw these beautiful hills in the army of Takeda Shingen, a warrior who overthrew Lord Shiga. It was the warrior's practice to establish his rule in each place he invaded by leaving behind him trusted men whom he saw married to local women and to whom he gave responsibility for the production of rice. Machida Koza was settled at Tanabata, on a small hill across the river from Shiga. His view was down the next valley. He had the task of promoting peace and prosperity.

For eight generations, his family carried out his

assignment from this location. Their names are registered in the temple of Koya-san at Yamato. They were able administrators who held their position during an era of civil war. The head of the clan in the eighth generation was Yozaemon Koza, a man with four sons. When a new period of national government was set up, with the Emperor pushed into the background at Koyoto, the Koza men were not dismissed. Their duty was enlarged. All four sons were given areas of responsibility for the growth of rice and the culture of silk. The third son was named Sakuemon. My friendship is with his descendants.

Sakuemon Koza with his wife and children moved from Tanabata into the residence of the warrior priest Senkobo, an old man without sons or daughters, at Shiga-hongo in December of 1607, by order of Sengoku Echigen, who had recently become overlord of this part of Nagano. They were to learn from the priest as if he were their father, so as to be able to inherit his civic responsibilities. When his earthly life was finished, they were to perform the ceremonies of remembrance for him. That is how they came to live in the lovely house called *Aka Kabe Goten* — the Rose-walled Manor — and be in charge of farming in the Shiga valley.

This new era was the regime of military dictators — the Tokugawa shoguns. It began with detailed instructions concerning exactly what was expected of those who tilled the soil, and of their overseers. Rice was counted the material foundation of the nation's well-being. Revenues of rice were to be sent to Edo, as Tokyo was called. Famine was to be avoided. In times of good harvest, grain was to be stored locally in tight warehouses for distribution when the crop failed. Those who lived in the

manor were to be ready at all times to house visiting government officials. This period ended in 1868, after two hundred and sixty-one years.

By then the Kozu clan were deeply rooted at Shiga-hongo. There is concord of character among them which keeps them a social unit even in time of political change. The next era was the period of private enterprise. People could change their positions. Sons did not have to follow their fathers' trades — a carpenter could become a farmer, a merchant could marry into the nobility. Investors could own as much farm land as they could buy. The Kozu clan stayed on, owning rice paddies far up and down the valley and reaching over the hills into neighboring valleys. Strangers from the cities bought land and did not live on it. Some peasants acquired ownership of small farms. Hired laborers and tenant farmers — more free than the peasants were — produced crops for the large landowners.

The hermit kingdom was open. The Emperor was restored to power. Japanese could go out of their native islands and return. Then it was that some of the family went abroad to study in England, the United States, France, and Germany. They built houses in Tokyo, spent summers by the sea at Kamakura, traveled in Asia; and several settled in China. But the Rose-walled Manor continued to be their central home.

Now change has come again, after a war of aggression and defeat. Today the Kozu family have their small share of rice paddies in the Shiga valley. They have just what they can till. Our narrator told us that the Land Reform Law, enacted by the Japanese Diet since the American occupation, is a wise measure. Without it there could have been grave social unrest and serious agrarian uprisings. He says this law is a success and that the quiet peacefulness of the country people is due to it.

The law is dedicated primarily to creating owner farmers, but the land reform program allows farm tenancy provided there is a written lease with the arrangements clearly stated: cash payment of rent by the tenant, and, for the owner, a ceiling of 25 per cent of the production from rice paddies and 15 per cent from upland fields. The Kozu family knew conditions in their neighborhood too well to continue tenant farming. In Akita and other prefectures, the small farmers have been owners for three centuries and longer. In these Nagano valleys, peasants were kept down. The tillers of the soil wanted ownership of the land. If conquest had succeeded, they could have gone abroad. Now they wanted it at home.

There could be violence. Then came the reform laws inspired by the United States. All the large owners put their paddies up for sale. Farmers were ready to buy. The deeds to ownership changed hands last year at a local ceremony in Shiga-hongo which lasted all day. In the morning there were

speeches, music, and the signing of names; then a community dinner; and in the afternoon a historical play. Shiga valley now belongs to those who work their own fields. The headmaster of the school farms his paddy. The Kozu family plant and reap their rice.

The seven children who live in the Rose-walled Manor are the fourteenth generation since Sakue-mon, the twenty-second since Machida. Halfway up the wooded hill behind their house is the family temple where clan services are held. They are Zen Buddhists. Near the stone steps that lead to the temple is the well-tended grave of the warrior priest into whose home they came.

When the clan were prosperous they were builders. They added wings and garden courts to the manor until it grew to forty rooms. In some generations they gave younger sons branch homes when they married, placing them on the same side of the highway as the manor — the south side. Sons of branch houses were given homes on the north side of the road. These were called twig houses. Yasuko is wife in a branch house.

2

WE ARE nearly there," said our young host. "I hope that I have not bored you with too much talk about us." He paused. "You know that I plan to be a doctor in this valley. The place and its people mean much to me. I belong to them. What happens here concerns me. The land reform is good." His eyes were shining. "There is no doctor now. They have been coming to me ever since I started to study. I watch the health of this one and that one. Ownership of land has given them happiness. It has made their health better."

The clan were gathered on the open space in front of his parents' house. They waved when they saw the taxi coming and our driver put forth a spurt of speed. Soon we were on the grass beside them, bowing to them and they to us. They made me feel really wanted.

While the Kozu clan were greeting us, others who live in Shiga-hongo came from their homes and places of work to help welcome us — the village clerks, the postmaster and his wife, several school-teachers, neighbor women, the shoemaker and his partner son, and children. It always gives me a feeling that the times we live in are rich and great when I find that those who were our foes have become our friends.

Once, the shoemaker's son told me, he hated Americans. He wanted to kill as many as he could. Then he was taken prisoner. He does not know exactly how it happened, but he found that he liked us. He is glad that Americans are in Japan so that we can get acquainted.

"Glad to see you." Uncle Shukusuke Kozu's words were short but his eyes smiled. He was at

Cambridge University in England more than fifty years ago. Usually he wears a kimono; to welcome us he wore a tailored suit of Scots tweed. He is a genial man with white hair and a white beard. Nearly eighty, he is alert and active. He used to have a house in Tokyo but it was bombed and burned. He lives up here and goes down once a month to give lectures at the University in Tokyo. He told us that his wife and he had planned to take us up the hills to the ruins of Lord Shiga's castle, if we would like to come along. We accepted. His date depended on the weather.

All the women were in beautiful kimonos with lovely obis girdling their waists. Everyone had changed out of work clothes for our coming. Some of the men wore kimonos, others suits. The little children were shyly proud of their new clothes — styled by American patterns — made of cotton cloth in pretty colors. The boys and girls of school age wore their school uniforms — jackets and trousers, middie blouses and pleated skirts.

Yasuko waited until everyone, young and old, had a chance to speak with us and then she said, "*Otsukare desho?*" meaning "Are you not tired?" Before we could answer she went on, "Come with me. The bath is ready and waiting."

"They are staying in your house this time," remarked Choyiko, the widowed mother of the clan, speaking to Yasuko, "but the author's rooms in the main house are the place for writing. Everything is prepared. We will take the typewriter and the package of paper to the Rose-walled Manor."

"I'll work there," I promised.

"It's best to work regular hours. We will expect you early tomorrow."

Temporary good-byes were said. Masa and I went with Yasuko into her house, where everything was fresh and clean — simple, plain, and lovely. The wing she had ready for us looks into its own courtyard. She had put beautifully arranged flowers grown in her own garden below the scroll that hung in the shallow alcove in each room. I had sweet peas and a scroll which read: —

If the soul be pure
and the chosen way
be unselfish
Without conscious prayer
the gods will guide.

"This verse has often been a comfort to me when the way was dark ahead," explained Yasuko. "It's called a tanka and is from a poet who lived eleven centuries ago. I felt that you might like to learn it by heart. That's why I hung it here. Now have your bath." She left me.

Cleanliness is a virtue in this country. In every home where I have been, no matter how poor or humble, the people have bathed every evening. One is offered a bath at the end of each journey. I called to Masa. She insisted that I go first. In robe

and the wooden sandals called geta, I went through the yard to the bathhouse, which is a little house beyond the kitchen.

Geta are always left at the bottom of the steps that lead up to the door. Just inside the door is a bare strip of natural-colored wood polished with soya-bean oil so that the grain shows, and beyond this is a pale green matting covering that part of the room which is used for undressing and dressing. The dressing table is only about six inches high and has a tall mirror above it. There is a silk cushion, with a morning-glory pattern in blue and white, to kneel on while doing one's face and hair after the bath. The same silk lines a padded reed basket to lay underwear in. Another basket holds clean towels. It has a tray for soap, sponge, and nail brush. And there is a kimono rack of silvery bamboo. The sliding windows have paper panes which let in light and cannot be seen through. To use when the weather is hot, there are reed blinds of the same pale green as the matting.

Three broad steps go down to the stone-paved washing place. It is furnished with a movable wooden floor to stand on because the stones would be uncomfortable, a low wooden stool on which to sit, several small wooden tubs and long-handled dippers. There are a natural spring of cold water and a big tub of hot water, heated from underneath by fire in a firebox which is stoked outside the bathhouse. One washes before getting into the hot tub, using water from the hot and cold supply to throw over the body, soap, and rinse well. Water flows away on the slanting stones. The water in the bathtub is for resting and relaxing in after one is clean. It is cooled by dipping in well water. There are debated ways of getting in — plunging or gradually. At first it seems very hot. Sitting there in water up to one's neck does take away stiffness and fatigue.

3

WHEN I had bathed, I dressed in a kimono as American clothes are not comfortable in a home where one sits on the floor. Supper was nearly ready. Yasuko had made wheat flour noodles, which are locally known as *ohoto*. Salted water was boiling on the stove and into it her younger son was grating bonito, a tasty dried fish. Peas had been shelled and onion chopped. The vegetables and noodles were put in to cook. She then made *tamago-yaki* by beating four eggs and frying them in a very thin pancake on an iron griddle, folding, and slicing to add to the stew at the last minute. The string beans that were simmering on a charcoal brazier were tested, seasoned with sesame seeds, and covered again to cook the flavor in. I was given tomatoes to slice and green peppers to grate over them. This was our supper, with two melons, which had been hung to cool in the deep well, for dessert.

When Masa had bathed and dressed we sat down in the room that adjoins the kitchen — six of us on floor cushions round a low table. We ate from bowls with chopsticks. We were Ikuzo, the father; Yasuko, the mother; Masa and I, the guests; Tadshiko, the elder son, who plans to be a doctor and practice with office and clinic in this house where he was born; and Shoei, the younger son, who is to go into the grandfather's business office when he graduates from Keio University. The boys were home for their summer vacation. When they are at their studies in Tokyo they save money by looking after themselves — the younger does the cooking. They take turns coming home, one each fortnight, to see their parents, get their laundry done, and collect food that their mother has for them. The father has great pride in his self-reliant sons. In his day, he went to Keio University in luxury with a servant to take care of him.

We had started eating when the grandfather, Tohei, who is the strong businessman of the clan, surprised everyone by arriving from Nagano City, where he has his office and a town house. When he was young, he felt that they must strike out from dependence on the land; and although he had difficulties with his father and others of the clan concerning this, he went into ventures they considered risky. He has built two small electric railways, the Shiga Heights Hotel (now used by our U.S. Army as a recreation center), one factory where noodles are made by the family recipe and another using their secret blend for soya sauce, and has other enterprises in which his younger sons, cousins, nephews, and grandchildren work. He has set his widowed daughter up in Nagano City with a school for teaching girls American dressmaking. She would not return to the homestead to keep silkworms and make homespun, using local helpers, even after he put up a modern building for this. The building stands empty. He is an energetic elderly man. He bathed quickly. We were seven when we went on with the meal.

There was no rice for supper. This led to talk of the Kozu family laws. As the production of rice in this valley was the foundation of their settlement here, they have made regulations within their clan to remind them that rice is precious. Rice is not served in a Kozu home more than once a day. All Kozu clan members, wherever they live — if they keep the clan law — eat noodles for supper. White rice is for festivals, but it is not eaten the first three days of the New Year, when there is general Japanese extravagance with rice — not until the fourth day are the family allowed to eat *omochi*, which is the New Year pounded rice cake. They have unhulled rice (brown rice) on ordinary days — or, when crops are poor, rice with wheat or barley cooked in it. But at all family and village festivals they have white rice.

Very early they enacted a clan law which helps

them now. Every man in the family has to be able to take seed rice and produce a crop. During the later nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, there was slackness about this, and in some instances no more than a ceremony was made of it. The uncle who went to Cambridge came in as we were being told these things. He recalled that while there was slackness, nevertheless, when he wanted to go to England as a young man, he was made to toil in the rice paddies all spring and summer and help with the threshing before the clan would give him money to go. He appreciates the sweat of the men and women of the clan who grow the rice they all have at present.

In his boyhood, they owned so much land that the children used to climb up on the high ruins of Lord Shiga's hilltop castle to watch the wagons bringing in the harvest. Every road as far as they could see would be filled with wagons, pushed or dragged by men, piled high with sheaves coming to the Rose-walled Manor and the branch and twig houses. Part of the rice was stored in fireproof-dampproof granaries and much was sold to city buyers who took it from the threshing floors.

"The hired men and the tenants got very little for their toil, in the time of free enterprise," the two elderly brothers agreed. "And the peasants of the earlier period got even less. The Rose-walled Manor was besieged more than once. There are marks of fire where rioters held torches to the house while they bargained. No century passed without trouble over the workers' share. Back as far as the time of the warrior priest, there is record of trouble. In the early generations, we had the duty to hold rice for use in time of crop failure and then judge when famine was near before giving out rice that belonged to the state — not to us."

4

IN Japan, as in China, I am interested in family laws. Even when national laws outlaw them, these laws are kept in some clans. In Japan today a person can refuse to obey a family law if he wants. For instance — if the family law be kept — no woman or servant would sweep the walk from the house to the outer gate in a Kozu home. As a constant reminder that Machida rose from humble birth by merit and industry, the head of the house — or his heir if the head is sick or absent — should sweep this path daily. Again, when there is special need for economy, the clan drink tea from half-sized cups. These cups were made for them six generations ago. The custom of small tea drinking started after a head of the family had given so lavishly to temples that it took two generations of close thrift to repair their fortune. The cups were used again when a clan head started a bank that failed and they had to repay money he lost by giving up rice paddies and family treasures. Today they are try-

ing, by every possible economy in other things, to give every boy and girl in the family an education with which to earn a living and be a useful citizen in the new democracy. They have no household helpers and no field workers, and they use the half-size teacups.

On the first day of the new moon in the eighth month, the Koza clan gather in Shiga-hongo to keep the memory of their ancestors. A straw matting dyed red is unrolled from the Rose-walled Manor through the inner courts and out the gate to the family cemetery and on up the long stone stairway to the temple. The services last all day and until late in the evening. On the fifteenth day of every moon, the head of every branch and twig house must call at the Rose-walled Manor and be received as a son. When a member of the family has been away from Shiga-hongo and returns, he or she should call promptly at the main house. Tohei, who had come from Nagano City, went to the Rose-walled Manor after supper.

I was sleepy. Yasuko slipped away to make my bed ready while I was listening to the family laws. As is done in most homes in summer, she filled the room with a tentlike mosquito net fastened to the corners of the ceiling by loops put over pegs that are there for that purpose. The net is white bound with red. On the soft matting covered floor, she spread a silk pad filled with cocoon fluff, then white sheets, and a light silk quilt. I slept well until awakened by a heavy shower.

The hills and the valley were freshened for the first morning of our visit. The river ran full. The red maples were a ruby red, the fir trees a glossy green. One could almost hear the rice grow. We made our arrival calls at the main house and at the branch and twig homes before noon. That afternoon I worked at the Rose-walled Manor in the room which was built for Toson Shimazaki, whose novels and sketches have in them compassion for people and animals. I am privileged to have been given this room which was once his. After the first day, I began writing in the mornings and learning from the family by doing whatever they planned for the remainder of the day.

The Rose-walled Manor is a lovely house. It has the precious and charming quality of peace, although energetic people live in it. The curve of the eaves and the slope of the gray slate roof are gentle. The parts built in different generations belong together. The wood, the stone, and the clay used in construction are their natural colors. The wood is a blend from many different kinds of trees. At places inside the rooms and in the frame of the house, bamboo has been beautifully used. The stones are native to Shiga and help make the house belong to the landscape. When the family inherited the house, a mountain a mile away was included in their inheritance. I was taken on an excursion to see the seam of red clay in this mountain.

Clay from this seam was used in the original building of the warrior priest's house, storehouses, side buildings, and the high wall surrounding the compound. The clay weathers to a soft rose. It has been used in all extensions and repairs. The paper in the sliding walls, which can be opened between the rooms and to the outdoors in summer, the screens, the low tables, the sitting cushions, the bedding, the trays and dishes, and other furnishings have always been chosen to harmonize with the rose clay of the outer walls. The Koza homes are all beautiful, all built of native materials, all sparsely furnished. They all have walls that slide back in summer, opening the house to the garden courtyards, and outer walls which go up in winter to keep out the cold. Every house with its gardens, courts, and outbuildings is surrounded by a high compound wall which makes the residence a unit by itself although it is part of a hamlet. The branch and twig houses and the manor of the homestead are much alike except that the manor is much the largest and the rose clay is reserved for use in its buildings.

We have had pleasant days here. Nothing of great importance has happened. Two afternoons we went with the children to an Athletic Meet. On the first day they all took part in footraces, high jumps, discus throwing, and folk dancing; on the second day came the big event — a baseball game which Shiga-hongo, by a close score, won from a neighboring hamlet. We walked three miles to the Horse Fair where colts were exhibited, won prizes, and were put up for sale. And a mile beyond the Fair, we saw the Mating Meadows, a place of fine pasture grass surrounded by hills, where the farmers turn their mares out with stallions that belong to the community.

We attended a village meeting called at the request of the thirty-three repatriates who have returned to Shiga-hongo since the end of the war. The subject they wished to take up was diet. The speaking was opened by a man who said that the children have too many spots on their faces and take cold too easily, and gave it as his opinion that they eat too much starch — rice and grain — and not enough protein. He wanted dams made and stocked with carp. Others took part in the discussion, among them Fumio, the third son of the Rose-walled Manor, who is back from Manchuria; and a cousin from one of the twig homes, who was a prisoner in Siberia. A committee was appointed to go into the matter more fully.

Several afternoons have been spent in showing me how to take silk from a cocoon and make it into thread, dye it, and weave it into cloth. I am slow at learning. They are courteous, patient, and persistent with me even when I am lazy.

It is easy to obey Christ's commandment to love our neighbors — even in faraway, strange countries — after one has acquaintance with them.



As a Sheldon Traveling Fellow, LESLIE HOTSON in 1924 visited the Record Office in London, and in a matter of weeks tracked down the murderer of Christopher Marlowe and the eyewitness account of the stabbing. Five years later — this time on a Guggenheim Fellowship — he brought to light "Shelley's Lost Letters to Harriet." In 1931, as Professor of English at Haverford, he published "Shakespeare versus Shallow," his discovery of Shakespeare's quarrel and arrest. Now he has completed a fourth and most important detective case, the dating of Shakespeare's Sonnets. The paper which follows is drawn from his new book, Shakespeare's Sonnets Dated and Other Essays, to be published by the Oxford University Press.

WHEN SHAKESPEARE WROTE THE SONNETS

by LESLIE HOTSON

1

BECAUSE their beauty and power of emotion clothed in thought are supreme, and because in them we feel drawn closer to the heart of Shakespeare than anywhere in his plays, his Sonnets have aroused enormous interest, almost as much as *Hamlet* has done. But questions about them have also produced volumes of diverse comment, and a perplexing library of conflicting theory.

Here we are going to look over the shoulder of this master poet of the modern era, as in his verse he views stirring events on the march. We shall discover him commenting on his world's narrow escape from total destruction; on the crucial naval battle of the century; on the most signal triumph of engineering; on the assassination of the King of France.

Stranger still, in doing so we shall uncover what the world has never suspected: the fact that Shakespeare's poetic powers were full-grown when he was no more than twenty-five.

The Sonnets have been called a maze, a labyrinth, the most intricate puzzle in Shakespeare. Yet John Benson, republishing them in 1640, told his readers, "You shall find them serene, clear, and elegantly plain; . . . no intricate or cloudy stuff to puzzle intellect, but perfect eloquence." Benson was born in Shakespeare's lifetime, before theories about the Sonnets had been invented. We should remember that Shakespeare was no mystifier. Both he and his audience knew what he was talking about.

The first "mystery" is, When were the Sonnets written? No agreement has been reached on this primary question. If we could fix that date, we should have a standpoint from which perhaps to decide what (if anything) there is in the rival theories which see in Shakespeare's friend "Mr. W. H."

either the Earl of Southampton or the Earl of Pembroke. What is far more important than anything else, by finding out where the Sonnets belong in the story of Shakespeare's development, we might correct and enlarge our understanding of our greatest poet.

Shakespeare has not left us without clues to work upon. Two or three of his Sonnets are recognized as carrying external or topical references. This being so, it is curious that no one has carefully compared these references with the news, to discover to what notable events between 1585 and 1605 the topical sonnets refer. Whatever the reason, this vital job of collation has not been done. In comparing the facts of his times with the poet's references, we must begin without a theory, and be ready to follow where the evidence leads. Only in this way shall we see his topical references plain.

THE MORTAL MOON

107

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.

This is the chief "dating sonnet," and it has been called the most difficult of all. And here I think we shall find that the world has been led down a false trail by assuming that the *mortal moon* means Queen Elizabeth, and that *hath her eclipse endur'd* means either that she is dead, or that she has survived a dangerous crisis in her life.

To read it as "the Queen is dead" would place this sonnet in 1603; yet there are serious objections to this interpretation. For the Elizabethan vogue of sonnet-writing, 1603 is too late. It is also too late in Shakespeare's career to suit with the style and tone of his Sonnets, in one of which he describes himself as a beginner, wielding a "pupil pen." Most critics have therefore taken the second meaning — that the *mortal moon* is the living Queen.

But this theory will not stand the test of the times. All the English poets write of their beloved Queen in terms approaching adoration. She is a goddess come to earth, a heaven-born Astræa. "This is that Queen, as writers truly say, That God had marked down to live for aye." She is Diana. "Time weares her not . . . Mortalitie belowe her orbe is plaste." Her word is *Ever the Same*. Her loyal subjects neither wish nor dare to remind her that she is mortal. "Wee are afraid," says John Donne, "to speake to the great men of this world of their death, but nourish in them a vaine imagination of immortality." Loathing the advances of creeping Time, Elizabeth carries her aversion to the mention of death to strange lengths. Informed by the unwary Lord North that a certain covered pie is called a "coffin," she bursts out in anger, "And are you such a fool, to give a pie such a name?"

Mortal moreover carries a meaning even more hideous, and one equally common in Shakespeare's works: *deadly*, *death-dealing*. "Mortal poison," "mortal murders," "mortal butcher," "mortal rage." To fancy Shakespeare deliberately writing of his "imperial vot'ress" not only that she is *mortal*, but that she has been obscured by an eclipse, is to imagine him a greater fool than Lord North.

If it cannot be Elizabeth, what then is this *mortal moon*? For more than three centuries the answer has vainly stared us in the face. It is the *deadly Spanish Armada of 1588* — the mightiest floating army that the world had ever seen — which in her menacing moon-shaped line of battle appeared in the English Channel, only to be shattered by the drumfire of Elizabeth's heavy guns, and driven northward away before an irresistible gale into ignominy, disaster, and eclipse.

" . . . their fleete was placed in battell araie, after the maner of a Moone cressant, being readie with her horns & hir inward circumference to receiue either all, or so manie of the English nauie, as should giue her the assault." — PETRUCCIO UBALDINO, *A Discourse concerninge the Spanish fleete* (1588).

" . . . a horned Moone of huge and mighty shippes. . . . But all is vaine: for the breath of the Lords mouth hath dimmed the brightnesse of her Moone, and scattered those proud shippes." — J[ames] L[ea], *The Birth, Purpose, and mortall Wound of the Romish holie League* (1589).

The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd. That Shakespeare, like James Lea in his triumphant political cartoon, is here in Sonnet 107 celebrating the eclipse suffered by the deadly "Moone of huge and mighty shippes" now appears, as John Benson might say, serene, clear, and elegantly plain.

But if in any mind there lingers a doubt, it is set at rest by Shakespeare himself. For in his dealing with another great sea fight which likewise marked a turning point in history, we now discover him repeating his metaphor of an eclipsed moon for a defeated fleet. This was the Battle of Actium on the Ionian Sea, in which the huge heavy galleys of Antony and Cleopatra, crowded with people and not well manned, were beaten by the smaller, nimbler, battle-wise craft of Octavius and Agrippa. Like every Englishman reading his Plutarch, Shakespeare would note that parallel with the Armada fight. The ranked fleets of beaked galleys faced each other in curving line-abreast. After Agrippa had lured out Antony's left wing from its well-nigh impregnable position and the fierce struggle had been joined, Cleopatra and her Egyptian contingent of sixty great ships, shamefully followed by her enslaved Antony, "fled From that great face of war whose several ranges Frighted each other."

In a later scene, Shakespeare shows the "noble ruin" Antony plunged in gloom, his soul oppressed by the ominous defeat of their Eastern fleet. He cannot hear Cleopatra: —

Cleo. Have you done yet?

Ant.

Alack, our Terrene moon

Is now eclips'd, and it portends alone

The fall of Antony.

Terrene is a short form of *Mediterranean*, favorite with the geographer Ortelius and the dramatist Marlowe: "not far from Alexandria, Whereas the Terrene and the Red Sea meet." The mighty battle-crescent of their Mediterranean fleet has suffered eclipse, giving infallible omen of Antony's fall.

2 .

THE *mortal moon* sonnet, then, is Shakespeare on the Armada. If this capital fact is now evident, we should also find in the poem some reference to the fatal and wonderful year, 1588: the menacing, long-propheesied Eighty-eight, ever memorable in the world's mind for the destruction of the Invincible Fleet. For in retrospect the two were inseparable: —

"The miraculous victory atchieved by the English Fleete . . . upon the Spanish huge Armada sent in the yeere 1588. Having in part declared the strange

and wonderfull events of the yeere eightie eight, which hath bene so long time foretold by ancient prophetes; we will now make relation of the most notable and great enterprise of all others which were in the foresaid yeere atchieved." — EMANUEL VAN METEREN, *History of the Low Countries* (1602), Ch. XV.

"Witness that admirable year eighty-eight . . . It was a year of strange *expectation*, before it came, and of *admiration*, when it was come. Some designed it to be the end of the world, but were deceived. Others designed it to be the doomsday of England, the ruin of our Church and religion, and the funerals of our prince, people, and kingdom, all on one day: but these also through the great mercy of God were deceived." — THOMAS TAYLOR, "Eighty Eight," a sermon (1631).

The year of universal apprehension, in which the world expected the day of doom, or at the least miracles full of peril — such was the year 1588. It had loomed for more than a century, ever since that "most notorious prophesie" of 1475, attributed to Johann Müller of Königsberg (Regiomontanus). His "Germanical Rhythmes" were expanded into Latin verses, of which the following was one English version: —

*When from the Virgin Birth a thousand yeares
With full five hundred be compleat and told,
The Eightie Eighth a famous yeare appears,
Which brings distresse more fatall then of old.
If not in this yeare all the wicked world
Do fall, and land with sea to nothing come;
Yet Empires must be topsie turvie hurl'd,
And extream grief shall be the common summe.*

As the time foretold inexorably drew near, this was regarded as "the onely prophesie of the world." The embattled Protestants worked out 1588 as the world's "grand climacterical," and ominous corroboration came from the astronomers. They pointed to 1588's threatening conjunction of the planets Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars; and "in the selfsame yeere 88 . . . the Sunne shall be eclipsed the 16. day of *February* at the change; and shortly after, at the very next full, namely the second day of *March* there shall follow a Totall Eclipse of the Moone." On top of this, there would be a second "vniuersall Eclipse of the Moon this 88. to befall the 26. day of August." Three eclipses in one year!

Alarm was so deep and general that books had to be written to combat the auguries of dread. John Harvey devised a discourse "especially in abatement of the terrible threatenings, and menaces, peremptorily denounced against the kingdoms, and states of the world, this present famous yeere, 1588. supposed the *Greatwoonderfull*, and *Fatall* yeere of our Age." Ministers were preaching repentance before Judgment, as a "Preparation against the prognosticated dangers of this yeere 1588." Broadside ballads and books were printed "Of the end of the

world." For everything clearly pointed to a present fulfilment of the Gospel prophecy of the Last Day.

3

SUCH were the universal fears and auguries of 1588. And the arrogant Spaniards, "Who by report through all the world, had won The name of conquest ere the fight begun," assumed that the prophecy would be fulfilled by the fall of England under the blows of their military might. To advertise their purpose, and to strike terror into *los lutheranos*, they painted their England-bound battleships black, and flew great "pennons tragicall" bearing "sad ostents of death and dismall feare."

Now let us read again the beginning of Shakespeare's sonnet: —

*Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.*

His plays amply show Shakespeare as a man of his age, believing in signs and portents. He and the world he lived in had every reason to fear what 1588 might bring. And that the soul in sleep could see into the future was another belief commonly held: "any person going to his rest . . . his Soule (in sleeping) may fore-see many thinges to come." The doom prophesied would have put a "confine," a limit or end, to the life of the world with everything in it, including the poet's love.

But Eighty-eight with all its terrors and eclipses has come — and gone! The apprehensions of doomsday have proved baseless.

*The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage . . .*

The Invincible Armada has suffered defeat; an event, writes Professor Trevelyan, "which all Europe at once recognized as a turning point in history." Instead of cataclysm, 1588 brought to England, and to all Protestant Europe with her, the rejoicing dawn of certain deliverance. The relief was indescribable.

*Uncertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.*

Here is where the modern historian leads us astray. He likes to call the Armada fight the beginning of Elizabeth's formal hostilities with Philip, leaving us to think that Shakespeare's countrymen now knew they were at war. How totally different was the view of the man on the spot! For him, the victory of Eighty-eight brought not war, but the certain assurance of *peace* for England. There would be no invasion and butchery, such as the Low Countries suffered under Alva. No savage civil wars of religion, like those torturing France. Throughout her reign, whatever forces she might dispatch to fight

her enemies abroad, Elizabeth was incessantly extolled for keeping her land at peace.

*Now with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor rhyme
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent.*

The drops of this most balmy time — after the eclipse of the deadly Spanish moon — have brought life revived and fresh out of the shadow of doom. Balm is the biblical Balm of Gilead or Balsam of Mecca, the prime life-restoring elixir.

Now that the Elizabethans have given us the indispensable background, we are better equipped to attempt a running comment on the thought of Sonnet 107, as follows: —

The poet's fear, shared with the whole Protestant world, of the dread cataclysm foretold for 1588, has not been able to put an end to his love. The foe's "invincible" battle-crescent has, however, met disaster; and the prophets of doom are laughing at their recent fears. Danger of invasion and civil war has vanished as if blown away with the storm that wrecked the beaten Armada. Elizabeth's Englishmen find themselves joyfully gazing down far vistas of assured peace. To minds hurt by cruel apprehension and suspense, the miraculous passing of 1588 not only in safety but crowned with victory has come as a life-restoring balm. In this blessed time of deliverance, love has renewed its youth. Death, shorn of his terrors, now submits to the poet, whose verse is his passport to immortality. The poet's friend, the subject of his lines, will be remembered when the crowns and tombs of the defeated tyrants Philip and Sixtus are long gone into oblivion.

4

It is deeply satisfying to find that long before he sang the glory of Agincourt, Shakespeare had begun by recording with his "pupil pen" the overthrow of the Invincible Armada, the eclipse of the Spanish dream of world dominion. As soon as we locate the spiritual landscape — the passing of 1588 — in which it was written, Shakespeare's most difficult sonnet becomes clear and plain. May not other sonnets that now seem puzzling or obscure behave in the same way?

THE RIDDLE OF THE NEW-OLD PYRAMIDS

123

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change!
Thy pyramids built up with newer might
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire

Than think that we before have heard them told.
Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wond'ring at the present nor the past;
For thy records and what we see doth lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.
This I do vow, and this shall ever be —
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

In this sonnet addressed to Time, Shakespeare nonchalantly declares, *Thy pyramids built up with newer might To me are nothing novel*. By these ostensibly novel pyramids of old Time he obviously cannot mean structures as stupendous as the Great Pyramid of Gizeh. No monsters like that were constructed in his age. But what then *does* he mean?

Elizabethans habitually broadened the sense of *pyramids* to include *slim spires*, and particularly *obelisks*. Marlowe describes ships' masts as "pyramides"; and in Rome his Mephistophilis promises to show Doctor Faustus the great Egyptian obelisk in front of St. Peter's, which he calls the "high pyramides that Julius Caesar brought from Africa." In short, were you to show Shakespeare Cleopatra's Needle and the Washington Monument today, he would naturally call them both *pyramids*.

If we now substitute the word *obelisk* in Shakespeare's line — *Thy obelisks built up with newer might* — and at the same time recall Elizabethan news about building, at once a flood of light breaks in. For the mightiest builder in all the world in Shakespeare's time was the enterprising, tenacious, and severe Pope Sixtus V, who reigned from 1585 to 1590. So many were his notable constructions that under his hand Rome rose from its ruins and "forthwith doubled itself." His most spectacular and world-famous achievement, however, was the re-erection, as "monuments of religious magnificence," of four age-old obelisks. These had been brought from Egypt to Imperial Rome by the Caesars and — all but one — were long since thrown down, broken, and even lost many feet under ground.

Mighty Sixtus, who regarded himself as one of the two most powerful temporal kings in the world, set up a great Egyptian obelisk in each of the years 1586, 1587, 1588, and 1589. They stand today where he stationed them. The hugest one in existence, which in 1588 he erected by S. Giovanni in Laterano, had been discovered the year before buried in the Circus Maximus, broken into three pieces. This giant of red granite had therefore to be "born" — extracted from Mother Earth — and then literally "built," requiring in its broken state more "building" than the placing of an entire monolith on a pedestal.

But first in priority, as well as alone in its glory of having survived the centuries unbroken and erect, was the Vatican obelisk, familiarly known as St. Peter's Needle — *la guglia di San Pietro*, "the largest entire obelisk out of Egypt, and the second

in size in the world." It stood near the Basilica, deep in the mud and rubbish of what had once been the *spina* of the race track of Nero's Circus. The work of taking it down, moving it to its present commanding site, and re-erecting it on a splendid pedestal in 1586 was the first and most dramatic feat to bring universal fame to the Pope's brilliant engineer, Domenico Fontana.

Flocks of important persons hastened to Rome from the corners of Europe to witness the marvelous operation. As the biographer of Sixtus tells us:—

"Contemporary letters, reports of the diplomats, the stage-plays . . . numberless verses celebrating the event, and even views of the city of Rome published for visitors, by the exaggerated size they give to the obelisk, all witness to the sympathetic interest Europe took in the successful accomplishment of an enterprise which the leading authorities of art and engineering [Michelangelo and Antonio de Sangallo] had pronounced impossible. Strangers just off the ship ran to see the Needle." — BARON J. A. DE HÜBNER, *Sixte-Quint*, Vol. II, "The Needle."

The rediscovery in the following year of the tallest obelisk ever quarried, together with its excavation and its building in 1588 as the *Obelisco Lateranense*, was a fresh "sensation." And in 1589 Pope Sixtus was once more in the news with a fourth obelisk, likewise dug up out of the Circus Maximus, which he erected in the Piazza della Madonna del Popolo. This was his last: he died in August, 1590.

The topical force of Shakespeare's *pyramids* for the period about 1589 is now evident. On rereading the sonnet with our eyes opened to the background of the world news, we can now offer a comprehensible summary, somewhat as follows:—

Standing firm himself, the poet scorns the tricks of Time. He declines to join the childish world in its admiration over a nine days' wonder which it regards as a "strange novelty." Everybody's talking about the pyramids brought forth—as if produced for their special delight—from the womb of earth by the autocrat of Rome and his engineer. The poet is not impressed. After all, these obelisks, while newly set up, consecrated, and dressed with his coat of arms and Christian crosses by Sixtus, are in fact no new invention, but some three thousand years old, and we had heard about them from historians. Though now palmed off as a novelty on an ignorant world gaping for curiosities, their austere shafts, bearing Time's registers in royal hieroglyphs, were common sights ages ago.

But the poet puts no trust either in Time or in his deceptive memorials. Time's restless pace often destroys his own records, thus making them less. Just now, on the other hand, he has had some lost and forgotten ones dug up, thus making them more. Fickle and unreliable as he thus shows himself, who will believe him? The poet will remain unchanged and a true friend in spite of all that Time the deceiver and destroyer can do.

Notorious events as reported to the Elizabethan world have shown us approximately how Shakespeare's contemporaries would understand the allusions in this sonnet. So far from being metaphorical, intricate, and cloudy (as they seemed to our modern ignorance), they were clear, concrete, and topical. We can easily see now what was conveyed by *pyramids*, *newer might*, *novel*, *dressings of a former sight*, *admire what thou dost foist upon us that is old*, and *thy registers*.

As for the date of this sonnet, I place it in 1589. Since *pyramids* is in the plural, it cannot have been written before 1587, when the *second* obelisk (S. Maria Maggiore) was set up. The topicality of the term *novel*, meaning new, the latest thing; the phrase *not wond'ring at the present*; the admired "birth" of the excavated pyramids of 1588 and 1589 to the satisfaction of a sensation-hungry age in which (as Tom Nashe writes in 1589) "men hast vnto nouelties, and runne to see new things"; and the present tense of *what thou dost foist upon us*—all these indicate that the sonnet was written while the obelisks were still being set up: while, in short, they were "news." After the death of Sixtus in August, 1590, the *newer might* of that powerful figure was a thing of the past, and the Roman pyramids were no longer either novel or news.

5

HAVING found that the topicalities of Sonnet 107—the *mortal moon*—and Sonnet 123—the *pyramids*—lead us to refer them both pretty closely to the year 1589, let us now turn to scrutinize the political allusions in the sonnet which immediately follows the *pyramids*.

THE BLOW OF THRALLED DISCONTENT

124

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers gather'd.
No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls.
It fears not Policy, that heretic
Which works on leases of short-numb'ed hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat nor drowns with show'rs.
To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for crime.

Here we find Shakespeare contrasting the strong, sure structure of his love for his friend with the pitiful insecurity of some prince, some *child of state*, subject to accident, who suffers in *smiling pomp* and falls under the blow of *thrall'd discontent*.

Very little familiarity with the momentous events of Shakespeare's times is required to recognize the ruler he is thinking of. A prince who, suffering shameful deprivation of his royal power, had with smiles dissembled his fierce resentment. A prince who, after waiting his time, deftly murdering his two capital enemies and reporting his deliverance to his politic Queen Mother, himself fell under the blow of an assassin who thought him a tyrant. This *Fortune's bastard*, this victim of *Time's hate*, is Henry of Valois, King Henri III of France, favorite child of Catherine de' Medici, and sometime suitor for Elizabeth's hand.

The first great *accident* or misfortune that befell him was Paris's famous Day of Barricades, May 12, 1588, which the Venetian ambassador in Madrid called "*l'accidente di Francia contra quel povero Re*" — the accident of France against that poor King. On that day the people of Paris rose against their King in support of his enemies, the Duke of Guise and the Holy Leaguers, who already had strong foreign backing in Pope Sixtus and Philip of Spain. Escaping immediate deposition by a hair's breadth, Henry managed to get away. He was obliged, however, to convoke the hostile States-General, which sat at Blois throughout the autumn scorning him as a do-nothing King, and preparing to make their "Cæsar," the Duke of Guise, master of the throne.

Elizabeth's ambassador to Henry, Sir Edward Stafford, describes for his Queen how her former suitor suffered in smiling pomp and hid his hate in affability. Stafford writes that though Henry "was enforced to sett a faire face on the matter, and wisely to dissemble," he "laye hovering in the winde to take the Duke and his fellow-conspirators at an advantage, when he might safelie . . . be revenged upon their cursed bodies." In an earlier dispatch Stafford had sent off the first news of Henry's successful murder of the Duke, with his belief — later confirmed — that Guise's brother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, was also killed: Guise, he reports, "was slaine by 8 of the *quarante cinq* who were there appointed for the same purpose; who executed their charge so promptly as after he was entred into the said antechamber, hee neuer spake word vntill he was dead. The King beeing assured that hee was dead, and hauing seene him on the ground, hee went to his mother and told her, Madame I am now come to tell you that I am King without companion, and that the Duke of Guise, th' enemy of all my proceedings, is dispatched."

A few months later, in August, 1589, the news was that "Blood hath bought blood and blows have answer'd blows." As a contemporary partisan historian tells it, "a diuellish Monke, an excrement of hell, a *Iacobin* by profession, *Iames Clement*, . . . vowed (said he) to kill the Tyrant, and to deliuer the Cittie beseegeed by *Sennacherib*. . . . The King bends his eare, but instead of hearing what he expected, this wretch drawes a knife out of his sleeue

made of purpose, thrusts his Maiesty into the botome of the belly, and there leaues the knife in the wound."

This brings us back to Shakespeare's phrase, *falls under the blow of thrall'd discontent*; and we can now consider the background of the sonnet as a whole.

News of political assassinations has come thick and fast across the Channel to England. Not long ago Henry of France murdered the uncles of Mary Queen of Scots, the Duke of Guise and the Cardinal of Lorraine. Now we hear that a disgruntled friar, a partisan of the League, has murdered the King. "Slaying is the word; it is a deed in fashion." It makes us wonder whether English traitors may not take to king-killing in the French style, *whereto th' inviting time our fashion calls*.

Shakespeare's theme in this sonnet is the grand impregnability of his love. Like some great and wise monarch of the forest, it fears no attack. Its growth is neither cheered by warmth nor checked by floods. But the contrasting image with which he began — some insecure prince such as the wretched fallen Henry of France, lightly plucked from life like a weed or flower — inevitably conjures up as its opposite the strong majestic figure of his English Queen, untouched by the many attempts on her life. He fuses the thought of her with the poetic image of his love. Any crafty assaults upon his love are to be scorned: they are as futile and fatuous as the short-laid, Jesuit-inspired plots to cut down Elizabeth. *To this I witness call the fools of time, Which die for goodness, who have li'd for crime*. These fools of time, who on the scaffold say they committed treason for religion's or conscience' sake, recall the young gentlemen of the recent Babington Plot to kill the Queen. Their folly and crime are repeatedly censured in contemporary books.

6

SO MUCH for the more obvious allusions we have discovered in Sonnets 107, 123, and 124. Against the modern subjective criticism which treats these sonnets as difficult or obscure, John Benson's opinion in 1640 that they will be found clear and plain stands vindicated by the simple expedient of looking into the leading events of Shakespeare's Europe.

As for the date of these sonnets, we have seen that the *mortal moon* was written in 1589, after the close of the Wonderful Year. The *pyramids* sonnet, 1587-1589, most probably in 1589. *The blow of thrall'd discontent* puts Sonnet 124 in 1589, after the beginning of August.

What do these discoveries reveal about the date of the rest of the Sonnets? In the 1609 arrangement as published by Thomas Thorpe, these three all stand near the close of the "first series" of 126 sonnets. And most of the proposed rearrangements likewise regard them as belonging near the end of the group.

Here is a fact of cardinal importance. It indicates that *Shakespeare completed this main group of his Sonnets by 1589*, and that *Shakespeare's power had reached maturity by the time he was no more than twenty-five years old*. Yet strictly speaking he was still a beginner. Now at length we see he is quite literal in writing in Sonnet 16 of his "pupil pen."

We have long imagined that Shakespeare "followed the vogue of sonnet-writing." Rounding out a series of sonnets as a young man in 1589, we find him on the contrary setting rather than following the fashion, and outdoing the lamented leader, Sir Philip Sidney.

Other carefully fabricated structures of theory about Shakespeare's development as a poet must now be drastically altered. For example, *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece* were published in 1593 and 1594, and one of the articles of Shakespearean faith has been that they are "more youthful work" than the Sonnets. What shall we say now?

We need not adopt Hazlitt's description of these two narrative poems as a "couple of ice-houses" to recognize their striking inferiority to the profound and masterly work Shakespeare had already achieved four or five years earlier in his unpublished "Sonnets among his private friends." But how to account for it? The answer must lie in the sort of market for which they were prepared. *Venus and Lucrece* were the very stuff required to please the sophisticated taste of the wealthy patron to whom they were offered: that vain, fantastical, amorous, and hare-brained young sprout of the New Nobility, Southampton. As such they were a notable success; for the enthusiastic Gullios of the age exclaimed, "Let this duncified worlde esteeme of Spencer and Chaucer, I'le worshipp sweet Mr. Shakspeare, and to honoure him will lay his Venus and Adonis under my pillowe." But to peer into them for guideposts to Shakespeare's "development" is to look for what is not there.

And the poet's fair friend? What have our discoveries done with him? In Sonnet 104 Shakespeare tells us that he has known him for three years. If that disclosure belongs to 1589, the acquaintance was formed in 1586, when the poet was twenty-two. We may now assume that he had already begun his

stage career by that date; and the marvelous poetic accomplishment growing out of the young player's friendship with "W. H." at last gives us work of the highest importance to put into the so-called "lost years" of his life between 1585 and 1592.

As for the Dark Lady, we can now put her back where she belongs — with the mistresses of Jack Donne — in the poet's youth.

What must we now say of the noble candidates who have so long been pushed forward for the role of the young friend, "Mr. W. H." — the Earls of Pembroke and of Southampton? In 1586 Pembroke was, alas, but six years old. Under the circumstances he may be allowed to withdraw. And as for Southampton, late in the same year he began his second academic year at Cambridge and achieved his thirteenth birthday. This would make him all of sixteen when Shakespeare was finishing his Sonnets. Hardly as yet a man who has "pass'd by the ambush of young days," or one who at the outset of the Sonnets must be urged to marry and beget a son before it is too late. It looks as though we should have to give up Southampton too.

This is a welcome relief. How could anyone seriously expect us to believe that the publisher's dedication of 1609 to "the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets" as "Mr. W. H." could possibly be taken as addressed to a right honorable peer of the realm? Not even a left-wing publisher of today would be guilty of so glaring a breach of manners. And for a Jacobean publisher, seeking a gift of money from the dedicatee — utterly unthinkable. It is high time to lay away the Cinderella story about Shakespeare's imaginary intimacies with the nobility. To tell the truth, it was an ignorant fancy gotten by Bardolater out of Snobbery.

With the earls cleared away, we perhaps begin to see that if "Mr. W. H." means anything, it means what it undoubtedly meant in 1609: a gentleman or an esquire with those initials, generally known as the friend of Shakespeare, who as a youth, some twenty-odd years earlier, inspired the writing of the Sonnets. Need I add that I am grooming a candidate for this position? But to propose him here would be premature, and make a tale too long for these pages.





In Yankee from Olympus, CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN showed us the decisiveness of that Great Dissenter, Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes. For the past three years she has been working on a comparable portrait of young John Adams, who was brought up to believe in British rights and British freedom and who in his thirties, from 1765 to 1775, worked to effect a new freedom on this side of the Atlantic. Those ten years were the most important, the most dynamic, of John Adams's life. From the final section of Miss Bowen's book, the Atlantic has made a five-part abridgment, depicting the action and deliberation which led to independence.

YOUNG JOHN ADAMS

The Second Continental Congress

by CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

1

IN the State House yard the Philadelphia Associators drilled their new-formed battalions, the bucktails on their cockaded hats standing up bravely in the early May breeze. Twenty blocks away in the Factory yard, the Quaker Blues went through the manual of arms as smartly as any veterans, aware they had been read out of Meeting for what they did. And in John Cadwalader's garden the Silk Stocking Company drilled, determined to outdo the Blues. Their light green uniforms were crossed over the breast with white leather belts; they wore green jockey caps, and on their cartouche boxes the word LIBERTY stood out large.

Crowds gathered in the late afternoons to watch them. Often enough, John Adams was among the crowd. He was touched and cheered by the martial spirit that everywhere prevailed. "Uniforms and Regimentals are thick as Bees," he wrote home. "Oh, that I were a soldier! I will be. I am reading military books. Everybody must, and will, and shall be a soldier."

Coming through New York, John had seen thousands of troops at drill — a sight especially heartening because that large province last winter had rejected the First Continental Congress and refused to send delegates to the Second. They had even prepared humble petitions to King and Parliament, inscribed on paper bearing the significant watermark *Liberty and Prudence*. But Lexington had changed their minds; they had elected a dozen delegates for Philadelphia. John hoped all twelve would not be as conciliatory as Duane and Jay. Tidings of Lexington had traveled amazingly fast. Kentucky should have it soon, and Savannah. Surely, the news would bring Georgia into the union!

Congress sat in the State House now, two blocks

up Chestnut Street from Carpenters' Hall. The Pennsylvania Assembly had lent their room on the ground floor at the east end, a large, beautiful, white-paneled chamber, lined on two sides with windows. A handsome glass-prismed chandelier hung in the center. At the far end were twin fireplaces; the President's table faced the room. The place had an air auspicious, inspiring.

Forty-eight delegates answered to the roll call. (There would eventually be sixty-five.) Virginia had her old delegation. Thomas Jefferson was to come later, as alternate for Peyton Randolph, should the latter be called back to Virginia. John saw few new faces. Hancock of course was with the Massachusetts delegation now, Pennsylvania had added a distinguished young Scottish-born constitutional scholar, James Wilson. But among newcomers the most celebrated by far was Dr. Franklin, just landed from England. It was wonderful to see him, his chair at the end of the row pulled out a little from the rest, tranquil and composed in his brown Quaker suit, the gray hair falling almost to his shoulders. Here was a man who knew the riddle of ministerial Britain at first hand, who had met Lord North face to face, a man wise in the ways of courts and empires.

The first morning, Colonel Washington created a sensation by appearing in his uniform of the Virginia militia — blue and buff coat with rich gold epaulets, a small elegant sword at his side and a black cockade in his hat. Some, jealous of his wealth and social position, said sourly that the Virginian had found a pretty way to advertise his military ambitions. After all, Colonel Dickinson sat in Congress sans regimentals; so did Major Mifflin. But the New England men declared it a

glorious idea. And how skillful, how natural to the man, this tacit yet open reminder that the business of the Congress might well be not negotiation but war!

It was a reminder, John discovered very soon, that was most burningly necessary. The New England men had come to Philadelphia with a program definite, immediate, practical: First, to put the continent in a state of strong defense. Second, to institute a people's government in every colony, entirely independent of royal governors, Parliament, and Britain. They had expected to put it through without delay.

Now they found they could not even mention the word *independence*, let alone the words *American Army*. In spite of Lexington, the Middle and Southern colonies were not ready to accept a state of war for the whole continent. They had every sympathy with Massachusetts and said so with tears in their eyes. They approved the drilling, the battalions, the martial spirit out-of-doors. But they approved it, John discovered, conditionally, only should negotiation fail.

Sitting in the wide, white-paneled chamber, discouragement swept over John. At the expense of three precious days, Congress prepared an elaborate memorial for London, proving that Britain, not America, had fired the first shot at Lexington. What was to be gained, John thought disgustedly, by proving who fired first? In Congress last summer a Pennsylvania member had suggested bluntly that Massachusetts be left to conduct by herself what quarrels she chose. Was it possible Congress might repeat this proposal? "*Don't let New England start a war,*" Dr. Franklin had written from London, "*without the approval of the Continental Congress. If they do, they may have to fight a war alone.*"

John recalled it now with foreboding. Yet a display of anger, contempt, impatience, would persuade of nothing, and might lose much. Even in letters home, John told himself he must be careful, hint rather than say what he felt. "America," he wrote to Abigail, "is a great unwieldy body. Its progress must be slow. It is like a large fleet sailing under convoy. The fastest sailors must wait for the duller and slowest."

2

AFTER the Lexington depositions, Congress turned its attention to the Continental Association. No more goods must be shipped to Georgia, East and West Florida, Quebec. Local merchants sent pleas and claims to the floor. All were solemnly entered in the *Minutes* — as if, John thought, shifting irritably in his seat, as if there were no redcoats at Boston.

The city of New York looked for a large detachment of British troops to land any day. Congress resolved that no resistance should be offered. The

redcoats were to be received peacefully by the citizens, even given barrack room! Five men of Boston, who had seen their own town resist British troops since the year '68, sat silent, staring at their shoes.

Here and again, it was true, something happened to lift the gloom of these first days. There was a knock at the door one morning and a traveler entered, his face and clothes streaked with dust. It was a Dr. Hall, from the Parish of St. John's, Georgia. The Parish — a whole county — had sent him as delegate, he told Congress a trifle breathlessly. He had ridden nearly eight hundred miles. Of course he couldn't expect to vote, he added hastily, seeing that the rest of Georgia had not joined the union. But could he sit here, that his constituents might know they were part of the union? John all but wept as the Doctor walked to the seat assigned, limping a little from six consecutive weeks on horseback.

On the 18th of May, Congress heard that Fort Ticonderoga had been captured from the British. Ticonderoga, commanding the approach to the St. Lawrence River, was as important strategically as any point in America. Yet to Congress the affair caused more embarrassment than triumph. Badly as America needed the powder and arms taken by Ethan Allen, to advertise his victory would be to acknowledge before the world that the colonies had definitely taken the offensive against England, nullifying all the careful depositions and proofs about Lexington.

Toward the last of May, something happened to push John altogether beyond his powers of self-control. The Dickinson-Duane faction moved that "an humble and dutiful petition" be dispatched to His Majesty, including a plain statement that the colonies desired immediate negotiation and "accommodation of the unhappy disputes," and that they were ready to "enter into measures" to achieve it.

It was too much. John sprang to his feet and lashed out. His voice, rapid, loud, penetrated to every corner. This was an act of imbecility! Were they to sit composing humble addresses, with the earth still loose over fifty New England graves, and Britain's ships of war coming ever nearer? Had not Congress wasted time enough with humble petitions that were never read, eloquent addresses that were spurned and spat upon? Let this Congress give over petitioning and memorializing, and get to the business of defending the continent! Two precious weeks had already been wasted. Before they even breathed the word *negotiation*, certain matters should be tended to on this side of the water.

John raised a hand, ticked off his program on his fingers: Let Congress recommend to each colony that it institute an independent popular government. Let the troops at Cambridge be recognized as a Continental army with a commander-in-chief over all, and let Congress assume the entire burden

of its subsistence and armament. England should be told of these plans, frankly and fully — and told also that if she continued this war, the colonies would seek help and foreign alliance where they could. John leaned forward, grasped the chair in front of him. "Yes," he repeated, "alliance with France, with the ancient enemy, if need be! With Spain, Holland, with any European power that cares to listen. Then and then only, Congress may enter into negotiation with Britain and her ministers. Then only we may indulge this talk of harmony, accommodation, loyalty, allegiance, love."

Spitting the last five words as if they were poison and would choke him, John sat down. Sullivan of New Hampshire rose immediately, continuing where John left off. His voice was rough, angry. John had scarcely got his breath when he was told a man wished to see him, outside the building in the State House yard. John made his way across the room. As he stepped to the pathway, the door banged behind him and a voice spoke his name, loud, peremptory. Dickinson had followed him out; he was in a violent passion.

"Give me the reason," he shouted, "why you New Englandmen oppose our every measure of reconciliation! Sullivan is in there now, haranguing against my petition to the King. Look ye, Adams! If you don't fall in with our plans, I and my friends will break off from New England, carry this Congress and this country in our own way."

John looked coolly back at Dickinson. His own speech had cleared his brain, and though he was still angry, he felt confident, exhilarated. Beyond the open window, Sullivan's voice could be heard, droning on. Out here the midday sun blazed. Sweat poured from Dickinson's face; his lips were white and his fingers twitched at his sides.

"You are wasting your time, Mr. Dickinson," John said. "I am not to be threatened. In the name of unity, I can make sacrifices as well as you. You and your friends have seen me make them. Let the Congress judge between us. If they vote against me, I will submit. And if they vote against you, let you do the same."

Dickinson opened his mouth to speak. John turned on his heel and left him.

3

BUT if John had won the encounter without doors, Dickinson won it within. Congress voted *Ay* to the humble petition. *Resolved unanimously*, Charles Thomson wrote in the *Minutes*. At the last, John submitted. He had to submit. Unity at all costs must be preserved — and even a dutiful petition need not stop America from fighting a war. But John thought much about Dickinson and his seeming change of front. This was a man who had done more than any of them, back in the year '68, to wake the colonies to the reality of their position.

Yet here he was, begging, bargaining, petitioning, praying, negotiating. John determined to fight him with all the strength and all the skill he possessed. Things were in the open now, the parties and factions defined. John and his supporters faced, John said, "not only the party in favor of a petition to the King, and the party who were jealous of independence, but a third party — a Southern party which was against a Northern, with a jealousy against a New England army under the command of a New England general."

The quickest way to proceed would be to name a commander-in-chief from some colony south of Connecticut. The minute a Southern general was adopted, the army automatically ceased to be a New England organization and became a Continental one. From a military standpoint the move was urgent, vitally necessary. On the way down from Braintree, John had visited headquarters at Cambridge, had seen at first hand how dangerous was the confusion. Already since April, four thousand volunteers had got discouraged and gone home. Sixteen thousand remained, sprawled in lines thirty miles long from Cambridge to Roxbury, subsisting precariously on gifts from the surrounding farms, living in tents, cabins, sailcloth shelters, brush-thatched huts of turf or stone. To encourage enlistment, any man that brought in forty-nine volunteers got a captain's commission. John himself had seen one of these "captains" — a wizened little shoemaker from Weymouth — order a private from his company to fetch a pail of water for the mess. "Fetch it yourself, Keptin," the man had replied without rancor. "I got the last pail."

Artemas Ward of Shrewsbury commanded these motley thousands. He was a Harvard graduate, well known for his services in the French war, and very popular. But he was nearing fifty, suffered from the bladder stone, and had no experience in dealing with such vast numbers of men. John Hancock was New England's candidate to succeed him. Hancock had seen no service in the field; besides which he was frequently crippled with gout. But as Colonel of the Boston Cadets he had long cut a fine figure on the parade ground, escorting governors, officiating at civic celebrations. There was little doubt he expected the position, or at least the refusal of it. Hancock moreover had come into special prominence lately by reason of having been named President of Congress pro tem, when Peyton Randolph was called home to Virginia.

John had no slightest intention of nominating Hancock. George Washington was his man. Not only did John admire Washington personally, but unless a Southerner commanded the troops, there would be few enlistments south of Connecticut. Canvassing the delegates, John found little serious support for Hancock; it was Artemas Ward who was Washington's most formidable rival. Yet John felt sure he could persuade his countrymen that

local pride should give way to urgent necessity. Colonel Washington, moreover, could afford the job financially, having a large independent fortune. This would count heavily with the Middle and Southern delegates, men like Dickinson, Duane, the Rutledges, who considered an independent fortune the first step to prestige. Washington had more military experience than any other man in America — except of course, the much talked of Colonel Charles Lee, a retired half-pay British officer who lived on his estates in Virginia and advertised himself as more American than the Americans.

Many said Charles Lee would make a better leader than Washington, and in truth his military record was impressive. He had served in the British army since he was twelve, had fought in Portugal and Poland as well as with Braddock on the Ohio. At Ticonderoga in '58 he had lost two fingers. Somewhere along in this bright career, Lee had married the daughter of a Seneca chief. He was a genius at getting on with Indians; they called him Boiling Water because he was never still. Over six feet tall, he was hawk-nosed, cadaverous, very slovenly in his dress, and carried a shining though somewhat mysterious reputation as a literary man. Rumor had it he was *Junius*, author of the notorious London letters to the King. The whole world seemed to know about Charles Lee, and about the pack of hound dogs that accompanied him everywhere. Above all men, it was said, he could whip an undisciplined army into shape.

But Lee was British-born. This alone, John told himself, must in the end tell decisively against him. The army would not fight under a British-born commander-in-chief. As second-in-command, however, Lee could be extremely useful.

John worked hard. By the middle of June, he decided the moment was ripe. On a dull, muggy morning, he walked alone to Congress, determined to nominate Washington before the noon bell sounded from the tower. As soon as the members were seated, John rose and spoke briefly for the establishment of a Continental army, outlining the present dangers, chief of which was that the forces at Cambridge might dissolve entirely. What was to prevent the British from profiting by this delay, marching out of Boston and "spreading desolation as far as they could go"? For commander-in-chief of a Grand American Army he would like, John finished, to suggest "*a gentleman whose skill as an officer, whose independent fortune, great talents and universal character would command the respect of America and unite the full exertions of the Colonies better than any other person alive.*"

All the time John was speaking, Hancock wore a look of pleased, even radiant expectancy. Facing the room in his chair behind the President's table, he was plainly visible to everyone, including John, who stood near the front. No one loved glory more than Hancock: he had the vanity of a child, open

and vulnerable. John saw his face and hastened on, raising his voice a little: "A gentleman *from Virginia*, who is among us here, and well known to all."

Hancock shrank as at a blow. ("I never," John wrote later, "remarked a more sudden and striking change of countenance. Mortification and resentment were expressed as forcibly as his face could exhibit them.") Washington, who was on the south side of the room, left his seat at the word *Virginia* and slipped quietly out the door before his name was pronounced.

John finished and sat down. Sam Adams rose at once to second the motion. Hancock's face grew hard and dark with anger; he made no attempt to hide his feelings. Since the year '65, Sam Adams's open palm had received the Hancock money — thousands of pounds poured out for the use of the liberty party. Was this to be his reward? Hancock's eyes swept the room. Sherman of Connecticut, then Cushing of Boston, rose. The army around Cambridge, they argued, would not fight under a Southern commander. There had been trouble enough already over the local election of New England officers. Many a regiment had broken up entirely because of these local jealousies.

Colonel Washington was indeed a splendid soldier and patriot, someone else interposed. But he could speak no French, an accomplishment that might prove indispensable should this war continue, and foreign alliances, foreign legions, be sought.

The debate went on. Most of the talk, John noted with relief, came from a very small group. Three quarters, perhaps seven eighths, of the room sat silent. They were the Washington men. John had worked hard enough by now to know it, and know they were merely waiting for the vote. Late in the afternoon, Congress rose without taking the count. That evening the brace of Adamses were very busy, and next morning when Johnson of Maryland put the motion a second time, Congress voted unanimously for Washington.

A week later, on Friday, June 23rd, John got on his horse and, with most of Congress, escorted General Washington and his military entourage out of town on the journey northward. They had not ridden twenty miles from Philadelphia when the little cavalcade was stopped by a very dusty courier posting down from Connecticut. Gage had attacked the Provincial entrenchments. There had been a battle on the hills above Boston — Breed's Hill, Bunker's Hill; . . . Charlestown was burned by the enemy. Out of two thousand British, a thousand had been lost, and four hundred Americans. . . . The militia were driven from their position.

4

AFTER Bunker Hill, Congress seemed to bestir itself, jolted into more decisive action. Articles of

War were adopted for the army, a hospital service organized, with doctors, nurses, and such medicines as could be found. Congress scoured the country for gunpowder and for saltpeter to make it, niter, sulphur, for brass fieldpieces, and above all for muskets that would shoot. A General Post Office was set up to facilitate communications. Loans of money were arranged to buy army supplies; two millions of paper dollars were ordered printed and put in circulation. A department of Indian Affairs was organized; a skillful and most necessary appeal composed, praying the powerful Six Nations to remain neutral in this war.

Yet even now, in all that Congress did, it proceeded conditionally, John noted. Always conditionally, on the assumption, the hope, the prayer, that Britain would capitulate, make peace, forgive, return to the old free system of government. Early in July, Dickinson's *Petition to the King* went off to London, carried by Richard Penn and signed, of course, by every member of Congress. John wrote his name below Sam's and, thoroughly disgusted, threw down his pen. The *Address to the People of Great Britain* which went in the same ship affected him as strongly. The times were too desperate, the situation too serious, for such polite and fruitless trafficking. "Prettynesses," John wrote in disgust, "juvenilities — and much less, Puerilities, became not a great assembly like this, the Representatives of a great People."

There was one member of Congress, a new member, who occupied himself with neither prettinesses nor puerilities. Late in June, Thomas Jefferson had arrived from Virginia. John was immediately drawn to him. ("He soon seized upon my heart," John said.) Jefferson at thirty-two was tall, thin, sandy-haired, with a fair complexion — in no way celebrated unless it was for his trick of writing fluent English. The Virginia delegates had boasted about it. Jefferson was not a speechmaker like Patrick Henry or Richard Henry Lee. His eloquence lay all on paper. He could translate into warm and even burning words the most abstract ideas concerning government, liberty, freedom. Jefferson was a natural scholar, his friends reported further, deeply read in history and natural science — "the greatest rubber-off-of-dust," Duane told John, that he had ever met, with a knowledge of French, Italian, and Spanish, and the ambition to learn German. What particularly attracted John, these first weeks, was Jefferson's quick, decisive way in committee. "He was prompt," John said; "frank, explicit as Samuel Adams himself."

Not long after Jefferson's arrival, he was put on a committee to draft a *Declaration of the Causes and Necessity for Taking up Arms*, a document designed chiefly for the troops at Cambridge. Jefferson was asked to write it. He proceeded very carefully, making several drafts, striking out phrases that seemed verbose or slipshod. But the committee dis-

approved. ("It was too strong for Mr. Dickinson," Jefferson said later.) Dickinson went over it, and though he strengthened rather than toned it down, Congress accepted his version. "*Our cause is just*," a final paragraph ran, "*our union is perfect. We fight not for glory or for conquest. In our own native land, in defence of the freedom that is our birthright, we have taken up arms. We shall lay them down when hostilities shall cease on the part of the aggressors, and all danger of their being renewed shall be removed, and not before.*"

Yet the *Declaration on Taking Arms*, spirited though it might be, was balanced on the other side by the humble petition. John could not forget it. "In exchange for these Petitions, Declarations and Addresses," he wrote home, "I suppose we shall receive Bills of Attainder and other such like Expressions of Esteem and Kindness."

"Does every member of Congress feel for us?" Abigail had written after Bunker Hill. "Can they realize what we suffer?"

"No!" John answered. "They don't! They can't. A ship is dearer to some of them than a city, and a few barrels of flour than a thousand men's lives — other men's lives, I mean."

5

THE British burned Falmouth in October of 1775, shelling it from the sea, a pointed answer to Dickinson's humble *Petition to the King*. One hundred and fifty buildings, churches, houses were leveled to the ground. The news shocked the entire country. Here was no midnight raid by naked, painted savages. The British had done this. America's own brothers had done it. Captain Mowett, commander of the ship *Canceaux* that had led the shelling, showed papers ordering him to destroy all towns from Boston to Halifax, and announced that Portsmouth would be next.

"Death and desolation mark their footsteps," General Nathanael Greene wrote to the newspapers from Washington's headquarters outside of Boston. "Fight or be slaves is the American motto now." This was civil war with a vengeance.

Yet there were men in the patriot party who showed little sympathy for Falmouth. One of them was John's old friend, Major Hawley of Northampton. By whose fault was it, Hawley demanded, that Falmouth had been a "defenseless victim"? The town had refused to arm, had taken no measures to blockade the harbor. Would its citizens believe, at last, that Britain was an enemy not a friend, or must Boston be burned to prove it, and Philadelphia? Let Falmouth and her sister towns cease to mourn and whimper! Let them abandon their mistaken "loyalty" and enter this contest with their whole heart and strength, taking pride in the rightness of the cause. This was not the first civil war of history. The Scriptures themselves bore witness:

"And the children of Israel wept before the Lord and asked counsel, saying, Shall I go up to battle against the children of Benjamin my brother? And the Lord said, Go up against him."

Go up against thy brother. America was not yet ready for such counsel. America was still two-thirds Tory and four-fifths totally indifferent to the war. Thirteen colonies as yet had no conception of themselves as a nation, though they had begun cautiously to talk of a confederacy, and newspapers used the phrase *United American Colonies*. Even the patriots still regarded the war as an affair wholly sectional. Each colony felt justified in taking what individual stand it chose. New Jersey threatened a separate peace treaty with Britain, Massachusetts a separate declaration of independence. Congress found it necessary to pass a resolution "*that it will be very dangerous to the liberties and welfare of America, if any Colony should separately petition the King or either house of Parliament.*"

The Middle colonies seemed more concerned over internal squabbles than over the war with Britain, putting their hope in the King of England, nursing the kind illusion that it was the British ministry and not George III who burned their towns and murdered their brothers. In spite of Lexington, Bunker Hill, Falmouth, in spite even of Hessian mercenaries coming to kill them, Americans still believed that kings were half divine. *George Rex* ruled by godly sanction. Every warrant bore his name, every office was conferred under the power of his royal seal and signature. To deny him, dethrone him, would be not only dangerous but impious.

Led by Dickinson, the "conciliation men" had no slightest intention of knuckling under to Britain, no intention of renouncing the fight for a free representative government in America. They still hoped, by threat or persuasion, to gain a free government not separate from the British Empire but within it. Their position had not changed since August, 1774, when Congress first met to protest the Boston Port Bill. The trouble was, Britain had not reacted according to their prophecies or their plans. The commercial blockade had failed to force Britain's hand, the use of arms had failed to force it. Parliament and King were no nearer yielding than they had been when Peyton Randolph called the first meeting to order in Carpenters' Hall.

The radical party in Congress, the "violent men," the "independence men," were led now by the two Adamses, Gadsden of South Carolina, the two Lees and George Wythe of Virginia. Washington of course was with the army; Patrick Henry had stayed in Virginia as Colonel of the militia. Jefferson, called home by illness in his family, would not return until May of '76. Their party differed from

the Dickinson-Duane-Wilson faction only in having abandoned all hope of reconciliation. This was not to say they did not still desire it in their hearts. Every one of them, except perhaps Sam Adams, would have rejoiced to see America remain — on her own terms — within the British Empire. But they were realistic, knew that separation was now inevitable — and recognized further that Britain would destroy the colonies altogether rather than yield.

To this last, the conciliatory party remained blind, preferring to deceive themselves and their followers with visions of an olive branch extended across the seas. Peace commissioners were coming from London in the spring or summer, said Dickinson, Rutledge, Duane. They had positive news of it, positive promises. What folly, then, and what wickedness, to scream separation from England! The independence men would be guilty of plunging their country in endless, tragic civil war, compared with which the few skirmishes already fought would be nothing. A wise delay of a few months might save the situation.

John Adams said openly and contemptuously that he did not believe a word of this commissioner talk. "A bubble," he called it. "As arrant an illusion as ever was hatched in the brain of an enthusiast, a politician or a maniac."

For the conciliation men, John Adams had become, by January of 1776, an adversary more dangerous even than his cousin Samuel. Sam at least was opposed to a large standing army; Sam recognized and valued local attachments, local sentiments. One had the feeling that the *Grand Incendiary* was a Massachusetts man first, an American second. But John Adams put a Continental army and a Continental confederated government over and beyond all else.

There was about this Braintree Adams something maddeningly obdurate. He seemed not to care how many enemies he made, and he was sure of himself and his convictions! When he rose he spoke arrogantly, let his voice ring out with royal impatience, thumped his hickory walking stick against the floor to make his points tell. He had a way of drawing in his lips, sucking loudly against his teeth, raising his thick powerful chest as if to gather the force of a tremendous bellows and then letting fly, repeating himself inexorably, like a bell that clangs and clangs and will not be denied. "Nothing can save us but discipline in the army, governments in every colony and a confederation of the whole. . . . *Discipline in the army!* (thump with the hickory cane). *A written constitution in every state!* (thump again). *A union and a confederation of thirteen states, independent of Parliament, of Minister and of King!*"

(To be concluded)



the greatest collectors in the eighteenth century. The supreme collection of his books and of the relics which surrounded him at Strawberry Hill now reposes in the home of WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS in Farmington, Connecticut. A graduate and trustee of Yale University, Mr. Lewis is the editor of the Yale edition of Horace Walpole's *Correspondence* and the author of other delightful volumes on the eighteenth century. He is now writing an account of his experiences as collector, editor, and bibliophile.

RELICS

by WILMARTH SHELDON LEWIS

I

IN 1769 Horace Walpole visited Saint-Cyr, the convent founded by Mme de Maintenon for the education of noblemen's daughters. The Bishop of Chartres gave him an order to be admitted, and Mme du Deffand wrote to the Superior to ensure that he should see everything. He stayed above four hours in a state of enchantment. When he left, a nun presented him with "a piece of Mme de Maintenon's own writing" and a lock of her hair. They are before me now. "Il faut s'enthousiasmer," Walpole wrote Mme du Deffand of this visit, "à de certaines visions, comme je fais, sans quoi tout est fade."

Walpole had other hair, all of it irreproachable. He kept his mother's and father's in two lockets in the shape of hearts set with diamonds; he had a bit of the hair of Mary Tudor, Queen of France, which he acquired when her tomb was opened at St. Edmundsbury in 1784. Five years later when Edward IV's coffin was discovered in St. George's Chapel at Windsor, Sir Joseph Banks, the President of the Royal Society, presented a few wisps of the king's hair to Walpole. It was "darkish brown, not auburn," Walpole wrote Miss Berry. He kept it in the rosewood cabinet he designed "of most chaste and elegant form, richly carved, ornamented with ivory and a rare specimen of art."

Hair is a powerful evoker of visions. Certain dealers go in for it, enshrining it, as did Walpole, in jewelled lockets. Shelley (who had a fine head of hair) is a favorite with hair-collectors and so is Napoleon (who had less hair, but produced it longer). Of all relics, hair is perhaps the "truest": because its genuineness is the most dubious, the purchaser demands reasonable assurance of its authenticity.

What is a relic? The *Oxford Dictionary's* shade of meaning that comes nearest to the collector's use of the word is, "An object invested with interest by reason of its antiquity or associations with

the past," and above all, it should be added, with a person. Shelley's guitar in the Bodleian is a relic; Dr. Johnson's teapot, which was formerly A. E. Newton's and now belongs to Mr. Douglas Hyde, is a relic. These are very fine relics because they truly represent their original owners and thus communicate the sense of intimacy that the collector seeks.

At Strawberry Hill there were many objects that are indubitable relics: Cardinal Wolsey's hat, the spurs worn by King William at the Battle of the Boyne, the clock Henry VIII gave Anne Boleyn as a wedding present. Once when Strawberry was "in great glory — I have given a *festino* there that will almost mortgage it," Walpole received his guests "at the gates of the castle" wearing "a pair of gloves embroidered up to the elbows that had belonged to James I. The French servants stared, and firmly believed this was the dress of English country gentlemen." Macaulay, who often saw Strawberry Hill before its contents were dispersed in 1842, wrote of it, "There is a story about the fire tongs and another about the bell-rope." The thousands of objects at Strawberry Hill — the books, prints, pictures, miniatures, coins, glass, china, chairs, tables, armor, snuff boxes, ossuaria, and lachrymatoria — have in their turn become Bits of the True Cross.

The identification of these objects, which are now scattered about the world, is in many cases certain because of Walpole's habit of writing on the backs of his pictures, prints, and drawings and of having inscriptions placed upon objects of art. On the inside of the door of a Strawberry Hill cabinet is a gold plaque that states: "This Cabinet was ordered by and made at the Expence of Mr Horace Walpole in 1784, to receive the Drawings which were all design'd and executed by the Right Honourable Lady Diana Beauclerc. The Cabinet was design'd by Mr E. Edwards." Inside the lid of one of his

snuff boxes Walpole had inscribed: "This snuff box, with the portrait of her dog Tonton, was bequeathed by Mme la Marquise du Deffand to Mr Horace Walpole, 1780."

The 1842 Sale Catalogue proves Walpole's ownership of many pieces not marked by him. When Sir Osbert Sitwell told me that he had two plates of Faïence with the stories of Cain and Abel and Abraham and Isaac and that he wanted to give them to me if they really had been Walpole's, the Sale Catalogue reassured us completely. Should "the tortoise-shell case, mounted with silver, in which the celebrated Admiral Van Tromp used to carry his pipes to sea," turn up we could recognize it, and probably also the "needle case in fine old Japan with Monkeys." The Sale Catalogue would help us with scores of objects, but is hardly enough for scores of others. "A broken patera" is inadequate, and so is "an antique cow." I have been offered enough furniture from Strawberry Hill to furnish a house, for owners and dealers are sanguine in their attributions.

2

THE first relics I ever bought were the chairs that belonged to Dr. Johnson, the pillow made for William Blake by his wife, Gainsborough's easel, and Charles Lamb's tea caddy, all of them phoney. The humiliation of that experience temporarily cooled my enthusiasm for relics. It revived one day in February 1925 when, killing half an hour in the library of the University Club in New York, I looked, for the first time in my life, at an auction sale catalogue of pictures. It was the catalogue of the Arthur Tooth Sale, which was that night. Lot 26 was a portrait of a Lady Mary Churchill, by, the catalogue said, Francis Cotes. I realized that there were doubtless more than one Lady Mary Churchill in the eighteenth century, but Walpole had a half-sister of that name, and I who had been collecting Walpole for three months hurried to the Anderson Galleries to see lot 26.

The portrait is a half-length of a woman of about thirty, leaning on an open music book. She has a veil over her head and is wearing a green velvet dress upon which is a brooch with an enormous diamond. "Lady Mary Churchill" is painted on the canvas. Lady Mary was the natural daughter of Sir Robert Walpole by the woman who subsequently became his second wife. Doubt of Horace Walpole's relationship to her was raised years after his death when Lady Louisa Stuart printed the suggestion that he was the son, not of Sir Robert Walpole, but of Carr Lord Hervey. If it were true, Horace Walpole and Lady Mary Churchill would be no blood relation and would, presumably, have no physical resemblance. This portrait of Lady Mary shows that she might have been Horace Walpole's twin.

That night I bought the portrait with only one opposing bid. The following morning, after paying my bill, I bundled Lady Mary into a taxi instead of sending her to Farmington by express. I was sailing for England in a few days and wanted to get the picture home before I left, but the wisdom of carting it myself seemed doubtful when I got to the Grand Central. It was noon and a Saturday. The Anderson people, after recovering from their surprise at such unorthodox delivery, had advised me not to wrap the picture up: if it were wrapped up people might stick their umbrellas through it, but if they saw that it was a picture they would keep respectfully away. As I walked down the wide stairs on to the main floor of the station I became, to coin a phrase, the cynosure of every eye. The porter who had my bag slumped along in front, painfully embarrassed. One youth regarding me with awe asked, "Is that over a hundred years old?" Another asked, "Say, did that come from Athens?" A friend who was going with me to Farmington for the week-end looked at me with horror and hurried on without speaking.

When I got to the gate of my train the gateman sprang to attention. "You can't take that thing on here," he said, and threw a chain across the entrance. I rested Lady Mary on my toes. What was I to do? The train was leaving in a few minutes. My faithless friend was already on it; there was not another train for two hours. "I have my ticket on this train," I said, and added with what I hoped was an effective blend of authority and pitifulness, "I've got to make it."

The gateman hesitated, then said in a low, conspiratorial voice, "Follow me." We dashed off in the direction of the Graybar Building, my porter gloomily following. Our guide stopped before a little door I had never noticed before, opened it, said, "Jeez, I'd get hell for this. What would happen to the express companies if everybody carried things like that?" accepted my dollar bill as I sped through the gate with the porter, and hurried back to his post, none the worse, I hope, for circumventing the express companies.

At home I sought for the first time confirmation of a Walpolian relic in the Strawberry Hill Catalogue. I found it among the family portraits in the Great Parlour, Twenty-first Day's Sale, lot 39: "A half length of Lady Maria Walpole, only child of Sir Robert and Maria Skerret, and wife of Charles Churchill, only son of General Churchill. Eckardt. She is represented in a veil, with a music book before her, a very charming picture."

Eckardt was a young German whom Van Loo had brought over to help him with draperies. Walpole, who at that time could not afford more expensive artists, commissioned him to paint some two dozen of his friends for Strawberry Hill. He also addressed a poem, "The Beauties," to Eckardt and did what he could to launch him as a fashionable portrait

painter, without much success; at their best his pictures pass for early pictures by Francis Cotes. His portrait of Lady Mary remains the chief link with that tantalizingly dim woman, for the hundreds of letters she wrote and received from her brother were allegedly burned by a mad descendant.

Walpole doubtless planned the Eckardt portrait, the details of which are therefore significant. "Lady Mary," he wrote to Mann, "has a remarkable knowledge of music and can sing," which she did to her own accompaniment on the harpsichord, but only before intimate friends. The second striking detail is explained in another letter to Mann, which was written forty-one years after the first. Lord Hardwicke had just repeated the old charge that George II gave Sir Robert Walpole a large sum of money towards building Houghton, the Walpole palace in Norfolk. "For presents," writes Walpole, "the king never made Sir Robert any but two"; one of which was "a very large diamond, but with a great flaw in it, which Lady Mary had." This is undoubtedly the diamond that Lady Mary is wearing in the brooch that Eckardt painted with such fidelity.

Lady Mary was presently followed by two water-colour drawings, copies by Walpole of Watteaus, signed and dated by him, 1736 and 1738, when he was eighteen and twenty; four panes of painted glass formerly in the windows at Strawberry Hill; and the portraits of his mother and father painted by Eckardt in a frame that was carved for Sir Robert by Grinling Gibbons, the frame, in the words of the Sale Catalogue, "displaying with wonderful effect the arms of the family, enriched with Cupid figures as supporters, birds, fruit, grapes, and foliage." Among later relics to arrive from Strawberry Hill is a vast ormolu chest so hideous that it is kept out of sight.

Then there is the clock that proved to be a sort of relic, although it had been at some distance — half a block, to be exact — from Walpole's town house in Berkeley Square where he died. This is a Parliament Act clock, so called because Parliament in the middle of the eighteenth century decreed that public houses should have a large clock to remind their patrons who were drinking themselves to death with gin that it was time to go home. We found it in a shop in the Brompton Road. It has Chinese Chippendale figures lacquered on it: the dealer assured us it went, and I bought it. After buying it I was pleased to find that its maker was J. Derryhouse of Berkeley Square. This hardly made it a relic, but it moved it into the neighborhood of relics. Two years later I got the draft of Walpole's last codicil, and when I collated it with the executed will at Somerset House I found that John Derryhouse of Berkeley Square was one of the witnesses. Since Walpole had left legacies to everyone in his house, outsiders were needed to witness the will, and there was old Derryhouse

just down the Square. The clock is still not a relic, yet it is more than just another clock.

Walpole's Berkeley Square house was torn down in 1937 to make way for the Air Ministry. We know comparatively little about the house, but Walpole had lived and died there, and rather than have it sink without a trace, I decided to have something from it. The owners of it in the twenties once told me that at the time of the Gordon Riots in 1780, when the mob broke into Lord Mansfield's house and burned his great library, Walpole re-enforced the door of his own house with iron bars. He says nothing about them in his letters, which show that, far from being terrified by the Riots, he rather enjoyed them, but "il faut s'enthousiasmer." The door was more manageable than a flight of stairs or a chimney would have been; the door I decided to have. Sproule of Pickering and Chatto kindly offered to get it from the wreckers for me and did so, not revealing for whom he was acting. This is the sort of story that flourishes in the English "Silly season." It was printed in the London papers and reprinted all over England, as we learned from friends who sent us cuttings from their local papers. The story even pursued us to the middle of the Atlantic where one morning we read in the "boiler plate" part of the *Mid-Ocean News* that the door to Walpole's house in Berkeley Square had been bought, in the familiar English phrase, by "an eccentric American millionaire" and taken to America.

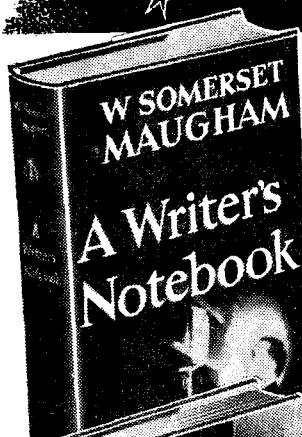
The door lay forgotten in its crate for eleven years, until 1948 when we added two stack rooms to the library and my wife remembered the door in our cellar. We decided to use it not as a door, but in place of a wall that would otherwise have had to be built. This was done, but not until an awkwardness had been corrected. The back of the door does have iron bars, and, throwing historical nicety to the winds, I told the contractor who was building the new rooms the story of the bars as it had been told to me. These eighteenth-century bars and the occasion that allegedly inspired their use worked so powerfully on his imagination that when the door was put in place the bars were outward and the handsome panelled door inward and invisible. When you deal with relics of such power as this door, anything can happen.

3

SHORTLY before we left for home in 1935, Mr. R. M. Holland-Martin asked us down to Worcestershire for a week-end. It seemed that Sudeley Castle, in his neighborhood, had many things formerly at Strawberry Hill. Frequent disappointment has cautioned me against transports on hearing such news, but there is always the possibility that it is true, and the collector must not ignore it.

The first thing we saw when we walked into the

Stars on your Christmas list

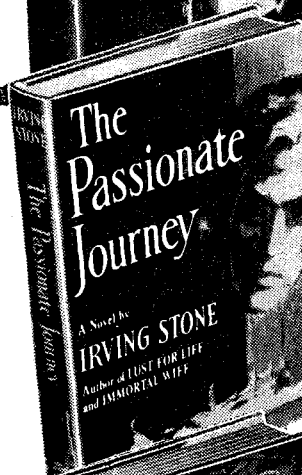


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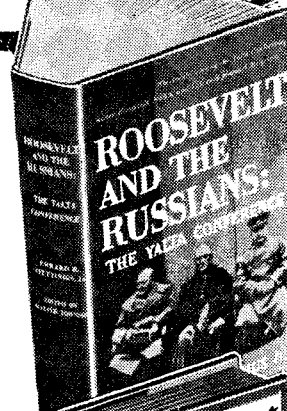
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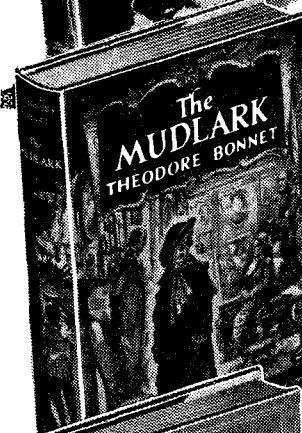
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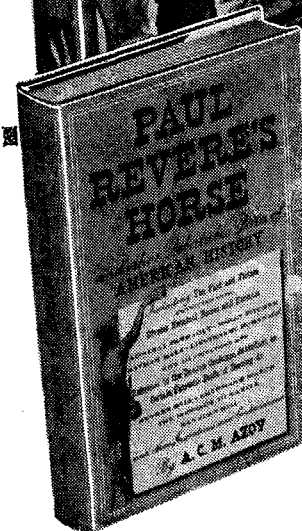
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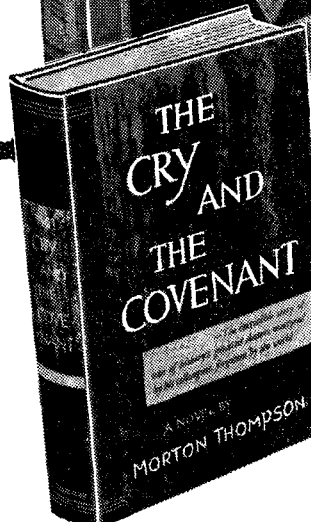
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DOUBLEDAY

hall at Sudeley was the familiar set of Holbein's drawings of Jane Seymour, Colet, and the rest. Were they the copies "taken off on oil-paper by Vertue" for the Holbein Chamber at Strawberry? I asked. The owner, Major Dent-Brocklehurst, not being sure we clambered on chairs, got the drawings down, and found that Walpole had written long notes on the back of all of them.

The house was filled with Walpolian relics. The fine Mabeuse of Henry VII's marriage was there, miniatures of Henry VIII's Queens by Holbein, "Hangings for a State Bed." Our host showed me a list of the things from Strawberry. As I copied it off, I came to "Gothic lantern."

"Is that the famous Gothic lantern?" I asked.

"I don't know whether it's the famous Gothic lantern or not, but it is the ugliest blasted lantern that ever was."

That sounded like it, and I said, truthfully, that I would rather see it than anything in England, that I had the original design for it and two drawings of it after Walpole had fitted it with bits of painted glass, some of it English glass of the early fifteenth century. It hung in the stair-well at Strawberry Hill and was one of the most admired features of the house.

"I am afraid," replied its owner, "that you have come too late."

I was appalled, and said so.

"My wife wouldn't have it hanging about any longer and threw it out."

"Threw it out!"

"It just may not have gone." We hurried away through the house and through the cloisters to a lumber room. There on a bench, next to the door and oblivion, stood the lantern, the epitome of Strawberry Hill, and the neo-Gothic movement, a flimsy thing with a tin cross, ugly and original, a story connected with each of its bits of painted glass.

"Well," said Mrs. Dent-Brocklehurst, who had joined us, "I won't have it back in the house. Perhaps we should give it to the Cheltenham Museum."

"What should I do now?" I asked Mr. Holland-Martin on the ride home. On his advice I wrote to Major Dent-Brocklehurst to say that if he and his wife ever decided to get rid of the lantern I hoped that they would let me know about it. The lantern is now at Farmington where, alas, it is also in disfavor with its châtelaine, but relics should be reserved for the faithful, and it is fitting that the lantern should cast its electric beam only upon those who are willing to seek it out, well removed from the ordinary life of the house, in the stacks.

The most important Walpolian relic is Strawberry Hill itself. My first visit to it was in April 1925. Two American friends and I took a taxi down to Twickenham, rang the doorbell, and talked our-

selves in, a crass piece of intrusion. Strawberry had recently come under the direction of the Congregation of St. Vincent de Paul, which was soon to open there a training college (St. Mary's) for teachers. As the Fathers had not yet taken up residence, it was not open to the public, but an army with banners is not more terrible than a collector who wants to see something.

My second and subsequent visits were conducted in an orderly manner, by means of a proper introduction from Lady Lavery to the Vice-Principal, Father J. Leonard, the editor of Vincent's letters. We soon found that he had a keen interest in America, reading our novels and poetry and memoirs, and studying our daily life as it is shown in the movies. We doubled his American acquaintance, our predecessors having been Lady Lavery and Henry James. He later supplemented his American studies by making a trip across the Atlantic, a regrettably short one, for his stay in the United States was limited to three days, of which he had barely one for Farmington. Horace Walpole has been the cause of much travelling in the twentieth century.

In the Red Bedchamber at Strawberry Hill on my first authorized visit Father Leonard pointed to a tiny fragment of moulding on the mantel of the fireplace. I forget now where it had come from, but it was a bit of the original moulding, Father Leonard explained to us. "I am now going out of the room," he said, and went.

I looked at my wife. "The intention is clear," I said, "but what do you think?"

"Oh, no!"

We stood transfixed by moral rectitude. Father Leonard returned and saw the moulding untouched. "The New England conscience, is it? Now, I am going out again."

When he returned the second time, the moulding had disappeared. It has been followed to Farmington by other bits and pieces of Strawberry that Father Leonard sent over before the war, a strip of the painted ceiling in the library, a window from the Great Bedchamber. It would have been much simpler and cheaper for the College to have torn down the house and started afresh, since Walpole built it of lathe and plaster ("Gilly" Williams said of it long before Walpole died, "Mr Walpole has already outlived three sets of his battlements"), yet consideration for a landmark of English architecture has moved the College to keep as much of the original fabric as possible. London has reached and passed Strawberry's gates, suburban villas cut off its views of the Thames and curtail the sweep of its lawns, but now that the damage caused by two German incendiaries has been repaired, the lover of the eighteenth century may again visit the toy castle on which the England of George III could discern, in the words of Strawberry Hill's creator, "the true rust of the Barons' Wars."

Do you give books for Christmas presents so that you can first read them yourself? Your friends are doing the same thing to you. To make it easy for both sides, here are pictures of books to give so that you can read them first, and to receive so that you may keep them for yourself.



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Edited by Ben Ames Williams

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Books and Men



No scientist or administrator of our time has clearer knowledge or better

right to speak about the atomic armament race than VANNEVAR BUSH, who during the war years was head of the Office of Scientific Research and Development. His new book, *Modern Arms and Free Men*, is the December selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club. For an appraisal of it we turn to RICHARD E. DANIELSON, who served in Military Intelligence in both wars and who has long been one of the most thoughtful critics on the Atlantic staff.

SCIENCE, WAR, AND DEMOCRACY

Vannevar Bush's Declaration of Faith

by RICHARD E. DANIELSON

1

DR. VANNEVAR BUSH, as Director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development during the war, was in a position both to evaluate the product of the scientists and military men who collaborated in applying science to military problems, and to observe how this vitally important work was carried on under the system which we call "democracy." It is because of his professional interest in the product itself — "Modern Arms" — and his profound belief in the democratic theory — "Free Men" — that his book differs from the merely scientific works which have preceded it. Faith and common sense, combined with a full knowledge of his subject, make *Modern Arms and Free Men* (Simon and Schuster, \$3.00) a volume that is of hopeful burden in anxious times.

In a sense there is nothing particularly new in his review of the work of the Office of Scientific Research and Development. Dr. James Phinney Baxter III in his admirable book *Scientists Against Time*, published in 1946, covered the same ground with more detail and equal clarity. Since then, however, further developments along scientific-military lines, new or changing tensions in the international situation, and divided thinking on the strategy of national defense have altered the picture of 1946 and the views held at that time as to future probabilities. Dr. Bush's summaries of the work of OSRD are not so much a history of past accomplishment as they are a study of what that accomplishment — constantly extended — implies if we should become involved in another and perhaps more dreadful conflict. The author disclaims any prophetic powers, but his calm assessments, his weighing of relative values, his projection of future developments, provide a far better foundation for prophecy than the layman's wishful thinking.

It would be unfair to state his conclusions baldly, for they are put forward very modestly after he has

presented the reader with all the facts that are presentable. However, a few of them may be mentioned by way of showing the character of his thinking: he tells us we need not fear invasion; he inclines to the belief that the days of mass bombing by fleets of heavy airplanes are numbered, as the means of defense — radar, guided missiles, proximity fuses, and the like — seem to have won at least a temporary superiority over the offense. Toxic or bacteriological warfare, he points out, is not as easy to handle and deliver without backfiring or reprisals as it appears to be to the layman.

The atomic bomb is a terrific weapon and, if exploded deep enough in water, may contaminate a large area for a long time. But, as he says, the accurate delivery of an atomic bomb is no easy matter, nor is one readily smuggled by subversive agents, nor is it a trifling task to produce them in volume. "The bomb will be important but not absolute." The innocent-looking merchant ship in harbor which detonates a bomb by way of a surprise attack is, of course, a serious menace and can be countered only by vigilant investigation.

Dr. Bush appears to be more impressed by the dangers to American shipping and control of the seas from the greatly improved Schnorkel submarines which the Russians are said to possess in large numbers. Evidently he thinks this is the major problem facing our navy today and, one gathers, it is a problem which has not as yet been solved. The possibility of enemy submarines lobbing atomic bombs into the harbors of our great coastal cities is perhaps the most fearsome potential of World War III, and Dr. Bush does not minimize its serious implications. "The days of the great battleship seem to be over. . . . Even the days of the great carrier may be past." But the menace of the submarine still remains and the first duty of the Navy is to overcome it.

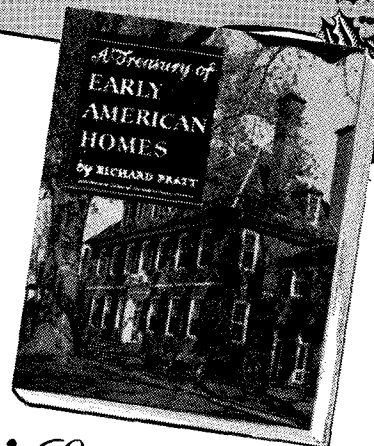
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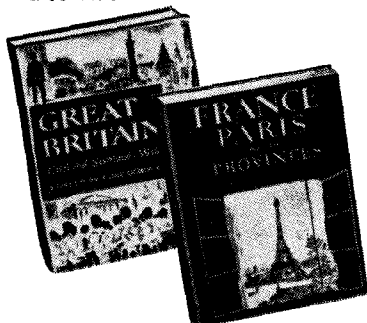


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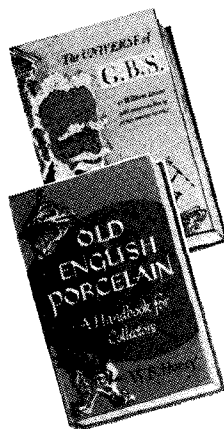
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WHITTLESEY HOUSE A Division of the McGraw-Hill Book Co., N. Y. 18

In considering existing or possible new weapons of offense or defense Dr. Bush is always careful to examine the cost of such weapons. Will this new weapon justify in relative effectiveness the time, effort, money, and material involved in its production — against the claims put forward for other weapons and techniques? Even the wealth of the United States at war is not inexhaustible; the allocation of metals and other materials demands the strictest priority, and the time element — the scientific man-hours which must be devoted to a new project or diverted from one project to another — is also of compelling importance. We must not follow false leads or waste our priceless resources of brains and wealth on weapons which become obsolete as soon as they are employed. The German magnetic mine seemed at first a most dangerous threat to British shipping, but the answer to it was so quickly found that its creation — in retrospect — appears as so much lost motion and waste of time. Indeed, the failure of German scientists to make the most of their real discoveries in new and secret weapons was largely due to the fact that their efforts were continually diverted to plausible but relatively ineffective projects as the intuition of the Führer dictated.

2

DR. BUSH discusses "Modern Arms" in nine chapters. And if he has not added greatly to the fund of information already in the public's possession, he has arranged that information with wisdom and in just perspective. In Chapter X he analyzes Total War, of which he thinks we are in no immediate danger — "if it comes, it will be by miscalculation, not by design." The danger of a surprise attack on a large scale — a glorified Pearl Harbor — is, however, always present. The best protection against such an attack lies in an alert and comprehensive Intelligence Service, which we do not possess at present but which is indispensable to our security. To build such a service is a difficult but not an impossible task. "As we value our peace of mind we had better be about it." The chapter on Subversive War is less convincing than most, as it is largely concerned with biological warfare, and other methods are inadequately handled.

It is not until Chapter XIII, "Threat and Bulwark," that Dr. Bush takes up the subject matter which is referred to in "Free Men." This seems to me the more important portion of the book. Certainly it is more controversial than even the most debatable problem in armament or ordnance. For it involves the human equation and human emotion. Dr. Bush sees the present state of the world — the existing Cold War — as a definite fork in the road which mankind is traveling. For the first time, the whole world is offered a choice: to take the road of fatalistic materialism or the road

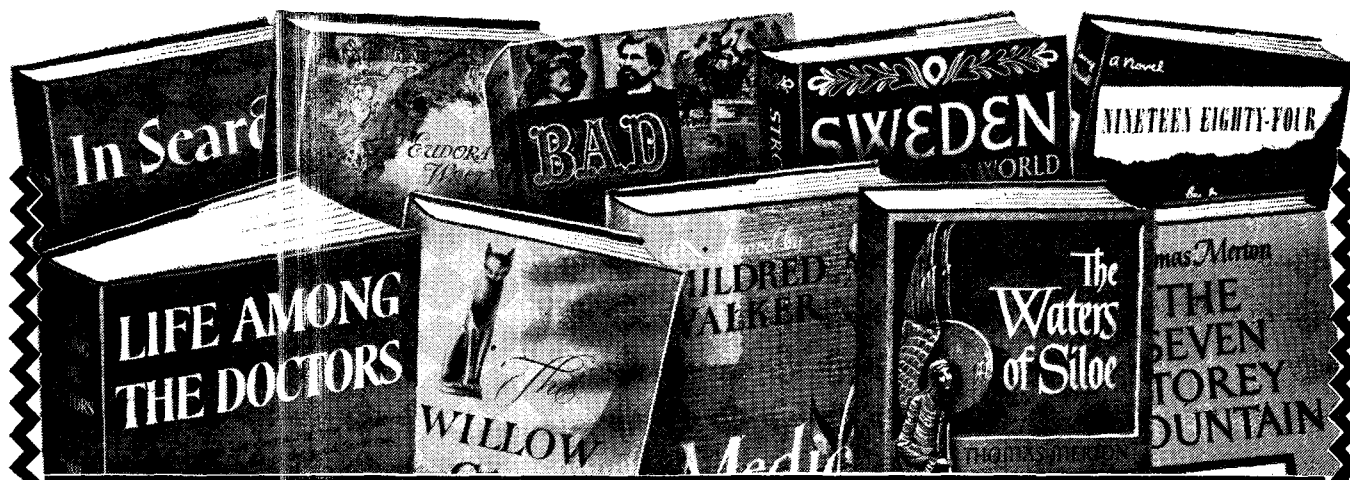
of faith and freedom. There is, under the circumstances, no other choice.

We have been told so often that democracy is clumsy; we have seen so much power taken over by the central government in our own country on the theory that only a strong, wise group in Washington could make democracy work; we have — so many of us — accepted the premise that in time of war the democratic processes are so slow and fumbling that they must be laid aside and all great matters handled under a quasi dictatorship, that in the end we have come to doubt the strength and effectiveness of our own chosen form of government, our birthright, and our dream. Not so Dr. Bush. He has faith in faith. He has seen democracy at war, and to him it is a mightier force than any dictator can command. It is more supple, stronger in voluntary and varied collaboration; it has depths and layers of untold potentials.

Dictatorship is rigid. It cannot tolerate heresy. It is suspicious and fearful of its own followers. It lives by liquidating the ambitious or the different. Under such a police system an organization like the OSRD would wither into a sterile and acquiescent bureau. The Iron Curtain bars out the world of new ideas, of scientific creation freely discussed and objectively analyzed. Dr. Bush insists that democracy works better — as far as modern weapons are concerned — than a dictatorship. Post-war investigations proved that "the democratic system is more efficient, dollar for dollar and hour for hour, than any totalitarian system." And the Russian system, he says, "has many of the faults of the German dictatorship magnified to the *n*th degree."

Now this is good and cheering news and, coming from such a source, it cannot be discarded as wishful thinking. But Dr. Bush leaves us in no doubt that if democracy is mighty, it is not so just of itself, *ipso facto*, without effort and discipline. It has enormous potentials and great weaknesses. Chief among the latter are "its lack of rigidly defined stabilities — its prevalent confusion, and the danger that it may be distorted for selfish ends." If labor and capital seek only selfish ends, if class war is preached within democracy, if our young people never learn what *are* the stable and enduring principles of democracy but, in listlessness and apathy, accept the plausible and easiest way — then no great war is needed to destroy democracy. It will destroy itself.

I think Dr. Bush has written a book of transparent candor based on a full knowledge of what happened before his eyes and under his direction. I believe that his sincere, refreshing faith in the democratic scheme of life springs from experience and observation. He has seen it at work and found it good. And in this book he has said so nobly. It is a book which should be read wherever doubts persist and faith falters. It is not an opiate. It is a call to free men to be worthy of their heritage.



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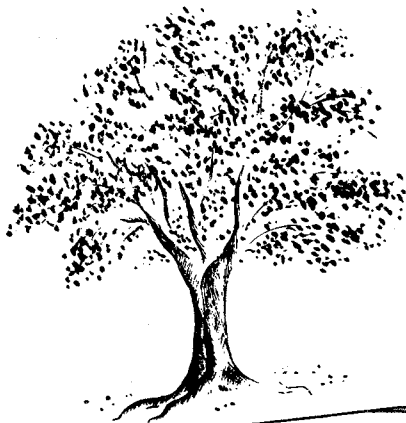
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THE ATLANTIC

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THE *Peripatetic Reviewer*

BY
EDWARD
WEEKS

BOSTON is one of the last cities on the seaboard to surrender its large houses. When I first settled here as a young benedict in the mid-twenties, Mount Vernon Street, Beacon Street, and Commonwealth Avenue were lined with spacious high-ceilinged homes, the oldest and loveliest going back to Bulfinch. Today most of those houses have been converted into apartments, girls' schools, or doctors' offices. But at the time I speak of, they were lived in with unostentatious comfort by a single family, and the daughter's coming-out party often took place in her family's or her grandparents' ballroom.

I happened to mention this to my father-in-law, a New York architect, who asked me how many families I thought had ballrooms of their own. Off the cuff, I guessed thirty, and it proved to be an underestimate.

One of the ballrooms I had in mind was just around the corner from my office. It was the western wing of the big Baylies mansion at 5 Commonwealth Avenue; it was set back from the street, with a court of turf and rhododendrons and with a grilled gate and a special entrance all its own. You can see from the outside that it is a room which would warm up for gala occasions; and despite the changes which have forced so many Boston families to the suburbs, the Baylies ballroom — or, as it has been renamed, the Frances Greely Curtis Hall — is still one of the most animated and on occasion festive spots in the whole city. The ballroom has been renamed after Miss Curtis because it was her confidence in the venture, and her generosity in taking up the mortgage, which secured this whole building as the heart and headquarters of the Boston Center for Adult Education.

Learning at thirty-five

The belief in self-improvement is inherent in every American, and the pursuit of it keeps him

young. This Center for Adult Education came into existence in 1933 at the low point of the depression, when Professor Kirtley Mather of Harvard and Miss Dorothy Hewitt, who had directed adult education for the Boston Y.W.C.A., felt that the time was urgent for the formation of study and discussion groups.

That autumn they laid out a program of seventeen courses: courses in pencil sketching, in piano and singing, in poetry (reading and writing); courses designed to refresh the mind and develop a capacity which had long lain dormant. Fourteen teachers volunteered to devote one or two evenings a week to the Center. The Director, who was the optimist, hoped for an enrollment of 250; actually 350 were accepted and twice that number were turned away for lack of space. They paid \$4 for a course of twelve meetings, and their average age was thirty-five. That was sixteen years ago.

Operating almost on a shoestring, the Center has developed faster than any other educational institution in New England. Dr. Harry Overstreet, who has been the opening convocation speaker time and again, gave seven hundred of his books to start the library. Frank M. Rines, the artist, said in that first year that he would be glad to give one evening to the drawing class. Today there are twelve to fourteen groups in pencil sketching, each group limited to twenty people — and more on a waiting list. The word spread to the faculties of M.I.T., Harvard, Tufts, Boston University, and Boston College, and Miss Hewitt had no trouble finding new teachers.

John Holmes of Tufts and Elford Caughey of the Boston Symphony — poets both — have given courses in poetry and Shakespeare. There are courses in the short story, play writing, and radio dramatics. Florence Evans has a big group interested in public speaking and voice and diction; and there are courses in Conversational Chinese and Russian as well as in French, German, Portuguese, and Italian, each taught by a native of the particular country. The crafts — wood carving, leatherwork, jewelry making, portrait and color photography — flourish on the ground floor. There are twenty-seven rooms in the Baylies house, including the ballroom and basement, and they bulge with activity. Four thousand students will study at the Center this year, taking their choice of 141 courses.

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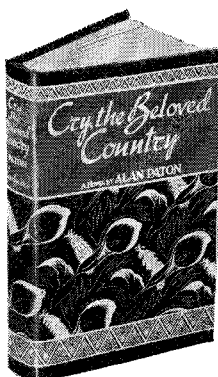
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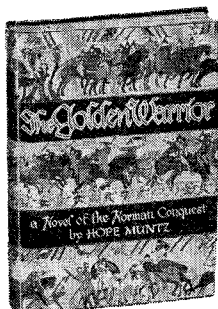
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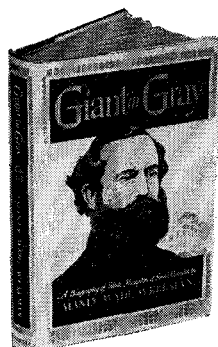


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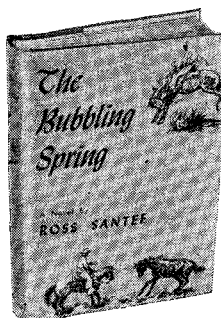
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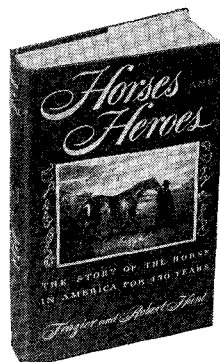
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ten-week term), but for the fun of bringing out the ability. One colored woman (a friend of Matthew Bullock, the Center's fourth president) took pencil sketching with Frank Rines. She kept at it for several years and then one day paused at the office to see Miss Hewitt. She had a ten-dollar bill in her hand and her eyes were shining. She said, "I have just sold a sketch of mine for \$20 and I want the Center to have half of it."

In the Baylies ballroom — I mean the room named after Miss Curtis — more than seven hundred people will gather this Christmas Eve. It's an annual party, when the Center holds open house. There won't be dancing because there won't be room, but there will be a wassail bowl and a program of entertainment. If you cared to scratch for it, you could find here the Chinese, the Italian, the Russian, the Swedish, the Spanish, the Scotch, and the Irish heritage. But it isn't the differences one notices at this party. It's the unanimity which flows through this room like an electric current — the unanimity which comes when Americans work together for something they deeply value.

Yonder was home

A few years ago a young newspaperman from Montana came to Harvard for a year of graduate study as a Nieman Fellow. He was one of a group of fifteen journalists and the only one who seized on that year as the chance to prove to himself whether or not he could really write the novel which he had been seeing in the back of his mind. Working under the quiet stimulus of Theodore Morrison of the Department of English, he produced by the year's end the greater part of a novel, a pioneering novel which was eventually published in 1948 under the title *The Big Sky*. His name was **A. B. Guthrie, Jr.** In his new book, *The Way West* (William Sloane Associates, \$3.50), Bud Guthrie proves conclusively that he is a novelist. The second novel is always more of a test than the first, and this is a better book — broader in its scope, deeper and more versatile in its characterization, and with more power and beauty in its feel for the country. *The Way West* is the story of the Oregon Trail and of a small wagon train, a total of thirty armed men with their wives and children — men who have all felt the push West and whose characters, large, middling, or mean, are laid bare in the long haul from Independence, Missouri, to Oregon.

The story then is the story of a pilgrimage in its design as old as Chaucer. It is the story of Tadlock, the elected Captain whose pushing, galling authority is early overruled, and of Lije Evans, the big patient rock of a man who takes over in Tadlock's place. It is the story of Dick Summers, the pilot of the train, a mountain man who had lived with the Indians twenty-five years earlier and whose remembrance of the country — the water holes, the cutoffs, the green, dulcet valleys

like that of the Bear — plus his knowledge of how to make medicine with the Sioux, the Snakes, and the Blackfeet was a lifesaver for the little band. It is the story of the women who came through, too — Rebecca and Mrs. Fairman, whose little boy Tod was struck by a rattler, and of Mercy McBee, the prettiest of the younger women, and of Brownie who was in love with her.

More than anyone else, it is Lije Evans on whom we focus our sympathy and admiration. He emerges as the leader of the group — a man heroic beyond his own realization, as when he walked into the stampeding buffaloes, firing his gun and expecting to be trampled. It is he who assumes the hardest responsibility, who passes up the fun of the trip — the hunting, the trout, and the square dances at the campfire — to make sure that the train is ready for the hardest travel. In the final test, Lije even out-tops Dick Summers. I find this a big and moving story alive with that pioneer spirit which we all respond to; here is human nature under the hardest exposure; here is the poetic evocation of the prairie, the wild rivers, and the heights. Here is history written on the land by the turn of wagon wheels.

What makes Americans laugh

Back in 1933 it seems that Will Rogers was being pushed by someone who wanted to write his life. Will would have none of it, and in his weekly column he spoke his mind: "Every guy that has a pencil and some old fools cap paper is going to put my life right in between the kivers of a dime novel (maybe nickle). . . . That these gentlemen didnt know you, or maybe had just met you once or twice in their lives never seemed to hinder their idea that they was the one to do your life. . . . Most of my life has been lived alone. I never run with a pack. In my later years Mrs. Rogers could perhaps give you a few details, but no one of my various authors has ever seen or asked her. Besides I havent even started living. I am going to cut loose here some day and try to get some life into my life and even then it wont be fit to tell about. The first part will be uninteresting and the last part will be too scandalous." The truth is that, long before this, Will had begun to write his autobiography. He never finished it, for the claims of the stage, Hollywood, and his daily column were too distracting; but the fragment describing his early life is rightly used as the beginning of a characteristic, if composite, self-portrait, *The Autobiography of Will Rogers*, edited by **Donald Day** (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.50).

Will, who was the youngest of seven children, was born on his father's ranch twelve miles north of Claremore, Oklahoma. His parents were both part Cherokee, and Will was proud of that fact; proud, too, that his father was a senator in the tribe, and a member of the convention that drafted the constitution of the state of Oklahoma. Will



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as a boy was too fond of the range to stay long at any school. He punched cows in Texas, Montana, and California; he mastered the lariat, practicing with a rope in a shady place every chance he got, and his work on a little cream-colored pony named Comanche won him a prize in a Rope and Riding contest. On his twenty-first birthday he was one of a Cowboy Band — he held but did not play a trombone — which made all the State Fairs through the Middle West. From there it was just one jump to the Wild West shows where Will and his pony were billed as the “Cherokee Kid.”

Will had his first bouts with seasickness when he went on tour to Argentina, London, and Australia; he made his first appearance in Madison Square Garden in 1905, and from there he broke into vaudeville. His little cow pony, Teddy, had been trained for the stage with felt-bottom boots buckled on his feet like galoshes. They were a smash hit at Hammerstein’s Roof Garden even though Teddy hated to go up in the elevator. And it was about that time that Will began to talk to the audience. One evening he got all tangled up in his rope. “A rope ain’t bad to get tangled up in,” he remarked, “if it ain’t around your neck.” That was the first gag he ever pulled, and it was the beginning of as shrewd, lovable, and laughable a commentary as any humorist has ever produced for the American public. Before Will Rogers it was Mr. Dooley, and before Mr. Dooley it was Mark Twain. Those three are in a class by themselves.

To the fragment of autobiography Mr. Day has pieced excerpts from Will’s press interviews, his after-dinner speeches, his magazine articles, and — most rewarding of all — his column, which began as a weekly in 1923, became a daily feature in 1926, and went on, clearer, deeper, and sharper, till 1935.

Will Rogers as he talked to his friend Cal, told stories to Henry Ford, or lectured to the Democratic Party was not only funny, he was penetrating. I haven’t any idea how many million Americans followed his words and loved him for them. He spoke for them; he said what they had been thinking. “You know, Cal,” he wrote in 1928, “you been President at a mighty fortunate time in our lives. The Lord has sure been good to us. Now what are we doing to warrant that good luck any more than any other Nation? Now just how long is that going to last? Now the way we are acting, the Lord is liable to turn on us any minute; and even if He don’t, our good fortune can’t possibly last any longer than our Natural resources.”

And here is the way he winds up his exhortation to the Democrats: “No voter in the World ever voted for nothing; in some way he has been convinced that he is to get something for that vote. His vote is all that our Constitution gives him, and it goes to the highest bidder. He jumps the way his Bread looks like it’s buttered the thickest.”

Because it is a composite, a Will Rogers an-

thology rather than a straightforward autobiography, this is a book for piece-reading. It is a book to snort over and chuckle at; a book to share with the wife; above all, a book to quote from.

In a year of outsize problems — of imponderables like Russia, the Atomic Bomb, and how enterprising Americans can get on with their Socialist friends — it is a relief and a delight to stop worrying and merely sit by, watching **Robert Benchley** contending against the man-sized problems which constantly tripped him and which, as he wrote of them, made him the funniest and most wayward humorist of Manhattan. Benchley’s humor is the humor of a city man, of a writer who cared for New York as fervently as O. Henry and who, when he traveled to Scarsdale or to Hollywood or to Europe, saw himself and measured his experience as a New Yorker out of water. I am reminded of this as I read his new collection, *Chips Off the Old Benchley* (Harper, \$3.00), with its introduction by Frank Sullivan and those illustrations by Gluyas Williams which have become as inseparable from the text as Tenniel’s drawings of Alice.

This is a collection of seventy-seven pieces none of which have been published before in book form. There is something amusing or ludicrous in every one of them, and the best are to be read aloud with whoops of joy. Mr. Benchley had little love and no knowledge of birds — not even of what he calls the bull pigeon which used to frighten the day-lights out of him on Forty-fourth Street; so I am not particularly amused when he lets go at bird fanciers and the passing of the Heath Hen. He didn’t know much more about fly fishing either, and I was prepared to cold-shoulder his paper on “The Lure of the Rod” until, in the third paragraph, I was completely disarmed by this “chip”: —

“Out come the rods from the attic, and several evenings are spent in fingering over the cards bearing the remnants of last season’s Silver Doctors, Jolly Rogers, Golden Bantams, or whatever they are called. Inveterate fisherman that I am, I have never been able to take seriously the technical names for flies. It is much simpler to refer to them as ‘this one’ and ‘that one’ and is less embarrassing if you happen to be self-conscious. The man who made up the names for flies must have been thwarted in a life-long desire to have children, and at last found that outlet for his suppressed baby-talk.”

But it is Benchley indoors — Benchley at the Turkish Bath; Benchley trying to pick up his change from a ticket window (really a beauty!); Benchley at the theater, watching the antics of a Gilbert and Sullivan audience; Benchley writing his “Belated Tribute” to Sir Walter Scott (“I am the boy who has taken every word out of *Ivanhoe* and put it back eight times”); Benchley describing what would happen if Cicero attempted to speak in the United States Senate — who is Benchley at his best. I wish there were more.

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BY

CHARLES J. ROLO



THE political labels in use badly need to be scrubbed clean. The word "conservative," for instance, is felt to be disreputable even among conservatives: Mr. Robert Taft, for one, prefers to be called a liberal. The word "liberal," with its suggestion of well-meaning futility or, worse still, of sentimental Stalinism, is also noticeably tarnished — even in the eyes of liberals: a good many prefer to call themselves "members of the non-Communist left." The underlying trouble is that the credos to which these labels refer have become thoroughly muddled themselves. What, at this point in history, is the meaning of conservatism? What is the content of American liberalism today?

These questions are explored in two of the more stimulating books I have come across this year: *Peter Viereck's Conservatism Revisited* (Scribner's, \$2.50) and *The Vital Center* (Houghton Mifflin, \$3.00) by **Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.** A related question — What are the essentials of American democracy? — is the subject of another recent manifesto, *This I Do Believe* (Harper, \$2.50) by **David Lilienthal**.

The revolt against revolt

Peter Viereck, Associate Professor of European History at Mount Holyoke College, is also the gifted poet whose *Terror and Decorum* was awarded a Pulitzer Prize this year. His *Conservatism Revisited* is hinged on a heterodox revaluation of that unbeloved ancestor of Western Union, Prince Metternich, whose statesmanship inaugurated an era of ninety-nine years during which there was no widespread European war.

In the course of his scrutiny of the wisdom and errors of Metternich, Viereck formulates a "liberal conservatism," which — while it places liberty before "total-security"; while it resists a leveling majoritarianism — remains the gateway to and not the gate against reform. Viereck warmly champions moderation, order, gradualism. But he says with Metternich, "Stability is not immobility." The American conservative, he argues, should have no objection to humane social reforms which seem "socialistic" or are against the fetish of *laissez faire*. "When did we ever have *laissez faire*?"

All of this may suggest that Mr. Viereck is asking the Republican Party to think like the more sober

New Dealers. I imagine, though, that he is more concerned with demonstrating to American intellectuals — most of them anti-conservative — that there exists an "evolutionary," internationalist conservatism which has nothing in common with reaction; and that it offers an effective counter-challenge to Russia's revolutionary nationalism.

While often disagreeing with Mr. Viereck, I found this short essay a delightful piece of work, bristling with epigram and paradox and permeated with civilized thinking. I particularly liked the discussion of the conservative philosophy in its cultural context. Conservatism is defined as "a treasure house, sometimes an infuriatingly dusty one, of generations of accumulated experience, which any ephemeral rebellious generation has a right to disregard — at its peril." Varying the metaphor, Viereck calls conservatism "a social and cultural cement holding together what western man has built." The core and fire-center of conservatism, as he sees it, is "a humanist reverence for the dignity of the individual." A crassly modern education, says Viereck, can teach us to be good clerks; only the broad humanities can teach us to be good human beings. "We don't need a 'century of the common man'; we have it already, and it has only produced the commonest man, the impersonal and irresponsible and uprooted mass-man. What we need . . . is a century of the individual man. . . . What is precious is the aristocratic spirit."

It is refreshing to find a challenging restatement of this spirit which does not identify it with the aristocratic class; which betrays no Eliotesque leanings toward authoritarianism, no nostalgia for the trappings of medievalism.

Not Right, not Left

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., Associate Professor of History at Harvard and author of a Pulitzer Prize winner, *The Age of Jackson*, presents *The Vital Center* as "a report on the re-examination and self-criticism which liberalism has undergone in the last decade." Between the credo that emerges and that of Schlesinger's conservative contemporary, Viereck — both authors are in their early thirties — the area of agreement is strikingly wide; and that spells a radical change in the radical outlook. The major casualty has been the Rousseauist notion of man as essentially virtuous and therefore perfectible, long a cardinal tenet of official liberalism. This casualty has caused another: the notion that kindly materialists can save the world through economics.

The liberals of Mr. Schlesinger's generation have grown up with "a moderate pessimism about man." Less doggedly rationalist, less materialist than the older generation, they have taken into account a new dimension of experience — "the dimension of anxiety, guilt and corruption." Freud renewed their belief in the irrationality of the will; Hitler and

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Stalin revealed to them the hideous excesses of which men are still capable. Schlesinger also pays his respects to the theology of Barth and Reinhold Niebuhr, which "has given new power to the old and chastening truths of Christianity." All of this, a decade or so ago, would have amounted to crypto-fascism in the eyes of right-thinking liberals. And there are like heresies to follow.

Mr. Schlesinger finds the "doctrine progressive" soft and irresponsible, a sentimental utopian, a wailer. To him politics is the art of the possible, and tedious study of detail is more important than passing resolutions. He is more concerned with the individual than with the mass, and is wary of "interminable government organization—an enterprise which only intoxicates the bureaucrat."

Like Viereck, Schlesinger believes that a revival of enlightened conservatism would be a healthy thing for America; like Viereck, he puts freedom before social security. And when he comes to defining the tests of freedom, the authority he quotes at some length is that onetime *bête noire* of American liberals, Winston Churchill.

If liberalism, as restated in these pages, has shed a good many of its tenets and its rosy dreams, it has also recovered some of its nerve and vigor in the process. Mr. Schlesinger's remains a fighting credo, committed to social change. His slashing critique of the failures of the Left and of Russian totalitarianism is preceded by a slashing assessment of the sins and failures of American business; and he finds much durable achievement in the record of the New Deal and the Fair Deal.

Schlesinger's "vital center" represents, in sum, a *more pragmatic* liberalism—tough, sober, uncompromisingly internationalist. Is it not, I wonder, an intellectual's formulation of the sort of credo that a majority of Americans voted for in 1948?

"An American Credo"

David Lilienthal's statement of the essentials of American democracy, *This I Do Believe*, might well serve as a textbook on the "American credo," currently the subject of so much demagogic claptrap. As you read these pages and note the priority given to ethics over economics, the author's deep sense of the value of the individual, his pride in the dynamism of American industry, his fervent patriotism, it seems incredible and

monstrous that Senator McKellar should have been allowed to waste the taxpayers' money trying to pin charges of Communistic leftism on the Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission.

Perhaps the most significant contribution this book makes is the discussion of overcentralization in government and industry, a dehumanizing force in contemporary life. Mr. Lilienthal is not one of those who believe in putting the clock back. Instead he points to the TVA as suggesting a tested solution to the problem of gigantism in government and industry, the formula being to centralize *policy-making* but drastically decentralize *administration*.

Mr. Lilienthal has attempted a measure of decentralization in the development of atomic energy, has tried to channel the program "into the main stream of democratic economic life"—only to encounter stiff resistance in Congress. The Federal public service, he warns, is becoming increasingly unattractive for reasons more fundamental than low salaries, lack of tenure, and intemperate attacks. Congress's growing tendency to go beyond policy-making and insist on "item-by-item control"—an invasion of the executive department which has bred delays and the mixing of politics into technical matters—is making it impossible, says Mr. Lilienthal, to do a creditable job. Even so, he advances the suggestion that, to fortify our democratic structure, businessmen and engineers, lawyers and scholars, do as they did during the war: put in a term of public service.

Whatever he is writing about—the relationship between private and public enterprise; the awful problems posed by nuclear fission; the task of deterring Communist aggression—Lilienthal's tone is sanguine and affirmative. Even allowing for the fact that this book was written as a testament of faith, I suspect that the author retains a good deal—probably too much—of the liberal's traditional optimism about human nature. I also detected another significant difference between his outlook and that of Messrs. Schlesinger and Viereck: a vestige of parochialism. It seemed to me curious to find someone so close to the atom bomb talking of building a civilization that will survive, "whatever may transpire in other parts of the world." The phrase sounds like an echo from 1939.

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To wind up on a carping note would be misleading, since I found this, by and large, a stirring book. It is the first to quicken the imagination with hints of the thrilling "atomic adventure" that lies ahead if peace endures.

Love and the atom

The onetime "forgotten" man of Science, the research physicist, has lately been transformed, in the public mind, from yogi to superman. This rise in prestige is currently reflected on the fictional plane by the elevation of the physicist from the literary slums — the pulps and "science fiction" — to the brownstone respectability of a realistic novel. The book in question, as a good many readers must know at this late date, is **Mitchell Wilson's *Live with Lightning*** (Little, Brown, \$3.00), a Literary Guild choice. If my memory is not at fault, this is the first novel of any merit with a nuclear physicist as its hero and his cosmos as its terrain. The author is a graduate of laboratories presided over by two Nobel Prize winners, Fermi and Rabi.

The burden of his story is that the physicist's is a bleak life and a frustrating one. The grueling apprenticeship, interminable labor, and low pay are its lesser trials. Its major tribulation is the beating that pure science — the discovery and sharing of truth — has taken in our society. In the academy the physicist has often been at the mercy of reactionary Brahmins. Industry has often subsidized his research only for the purpose of burying his inventions. Now the non-military development of atomic energy is being retarded both by the military and by politicians seeking to steer that program in the direction of private industry. All of this is dramatized in the career of Mr. Wilson's hero, Erik Gorin, which is traced from his first research project at Columbia University to his battles in Washington as a leading scientist twenty years later.

The interest of *Live with Lightning* seems to me chiefly documentary and stems from the freshness of its subject: it isn't often, nowadays, that a novel opens up a new cosmos. The story, which is powered by love as well as atomic energy, has enough momentum to drive the reader forward at a rapid pace; but I can't say that its literary quality is distinguished. Mr. Wilson certainly bypasses the front-line clichés: his hero, for instance, is no knight in overalls

consecrated to the Quest for Truth. But the author doesn't quite succeed in breaking through the next position, in getting beyond the intelligently conventional.

Sex, sin, and segregation

Lillian Smith's sequel to her trail-blazing novel, *Strange Fruit*, is a nonfiction analysis of the sources of race hatred in the South. Miss Smith has "listened closely" to Freud and other psychiatrists: also to such men as Schweitzer and Gandhi. ***Killers of the Dream*** (Norton, \$3.00) is a crusading work which seeks to spread psychiatry's insights into racism. It draws deeply on personal history without being autobiography, and it has the flavor neither of a sociological treatise nor of a clinical report. What it sets out to do is to re-create the texture of Southern experience, from infancy to maturity, out of which hatred for the Negro grows — to chart "the curve of an idea as it moves from father to child."

This is a blunt, fearlessly written book couched in swiftly moving prose that is alive with feeling; "hard, bitter facts are discussed in it that neither children nor fools can be nourished on."

The white man's burden, we have learned from Freud, is his own childhood. Miss Smith starts out by exploring the "special" burden under which so many white Southerners grow up: the traumatic effects of the first precepts about color on a child whose infantile pleasures are strongly associated with his "colored mother," his beloved black nurse. The author's analysis, I should like to stress, is not one that can be fairly represented in a brief compass. She traces closely the emotional process through which whites come to identify the Negro with sex and sin. She argues that the deep sexual tension of the South is bound up with the placing of the white woman on a pedestal. She believes, moreover, that the stern teachings of religion in the South — especially the South's "warm, moist evangelism" — have burdened whites with a heavy load of guilt and fear ("Guilt . . . is today the biggest crop raised in Dixie"), which find an outlet in repression of the Negro, the symbol of wickedness. Economics is held to play only a marginal role in racial prejudice. During the war years, says the author, there was more money than the South had ever seen before — and tolerance declined.

thank you, Mr. Taylor*

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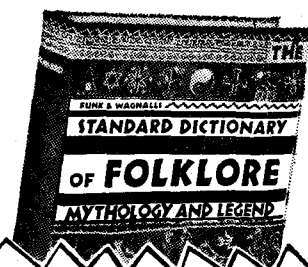
"The warped, distorted frame we have put around every Negro child from birth is around every white child also," Miss Smith writes. The Southern way of life, she says, "has never worked." Every reader will have to decide for himself the force of Miss Smith's analysis. She has certainly presented her case eloquently and in deeply human terms. That case deserves a wide hearing.

Portrait of a prophet

That childhood is the white man's burden is strikingly exemplified in **Peter Quennell's** biography, *John Ruskin* (Viking, \$3.75). Although the author remarks in passing that the "Freudian explanation" of Ruskin's troubled personality is "unconvincing," he himself convincingly traces Ruskin's deep disturbances to a loveless and overdisciplined childhood.

Apart from a mild objection to the above quibble with Freud, I have nothing but praise for this elegant and penetrating portrait. Mr. Quennell approximates my idea of the model biographer. There is not a trace of vulgar "popularization" in his method. Nor are there any leanings toward the elephantine documentation, the mouselike reluctance to venture from the safety of facts to the hazards of opinion, which the pedantic academe tends to consider the hallmarks of scholarship. Quennell is scholarly and thorough, but judiciously selective. His prose has distinction and verve, and his portraiture is strongly colored without being technicolored.

Why, it is fair to ask, another biography of Ruskin? His ecstatic aesthetics do not strike us nowadays as an exemplary approach to art; and, while he is a considerable figure, his importance has already been voluminously assessed. Very wisely, Mr. Quennell has not attempted self-justification by straining to show that his subject is a prophet not honored today as he deserves to be. Instead, he completely justifies this new portrait by making it an altogether fascinating character study of a personality with many facets: the indefatigable tourist; the dictator of Victorian taste; the hysterical lover, condemned to lifelong disappointment; the devoted son who halfway through life changed into the accusing rebel; the illiberal revolutionary who tried to found a Utopia, and founded, instead, a Tea Shoppe.



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Each of these facets makes a bizarre story. Ruskin's love life—the passionate courtship which led to a marriage dissolved on grounds of impotence; then the long tortured romance between the aging prophet and his teen-age pupil, Rose La Touche—is scarcely more peculiar than the story of the prophet's "projects." There was a grandiose scheme to beautify the face of England, which inspired Ruskin to go out and sweep the streets. There was a course of esoteric lectures intended to fill rough proletarians with an uplifting love of Beauty. And there were muddled socialistic schemes which caused the papers to denounce Ruskin as "a mad governess"—a cruel cut that has its point.

Ruskin was a man afflicted with a deep strain of spiritual hypochondria (whose sources, as noted earlier, are convincingly elucidated). But though he accounted himself a failure and eventually lost his sanity, his life was far from being all gloom. He had a striking charm of manner that earned him many friends, among them the misanthropic Carlyle, and caused him to be greatly courted by society. More importantly, he loved the visible world with an intensity which carried its own reward. This quality of his, captured here in quotation from his writings, reminds us that, however large its failings, Ruskin's approach to art had at least one exciting quality: a poetic hardness which yields flashes of dazzling illumination. As Mr. Quennell puts it, "Ruskin is a master of imaginative criticism whose sensibility enlarges and illuminates every subject that engrossed him."

"Psychosomatic" history

Each new book by **Arthur Koestler** (fiction as well as nonfiction) has impressed me with his staying power as the superjournalist who invariably tackles big subjects and invariably comes up with a "new angle." In Koestler's last work, *Insight and Outlook*, the new angle was "bisociative" (as opposed to associative) psychology. In *Promise and Fulfilment* (Macmillan, \$4.00), it is the "psychosomatic" approach to history, one which devotes special attention to the part played by "irrational forces and emotive bias." Since the history in question is that of Palestine from 1917 to 1949—a story in which "irrational forces and emotive bias" have decisively shaped



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Mr. Koestler, a man passionately wedded to general ideas, takes pains to point out that if he has written about this particular country, it is because Jewry, "with its flayed skin and exposed nerves," represents "the human condition carried to the extreme." In his view, Jewish Palestine is a specimen of humanity in a heated test tube, and its behavior, studied "under the social microscope," reflects "laws of universal validity." This typically Koestlerian flourish overstrains a perfectly sound point: namely, that the Zionist "experiment" has been an extraordinary one from which there is a good deal to be learned. Anyhow, *Promise and Fulfilment* is a vigorous job, a compound of terse chronicling, brilliant firsthand reportage, penetrating judgments, and flashy generalizations too pat to be entirely valid.

Promise and Fulfilment is divided into three parts: a historical survey of the developments which led to the emergence of Israel; a close-up of the recent war and of everyday life in the new state; and a survey of Israel's social and political structure, its cultural trends and prospects. Koestler has written what seems to me the most searching account to date of Britain's Palestine policy, which drowned Balfour's great vision in the blood and squalor of a second Ireland in the Levant. He argues cogently that this policy was, essentially, the result not of concern over oil or Russia, but of such factors as the typical colonial official's dislike of the Jew, the myths cherished by the Foreign Office Arab experts, the impossible situation created by years of administrative muddling. Bevin's course Koestler describes as "frankly surrealistic." He concludes — rightly, I think — that Israel owes its existence and Britain the collapse of its Arab policy to Bevin's vindictive intransigence.

As readers of *Thieves in the Night* will remember, Koestler, though a supporter of Zionism, can be as tough about the Jews as about the British. While he is clearly excited by the emergence of Israel, his topical report — an extremely informative one — is peppered with sharp criticism. What Koestler disapproves of most are the various manifestations of Hebrew nationalism — the country's "cultural claustrophobia."

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"TELL ME A STORY!"

by JANE COBB and
HELEN DORE BOYLSTON

Only a person of exceptionally moral disposition would care to compile statistics on the number of man-hours at go into the making of the average venile. There is nothing haphazard about the children's book industry. Authors sweat, publishers advise, lesmen confer, artists toil, and educators advocate. Even so, the initial impulse of any book designed for children is frequently lost sight of: the response to the perennial cry of "Tell me a story!"

This has been brought home to us with particular sharpness just now because we are in receipt of a reissue Andrew Lang's *Orange Fairy Book*. As juvenile-writers ourselves, we are humbled. Fairy stories, it seems, have everything: the ever inventive forces of evil countered by the even more inventive forces of good, the rhythmic repetition which never slows the story, the artistry which never lends with a dull moment. In a fairy story there is always something going on.

Undoubtedly it was the fact that the ancients were not too choosy about what *did* go on which cast the others Grimm *et al.* into disrepute during the early days of the child psychology era — twenty-five years ago. Sensitive adults shuddered at the happy endings in which the hero reformed the ninth-century equivalent of encasing the villain in concrete and dropping him into the East River. They felt — in many instances correctly — that it might be better if children read stories in which their own, less highly spiced experiences are confirmed, their horizons enlarged more gently and in the proper directions. All this was excellent in intention, but unfortunately the result was a flood of books long on tail and completely emasculate as plot.

Once, at the age of seven, we received a book which, from the progressive-school standpoint, should have been a real killer. It was charmingly illustrated, and we opened it with enthusiasm. It began with the story of a little girl whose mother had said that it was time to get up. His seemed to us an auspicious beginning and we waited avidly for further developments. Well, Mother took off the little girl's nightgown. When the child had a bath, brushed

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her teeth, and finally dressed. That was the end of the tale. The others in the book were on the same order, and we were tearful with frustration. This book is still in print and the other day, wondering if we had been abnormally thrill-hungry in our early youth, we read it to a seven-year-old of our acquaintance. At least we read until she remarked in exasperation, "For heaven's sake — doesn't anything happen?"

This state of mind applies to all but the tiniest readers, who are largely dependent on illustrations, and even they prefer books like *The Three Little Kittens* or *Peter Rabbit* to one which is all about eating your oatmeal.

Now, having pointed out the case against too much good taste and the practice of feeding the young mind on tepid pabulum, we will reverse ourselves and lodge a complaint against Mr. Walt Disney.

No one will deny that when Mr. Disney is on his own he is a sensitive and inventive artist, but lately, perhaps badly advised, he has taken to hopping up old favorites and his taste has forsaken him. He selects a classic which has been doing all right for generations, and converts it into a series of seven-color prat falls. We were particularly outraged a couple of years ago by his treatment of *Uncle Remus*, which had delightful illustrations — and an abridged and vulgarized text. We read it to our children and then followed it up with our own smudgily illustrated personal edition. The children preferred the latter, indicating that Joel Chandler Harris probably knew what he was doing in the first place. Now comes *The Adventures of Mr. Toad* — a book filled with fascinating pictures and a text which should be captioned "What We Done to Kenneth Gra-hame."

The quality of the various categories of books on the fall list has also reversed itself. As a rule, books for the very little have been abundant and excellent, while many of those for the middle years and teen-agers have been doubtful. This year, for some inexplicable reason, we found few enthralling picture books, but were pleased and impressed by the caliber of the older juveniles, particularly those for the teens. Several houses, notably Macrae-Smith and Doubleday, have published serious novels which, though listed as "Juniors," differ in no way from adult

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

of The Atlantic Monthly
published Monthly at Concord, N. H.
for October 1st, 1949

State of Massachusetts, County of Suffolk, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and County aforesaid, personally appeared Donald B. Snyder, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Publisher of the Atlantic Monthly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in Section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

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(My commission expires February 2, 1950)

ks, save that they are far better than the average lending any romance. These books are ally and politically sophisticated he best sense of the word; that is,

authors have not attempted to ust reality to the presumably der sensibilities of the young. is is particularly true of *Sarah*, by rgueritte Harmon Bro, a beauty accomplished book by any ndards. We were pleased, too, see that *The Saracen's Head*, by ert Lancaster, and *Look Out for Ostriches*, by Jan Juta, have been ed as juveniles.

We have listed here the books ich seem to us the best out of the ge number received, but it must understood that we are limited as space, and it is with regret that we ve had to omit many excellent oks. Anyway, these were our first ices. The age grouping is, of rse, only approximate. Much ends on the individual child.

THE VERY LITTLE

The Happy Day, by **Ruth Krauss**. is is far and away the best of this ir's picture books. As we open, e bears are sleeping, the field mice e sleeping, the snails are sleeping, t to mention the squirrels and the ound hogs. Just why they wake up such a hurry and dash off, all in one ection, is a secret. Marc Simont's istrations contribute enormously.

The Sitter Who Didn't Sit, **Helen Walker Puner**. It was gh time that someone immortalized e sitter, and in this book it seems to ve been accomplished. The chil-en love every minute of Mrs. ilburdrive's busy evening, com-cated by the telephone, the gar-age man, and the man from the Sun-ght-Sun-Bright Cleaner Company. *The Little Whistler*, by **Frances ost**. A book of children's poems, d lovely, as always, though we may prejudiced in favor of it because e were able, by reading it aloud, to lt an alarming 8 A.M. battle. The ildren listened, enraptured, for lf an hour, and then went meekly to school. The poems are very pealing.

Miss Flora McFlimsey's Christ-as Eve, by **Mariana**. Miss Flora is a doll, deserted in the attic for any years. She might have stayed ere forever if a friendly mouse dn't told her that it was Christmas ve. The news stimulated Miss Flora such an extent that she went down-

stairs and seated herself under the Christmas tree, old clothes, dust, and all. What happens after that has been wound into an excellent story.

THE MIDDLE YEARS

The Blue Cat of Castle Town, by **Catherine Cate Coblentz**. This is a delicate, early American fantasy about a blue kitten, born under a blue moon, who learned the river's song. Parts of the tale are based on fact. In less talented hands the story could have been painfully corny. As it is, the quest of the blue kitten and his effect on the community are delightful.

Flossie and Bossie, by **Eva Le Gallienne**, is a charming, skillful story of two bantam hens—one meek and put-upon, the other the cock's favorite and queen of the barnyard. The only thing they had in common, aside from their enmity, was their determination to become mothers. There is something happening on every page, the book is written with tenderness and humor, and the underlying satire will be a blessed relief to parents reading it aloud. Miss Le Gallienne's gift for employing vivid contrast is guaranteed to grip even the most laggard attention.

The Fabulous Flight, by **Robert Lawson**. When Peter Peabody Pepperell III was seven years old he began to grow smaller instead of bigger, and by the time he was thirteen he could ride on rabbits and fly on the backs of sea gulls. This talent came in very handy, since Peter's father was employed in the State Department, and Peter was sent on a Very Important mission. An absorbing story, with just the right combination of modernism and magic.

Wishing Water Gate, by **Elinor Lyon**. For a change, here are four English children involved in an adventure which does not include rugger, hockey, or a mean old head-mistress. This is a book about real children, with real dialogue and fascinating goings-on in the bowels of a sinister mountain. We recommend it highly.

Kildee House, by **Rutherford Montgomery**. We cannot imagine a child of any age who wouldn't be entranced by the idea of being friends with a shy old man living in a one-room cabin in the redwoods with a family of skunks and a family of raccoons. Emma Lou Eppy found herself in this enviable position and she

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AS A PUBLISHER

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—F. V. Morley

AS A PUGILIST

"His boxing lessons took place at a toughish gymnasium in Boston's South End . . ."

—Conrad Aiken

AT A PARTY

—of the ten cleverest men and the ten most beautiful women in London, where he tied Maynard Keynes in solving riddles—and where "Aldous Huxley might have come in a better third had not righteous indignation, provoked by the imbecility of the conundrums, in some measure balked the stride of his lofty intellect."—Clive Bell

THESE and countless other anecdotes appear in a new book about T. S. Eliot for his sixtieth birthday. Gathered together, with poems in homage (by Edith Sitwell, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender and others), criticism and appraisals from many lands, they form a rich and colorful revelation of a great and famous, but very human, man.

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made the most of it, meanwhile carrying on her feud with Donald Roger and his dog. An unusual story, excellently done.

The Door in the Wall, by Marguerite de Angeli. It's a symbolic door in the wall of a small boy's affliction, and the background is medieval England. A strange, unknown disease — only too familiar to us now — paralyzed young Robin de Bureford's legs and he could never hope to become a knight like his father. He learned to be a great many other things, however. The life of the times is faithfully and interestingly drawn, the people are real, and the illustrations lovely. As for the plot, we read it with breathless interest.

TEEN-AGERS

Sarah, by Margueritte Harmon Bro., is a mature and important novel about the integration of an unusually talented and intelligent girl. It is certainly a book to recommend for young girls — over fourteen — despite the fact that the author has included love, ambition, sex, and death in her intelligent and competently written book.

Punt Formation, by Philip Harkins, is, like all Mr. Harkins's books, tops in sports stories. As far as mortal woman can tell, this is the low-down on football. It is also a spellbinding story of intramural politics in an average high school, and an account of what kind of toughness is best in the long run. There are many ways of pointing a moral; we like Mr. Harkins's way.

Storm of Dancerwood, by Joseph E. Chipperfield. Don't be fooled by the amiably conventional jacket and title into thinking that this is just another dog story. It is one of the most beautiful, subtle, and moving nature stories that we have read in years. Only a naturalist could have so detailed a knowledge of wild life on the hills and moors of the West Country of England. The story — of a pure-bred Alsatian who goes partly wild, mates with a blind fox vixen, and becomes the protector of various smaller creatures, including a heron and an otter — reads so convincingly that we wonder if it is fiction at all. There's a seal in it, too, with whom we fell madly in love. Anyway, we hope the book will not be limited to the juvenile list.

Sword in Sheath, by Andre Norton. What became of the boys in the OSS after the peace? Here is one version: they go back in. Lawrence Kane and Sam Marasaki are sent off on a complicated mission with even more complicated results, and the story is breath-taking. The dialogue, too, is exceptionally good.

Your Young Life, by Marjory Hall. The adventures of a young lady working her way up in the magazine field. The reader is spared nothing, from office politics and better-looking competitors, to appropriated boy-friends. Well written, and with a good word for the nicer techniques of getting ahead, this book ought nevertheless to jar the star dust out of a few overdreamy adolescent eyes.

Toby on the Sheep Drive, by Margaret Phelps. This is decidedly a new kind of Western, and excellently written. The author not only knows Arizona and boys: she also knows sheep, which are a lot more exciting and interesting than one would expect. The book is a pleasant change from the eternal cowboy and bronc stories, but is lively enough to suit the taste of the most Western-minded youngster.

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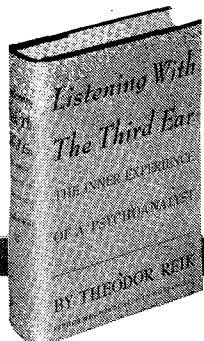
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ACCENT ON LIVING



A MISTAKEN attitude common to many husbands is that the group activities of their wives are aimless, fitful flutterings in pursuit of the stated objective.

Men regard the League of Women Voters indulgently as a feminine attempt to imitate the civic and trade associations of the male. If his wife lunches every week with the Happy Hollow Book Club (twenty-six members, twenty-six luncheons, twenty-six reports on a New Book during the winter season), the husband counts it all as a literary project. It may be an Alliance Française or a Browning Society or a Women's Auxiliary of Griggsville Post, American Legion, that attracts the wife's support, and the husband sees no reason to take these for other than what their letter-heads imply.

If they fail to show a profound effect on his wife's mastery of French, knowledge of Browning, or role in the national defense, the man tends to write off the unsucccess as a typically feminine fiasco. He has no understanding of the true purpose of such organizations.

This page dealt last month with what develops among a small, intimate group of women who regard each other as "friends." The small group is outlet enough for some women, especially for those who are

THIS MONTH

still feeling their way with a husband and are not yet assured of a complete twenty-four-hour control over him. It will always have its uses, but a woman of spirit is bound to seek a bigger audience as time goes on.

Thus it is that women have devised organizations of all kinds, some of them on a national scale, as major league competition among themselves. These enterprises may masquerade as devoted to slum clearance, canasta, hot school lunches, flower arrangements, unmarried mothers, stray animals, or the fine arts; yet their underlying purpose is the same: to give the membership a chance to put their husbands through their paces.

Big-league demonstrations fall, roughly, into three categories:—

1. *Making the husband do something that he does not want to do.*
2. *Making the husband do something that other husbands will not do.*
3. *A genuine novelty, a real "First."*

Beginning with the more elementary exercises in Group 1, the stunts become more difficult in Group 2, while Group 3 consists of out-and-out hair-raisers.

EXERCISES — GROUP I *Deliver and Call For*

First Degree. — In this exercise the husband is obliged to drive the wife to the group meeting, to be seen by at least one fourth of the membership on her arrival, and to call for her after the meeting. Husband is allowed to sit in the car while waiting for wife.

Second Degree. — Husband calls for wife as above but is obliged to wait for her *at main exit* (sitting in car prohibited). Wife is last to emerge, and husband-in-waiting is observed by entire membership.

Bringing Things

General. — Husband is procured to transport chairs, cups and saucers, trays, foodstuffs, which wife is bringing to meeting. An extra fillip is given this one after the meeting when the husband reappears to load his car with the dirty dishes and remains of sandwiches, cream bottles, and silver.

Stunts with Container and Packing Problems. — There are two schools of thought on which makes the showier performance: (1) to provide the husband with no container and thus to

make him hustle back and forth many times delivering cups and saucers, spoons, parcels in small lots; (2) to provide him with a precarious container likely to fall apart and make an interesting scene. (A frail laundry basket or too light dress box will produce the desired effect.)

Confusion of Ownership. First Degree. — Additional errands and membership contacts for the husband can be readily devised by the use of properties closely resembling those furnished by other members. Thus, the wife reports some days later that she is short two chairs, four spoons, three cups and saucers, and will husband please retrieve them from whatever other members have them?

Second Degree. — Attractive variation of previous stunt, in which husband is caused to lug home vast quantities of properties not belonging to his wife and to canvass membership list for possible claimants.

EXERCISES — GROUP II

Bringing Other Members

First Stage. — Highly regarded stunt in which husband picks up a carful of other wives, preferably from widely scattered parts of town, and delivers them at meeting.

Second Stage. — Full-scale operation which includes transportation of other members *plus* their extra chairs, food parcels, china, silver. Confusion-of-ownership problem may be mixed in as desired.

The wife tackling this stunt must be prepared to answer all why-pick-on-me? objections that other husbands instead of himself ought to be bearing a hand. A set of stock answers will serve but they must be delivered crisply and promptly: illness, divorce, out of town, did-it-for-me-last-month-when-you-were-running-around-in-Philadelphia.

NOTE: The husband is graded for affability and conversational output; no sulking or aloofness permitted. Some wives insist that the husband get out of the car and accompany each member to her front door on the return. In bad weather, husband must be quick with umbrella.

EXERCISES — GROUP III

Host at Home

Role. — Since the man tries to synchronize a business trip with any women's group meeting scheduled for his own home, the wife may score

heavily by having husband in full attendance on such occasions. Basic argument is in the name of hospitality — that his absence would be an unpardonable affront to "guests." If this fails, the clincher is: "I am sure they are just as much your friends as mine and we're not going to have any friends if you refuse to do your part."

Extra Feature. — Husband may be hooked for entire pick up and return service on grounds that other members had generously lent their belongings, that he should have provided his own family with enough china, silver, and chairs anyhow. "The least you can do if you won't buy me what I need is these few errands, and I just talked to Helen and Maureen and they said they'd have everything ready for you . . ."

Only Male Present

Techniques. — A coup for any wife, bound to draw favorable comment. This is achieved by assuring the husband that this particular meeting has been set up for members *and husbands*. It is the only one the group has planned on that basis, she says, and she will be the only woman there not decently accompanied if he refuses. He proves to be the only man there.

It will be seen that the hard part of this stunt lies not in persuading the man to go but *in making him stay, once he realizes the facts*. Wife's alibi is that she got the dates wrong. Any wife who can repeat this stunt with the same organization (and with the same husband) is a champion.

Participation and Arrangements

Nuisance Work. — Husband may be drafted for various tasks on grounds of his supposed connections or proficiency in: preparation and printing of programs; renting a hall or persuading the owner to donate it; publicity; finding out where the group can buy "at wholesale" (price must withstand criticism from anyone in the group who believes she could have got a better price somewhere else).

Out-and-Out Participation. — Husband is made to serve on discussion panel or even as principal speaker. Technique of argument in this case is that husband is a man of great talent, that none of the wife's group believes it, and that he must now take his rightful place in community affairs.

CHARLES W. MORTON



ELIXIR OF THE GRAPE

by SALVATORE P. LUCIA

A San Francisco doctor by vocation, SALVATORE P. LUCIA is a well-known amateur of fine wines. He served on the Judges Committee, Red Table Wines, California State Fair, for the past three years and is a member of the Board of Governors, San Francisco Branch of the Wine and Food Society.

WE HAVE all read in Homer how Odysseus and his companions were attracted by Circe's sweet voice. She made a potion of cheese and barley meal and yellow honey and Pramnian wine, and withal she mixed baneful drugs, that the warriors might utterly forget their native land — which they did. Ancient man and the American public (possessors of unsophisticated palates) both desire a sweet wine. Thus the producer of sweet wines is fortunate: his market is already created.

Recently I was invited to a tasting of wines in honor of a group of home economists. The tasting consisted of three fine white dinner wines presented in the order of decreasing dryness, after which the guests withdrew to a special table where twenty different sherries awaited them. The reaction to the dry sherries was uniform — puckered lips, tightly closed eyes, and the appearance of prominent crow's-feet. The sommelier at this end of the table was calm and inactive, while the one who poured the sweet wines was frantic meeting the demand.

Over half a million acres of California soil are devoted to the production of the grape, and by some queer cantrip no other region in the world produces so many varieties of sweet wine. The demand for sweet wine has been so great that 80 per cent of the wines produced in California are of the sweet variety.

Our public has not advanced far in the more esoteric arts of the palate. Since no great discrimination in taste is necessary to appreciate the average



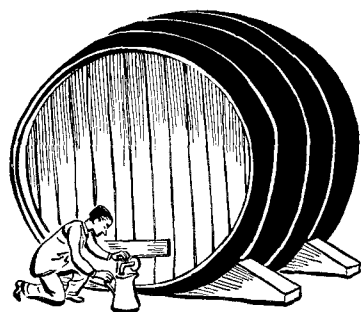
sweet wine, the decision to choose a less expensive domestic wine in preference to the pedigreed imported variety is just a matter of astute ac-
countancy.

In 1947-1948 California produced 95,222,000 gallons of wine, of which 77,006,000 gallons were of the dessert varieties. Officially wines are classified according to their content of alcohol, those containing less than 14 per cent being the table wines, and those containing more than 14 per cent the dessert wines. Oddly the *apéritif* or appetizer wines are included among dessert wines, for no other reason than a legal definition.

The dessert wines are in reality elixirs of the grape, and perhaps the alcohol which is added to them is for the purpose of preserving their characteristic flavor and sweetness. In Great Britain the term "fortified wine" is still used officially; but it has been dropped in the United States because the word *fortification* connotes intent to increase intoxicating power.

Setting a legal line of demarcation between table and dessert wine does not indicate the differences between sweet and dry wine; nor does it set the limits of sweetness or natural fermentation. Some wines are naturally sweet although they contain less than 14 per cent alcohol, and many are dry although they contain more than 14 per cent alcohol; others may acquire a natural alcoholic content greater than 14 per cent without the addition of distilled spirit.

Some confusion results from the nomenclature of California dessert wines because foreign type-names are used to designate wines which, though



pleasing in themselves, rarely resemble their European prototypes. The need for distinctive California names is imperative. As a prelude Angelica, Palomino Beige, and varietal grape names such as Muscat de Frontignan have appeared on California dessert wines. The American public eagerly awaits a name for the California product labeled Sherry,

which neither in method of production nor in taste resembles the Spanish product.

The grapes which are to be used for dessert wines must contain an abundance of sugar in order that an adequate amount of alcohol may be produced and still leave enough sweetness; and those for the better sweet wines must have character and reasonable amounts of "varietal aroma" and fruit acids, so that quality may be rendered to the wine.

The hot central valleys are particularly charitable to the production of high concentration of sugar in the grape. In the more southerly counties, especially in the San Joaquin Valley, the crops are large, the sugar content of the grape is high, but the acid content is low, and the character of the wine is less choice than in the cooler counties of Sonoma and Napa Valleys, where the tonnage per acre is smaller, the sugar content less, and the ratio of fruit acid higher.

The sweetest of all dessert wines is the Angelica. The origin of its name has been lost in the early history of California Missions — perhaps some gentle brother thought it a worthy nectar for the angels. Angelicas are low in total acids, both natural fruit and the secondary acids of fermentation. Their color is golden, on the order of Muscatel, and if properly made they should be free of the *rancio* or cooked flavor of sherry. A fine Angelica can be an unsurpassed dessert wine.

Unnecessary confusion arises in regard to the California wine called Tokay. The Hungarian Tokay is a natural, sweet wine produced from the Furmint grape, without the addition of brandy. Of this wine it has been said, "When childless families despair, when January is wedded to May, and when old men wish to be young again, then Tokay is in request." Not so the California Tokay, which is a blend of Angelica, California port, and California sherry, to which brandy is added. Rarely, if ever, is the wine made from the Flame Tokay grape, an excellent table grape because of tartness, but unfitted for wine because of its low sugar content. Certainly this California product should bear another name. It neither resembles the Hungarian Tokay, nor is it made of Tokay, but it is a delightful dessert wine nonetheless.

The Muscatel wines, next in the order of sweetness, were common in

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ancient Rome in the time of Columella. Modern examples of Muscatel are the Frontignan of France, the Aleatico, Malvasia Bianca, and Cannelli of Italy, the Malmsey of Madeira, and the Samos of Greece. Dessert wines made from Muscat grapes are distinctive because the aromatic principle giving character to the grape is also carried over into the wine, imparting to it a rich and luscious flavor. The Muscatels are progressively more excellent in quality as their total acidity reaches an optimum.

Less sweet than the Muscatels are the port wines. In California the Mission, Tinta Madeira, Grenache, Valdepeñas, Trousseau, and Mataro are the typical grape varieties used in the production of port. The end result is a good wine, but it is not port. The fundamental difference between Portuguese port and California port is that in the former the fortifying brandy is added at the height of violent fermentation in order to arrest the activity of the process at the desired moment, while in California the fortifying brandy is added to a pleasantly blended, sweet red wine.

The least sweet and perhaps the most promising of the California dessert wines are the "sherries." The origin of the type-name, California Sherry, is obviously Spanish, but the method of production more closely resembles that used for the wines of Madeira. The dry-type sherries produced in Spain result from maturation with a film yeast called "flor," with final aging of the wine in oak casks. In California there are a few sherries produced by the Spanish film yeast process, but the greater number are made by subjecting the wines to temperatures of 120° to 140° F. for two to four or more months, and such wines when properly made and aged are distinctive.

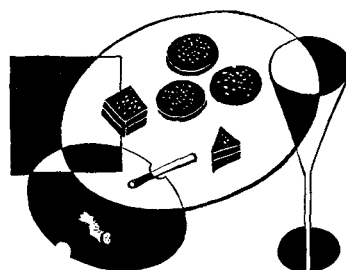
The colors of California sherry vary from pale yellow to amber. The darker wines are usually of poorer quality because they have been overbaked. Some California vinifers have become expert in producing wines of good *rancio* flavor—the result of controlled oxidation and proper caramelization. The smaller the amount of caramel and the slower the oxidation, the more delicate the wine.

Only in a very general way do the sherries of California resemble the Spanish sherries. Some of them are quite good, especially those made of the Palomino grape, subjected to film yeast fermentation, and properly aged. I have tasted some very fine California sherries; the finest, a film yeast product no longer available, was made by Louis M. Martini and called Royal Duke. The most interesting California sherry, a supernaculum, was the pre-prohibition Wahtoke, a bottle of which was given to me by its producer, A. R. Morrow, the dean of California winetasters. Since repeal, premium quality dessert wine production has become a specialty of many of the premium table wine producers, who have well-established marketing facilities to reach the most discriminating palates. Californians can make good sherry-type wine, but it should be given a distinctive and native California name.

The California dessert wines are pure and sound, but the greatest proportion of those available on the market are relatively young. I am sure that their popularity will increase as they acquire the necessary age, which will enable them to display their best characteristics. Dessert wines must spend several years in the wood and bottle before they develop the aromatic qualities that will make them premium products. The lack of a proper market is the cause of the present quality of the mass of dessert wines.

Some of the quality producers buy young dessert wines from the Valleys and blend them with northern wines for higher acidity and flavor. They

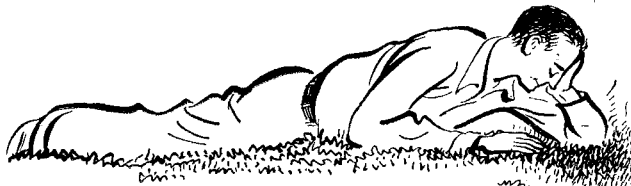
are then matured in small oak cooperage, bottled, and aged further before they are marketed. Those who have tasted these products of limited distribution will acknowledge that California can produce dessert wine of high



quality. A fair taste test would be to compare the Beaulieu Muscat de Frontignan with any Muscatel of Spain, or the Beringer Private Stock Port with most of the ports which are received in the United States from Portugal or Britain. The Cresta Blanca Wine Company has produced two premium quality California sherries, and both of them have been eminently successful.

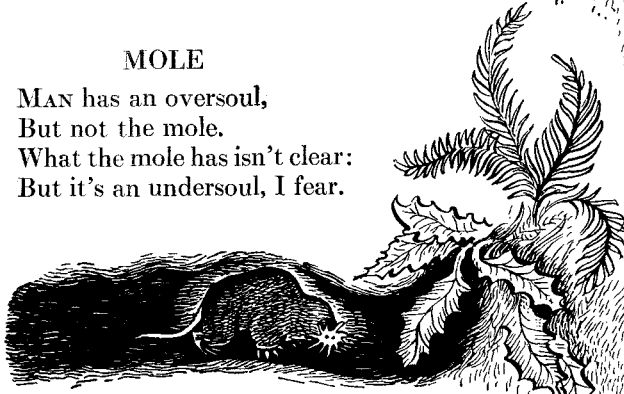
NOTES OF AN UNNATURALIST

by DAVID McCORD



MOLE

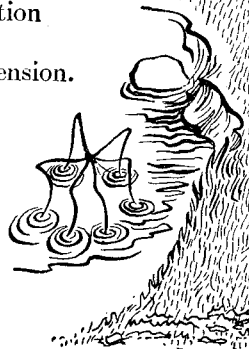
MAN has an oversoul,
But not the mole.
What the mole has isn't clear:
But it's an undersoul, I fear.



WATER STRIDER

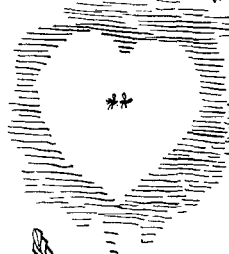
(Family Gerridae)

THE water strider deserves mention
For his uplifting invention —
Something to do with surface tension.
Man aestivates
While Gerri skates.
Mistake a lake for a lawn,
And man is gone:
Let the water freeze,
And he's.



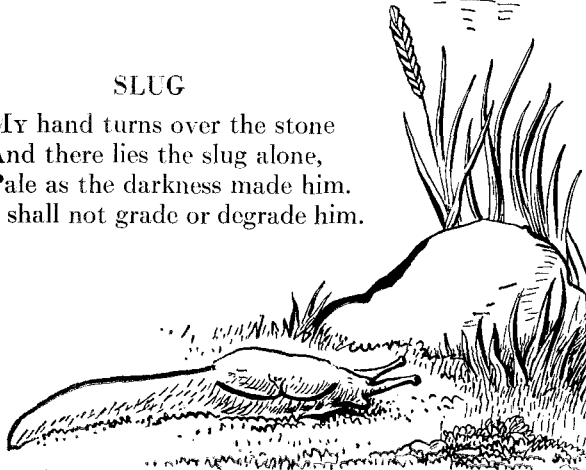
MAY FLY

UNLIKE the Gerridae
The Ephemeridae
Greatly prefer mating
To skating.



SLUG

MY hand turns over the stone
And there lies the slug alone,
Pale as the darkness made him.
I shall not grade or degrade him.



Ω

THE inchworm
Doesn't squirm,
Nor is that comic actor
A caterpillar tractor.
He gives himself a hunch
To move his prolegs in a bunch.
Whatever the route,
His epilegs follow suit;
And while he plays his hunches
He lunches.



SKUNK

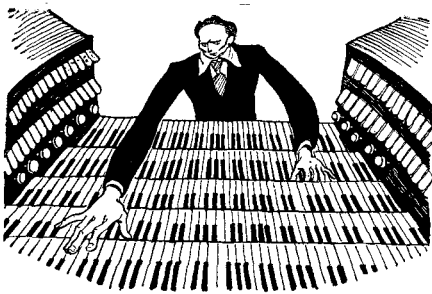
MAN is not partial to the skunk
And in his presence has no spunk.
At night within a Buick's beam
Skunks die, yet people do not seem
Delighted when their dry-cell torch
Defines one underneath the porch.
But still of all our fauna he,
The skunk, shows sempiternal glee.
You catch him, when the moon is round,
At play upon the silver ground —
The merriest of little grigs,
And merry even when he digs
For grubs. Why one of such good heart
Is in bad odor from the start
Is more than I'm prepared to say.
Perhaps we'd love him in a way
If his performance glad and gay
Were given as a matinee.



LEOPARD FROG

A BOG
Is where you find the leopard frog:
The boggier, polliwoggier,
And wetter, the better.
On a log he is bumpy
And jumpy:
Not so
Down below.
Delicately peppered
Like a leopard,
He has lots and lots
Of spots.
He can change one and does:
The one where he was.





POSTLUDIUM

by JOHN V. HICKS

JOHN V. HICKS is "an organist who married an organist, a singer who married his accompanist." He lives in Prince Albert, Saskatchewan.

THE service ended. The congregation arose in a wave, like a field of tall grass just released after being laid flat by a reproving tempest. To a man, woman, and child they brightened perceptibly and began chattering to one another in a lively crescendo, taking up where they had left off as though no intrusion had intervened.

The organist, perceiving that he had missed a beat in the scheme of things, burst into the Mendelssohn Fourth and went scampering up and down purposefully. I could see his face in the console mirror, serious, dedicated.

Fortunately nobody else was asked to concentrate, and a splendid abandon was everywhere, gradually asserting itself over the din of the music. Current news vied with the weather in a feverish exchange of pleasantries that overrode the organ's chorus reeds with telling effect. Somebody directly behind me had had a baby, or perhaps it was her daughter; the tail end of a recipe for doughnuts whiffed past my ear in a brassy shriek.

For a moment I thought I heard someone bleating "What Mendelssohn is that?" and I turned around to supply "Number Four in B flat," but just then the remark was repeated and this time it came out so much like "What a meddlesome brat!" that I refrained from sticking my neck out. I laughed aloud, catching the spirit of it, feeling myself swept up in the tide of exhilaration that flooded the auditorium.

By now such members of the choir as had not made an open dash for it were doubled over in howls of laughter, audible above the crash of the diapasons. One of the basses had scored again in what was conceivably

a weekly contest open to tellers of juicy. Basses always win at this.

Little by little they dispersed and were gone, the news-swappers, the cooks, the basses. The church was empty but for Mendelssohn and his disciple and me. Mr. Mendelssohn had gained the floor after a five-page try. The music went for a final scamper high on the manuals, sliding down to a low tonic chord as though slightly relieved. The pedals walked up alone for a solo bow, then back gracefully. The manuals answered with a full close, and the movement ended. I sidled up beside the organ, waiting a moment while the organist's eyebrows were mopped.

I knew better than to comment upon what he had just played. I merely nodded. You never blurt out to an organist that you have been deliberately listening to the postlude. Shock, and so forth.

"Nice day," I said in a kindly tone.

He smiled the wan smile of one used to agreeing with people. "Yes, isn't it?" he replied, gathering his music together on the rack.

The Mendelssohn and an oblong Bach were both minus their covers, both well caressed at the corners. He handled them as though he loved them. I looked over his shoulder at one of the big banks of stops, running an eye over them speculatively.

"Your bombarde really bites its way through, doesn't it?" I remarked, trying to sound nonchalant. It was inadvertent, even at that. He jumped as though I had stabbed him.

"Eh?" he squeaked.

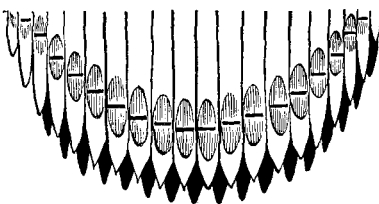
"I said your bombarde —"

"Do you — are you — were you — heh-heh —"

The man was dithering. I had been rash. I know better; I simply wasn't thinking.

"Oh, I just thought —"

But the damage was done. He bounced off the bench and had me firmly by the coat lapels. Life had sprung into his eyes, and two bright spots into his cheeks. "You're not —"



you wouldn't be an organist?" he whispered.

Not if I could help it, brother, I thought to myself.

"Oh, I do a bit," I admitted quietly, and from there on out I should say that his reactions ceased to be normal. He fidgeted and mouthed at me pitifully, and made signs with his arms from which I gathered he was insisting I should try the organ.

I sighed and sat down, as every organist sighs every time he sits down. I poked at the thumb pistons experimentally, then tried the generals down under. Number three was a fair fugal setup. I knocked off a mixture and a sixteen-foot and began spreading out the Wedge, the big E minor.

Some minutes later I trilled into the final major chord, held it, lifted it, looked around. My friend was in the front pew, arms folded peacefully, a fixed smile on his features.

"Bit sloppy, I'm afraid," I offered in apology. "Strange organ, you know —"

He gave no sign of having heard me. I had apparently put him to sleep. I looked at my watch and it came to me with a start that I would miss my bus connection. I cleared my throat noisily.

"Well —" I ventured. No cream. I went over and touched his shoulder. I shook him. He slumped over sideways quite gently and lay sprawled in the pew.

A couple of the church ladies came through a side door, looking for the minister. I summoned them at once, then rushed out and phoned a doctor from the house next door. I didn't give my name. I didn't go back into the church. It was the third organist I had prostrated in less than a year, through sheer thoughtlessness, and some of these days somebody is going to begin holding me responsible.

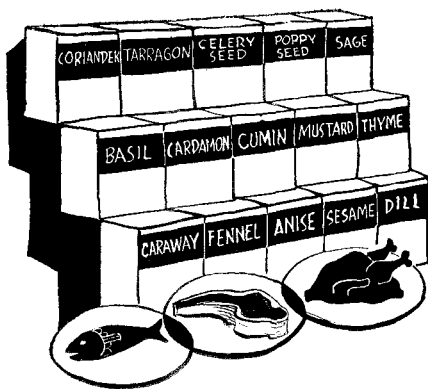
NO VAIN IMAGININGS

by ROBERTA TEALE SWARTZ

O LOVE, this love shall be employed
Though it be painful and profound,
A wind upon a jungle sea,
A river running underground.
Let tigers drink at that sea's edge,
Let birds discover hidden streams,
Let all the force of all you are
Come to my thought but in such
dreams

As lapping gently at the mind
Make the occasion more to be
And light the eyes for others here
And raise the day's reality.

ACCENT ON LIVING



SAVORY SEEDS

by HELEN EVANS BROWN

HELEN EVANS BROWN is food editor of the *Californian*, and the author of several cookbooks and many articles on cookery.

THERE is nothing surprising in finding a pickle flavored with dill or a dinner roll bedecked with sesame seeds, but when a lamb chop is sprinkled with dill seeds or when hashed brown potatoes have the added enchantment of sesame seeds, the average American will not only be surprised, he may be downright antagonistic. It's not the flavor he objects to, it's the idea of anything that is different.

When the use of culinary herbs was first revived by a few daring herb growers, many an American nose wrinkled in disdain at the thought of basil or tarragon, and even of sage and thyme save at turkey time. But before long, thousands of "good plain cooks" were sneaking pinches of marjoram into their stews, and soon the disuse of herbs was in danger of becoming a misuse—the growers had to warn that a touch of restraint was a necessary part of successful herb cookery.

Now it's savory seeds: they are appearing in more and more dishes. We are beginning to accept the fact that those little specks in the salad are meant to be there.

That Americans like "good plain food," and that they are not at all interested in seasoning and spices, is accepted by many as a fact. Why, then, do we consume more spices per capita than any other people in the world? Why is it that "good plain food" found on many family and restaurant tables is so frequently augmented with bottled sauces and condiments that are poured over everything? Why is it that food processors find the description "... and rare

spices" such a magic selling formula? Why is it that the hot dog, the very symbol of American taste, is sapid with exotic spices—including, incidentally, several savory seeds: dill, coriander, sometimes cardamon and cumin? Of course we like seasonings, and we know them intimately by taste, if not by name.

Apicius de re Coquinaria, said to be the world's oldest cookbook, makes frequent mention of various seeds: anise, caraway, coriander, dill, fennel, poppy seed, and sesame. The ancient Romans made such lavish use of these seasonings that one suspects the purpose was to obliterate unpleasant tastes rather than to add flavor. If the spices did little toward preserving the food, they certainly helped disguise the fact that its freshness was but a memory. At any rate, the Romans used prodigious amounts of these pungent seeds—a practice remarked upon and defended many centuries later by Dr. Martin Lister in his edition of the ancient cookery book: "As we are able to bear the Bitterness of Hops in our Common Drink . . . we should not be averse to Rue, Cummin, Parsley seeds and Cardamums strown promiscuously over our dinner when it comes to Table." Today, though we certainly don't want savory seeds sprinkled indiscriminately over our dinner, many of our common foods could do with a bit of variety—and of spice.

It was not strange that the ancients thought these culinary seeds had almost supernatural power—there is still something magical in the fact that so tiny an object can wield such flavoring power. The seeds were credited with all kinds of cures, as well as with causing various maladies. Some of these superstitions may have been based on fact—the use of poppy seeds for inducing sleep, for instance. "The garden poppie boy'd into the thickness of honey profiteth into many griefs and the seed confected with sugar and eaten doe marvelously prevail in procuring the weake patient to sleepe soundly."

Dill was said to weaken the eyes, so it was fortunate that fennel could restore the sight. Coriander was believed to bring on hallucinations, anise to cure epilepsy, and sesame seeds to end "soundings and ringings of the eares." Mustard loosened the tongue, and cumin was supposed to be a potent aphrodisiac, which perhaps accounted for its tremendous



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popularity. A brew of it when "drunk twice a day doth multiply and provoke lust." In "The Vertues of Several Waters" mentioned by Gervase Markham (1615), it is stated positively that "water of fennel is goode to make a fat body small"; and one of "six most precious waters which Hippocrates made and sent to a Queen sometimes living in England" contained fennel along with numerous other ingredients, all to be kept in a vessel of gold or silver. The water, when drunk, "easeth the ach of the head, and if a man drink it, it maketh him look young even on old age, besides a world of other most excellent vertues."

Fennel was used to drive away fleas, but anise was more powerful — it vanquished witches. Anise still seems to have bewitching powers, or it has a foxy odor about it. It seems that a pack of hounds can be neatly outfoxed by a bag of anise seeds that has been dragged over a course laid out for the pleasure of the hunters. The dogs will bay merrily on the scent until the chase is over. Today anise is used mostly for flavoring that nectarean liqueur anisette, and for cookies that make an appearance at Christmastime. That it is delicious with buttered carrots and in veal stew is not as well-known a fact, nor that it is superb sprinkled on pie made tart with green apples, rich in butter, sweet with sugar, and glorious with a slug of applejack.

Fennel used to be called "meetin' seed" by our forefathers, who chewed it in church to alleviate the fidgets. It is at its best with fish and with all that goes with fish: cucumbers, sour cream, beets.



Caraway has almost buried its personality under the crust of rye bread — which is a pity, for it has many culinary uses. The Tudors well knew that it was delectable with apples — and it still is, especially if

a bit of Gorgonzola is an added accompaniment. It is also surprisingly good with shrimps, when served cold with mayonnaise, and with clam chowder, roast pork, baked liver, turnips, and boiled new potatoes.

Cardamon, mentioned in Sanskrit manuscripts many years before Christ, is found mostly in pickles and Danish pastries, but its pungent and aromatic flavor is delightful in fruit jellies and, of all things, pea soup. Its flavor may seem familiar because it is often used in flavoring liver sausage, and always in curry powder, as are cumin, coriander, fennel, mustard, and poppy seeds.

Celery seed is used, for the most part, wherever the flavor of the fresh vegetable is desired. Like many of the savory seeds, it is of the parsley family, though hardly its most distinguished member. It is good with stewed tomatoes and in potato salad, and is used by some in dressing for fruit salad — why, it is difficult to imagine.

Coriander is more charming than the derivation of its name. It comes from the Greek *koris*, meaning bedbug, and it was supposed to have the odor of that horrid insect. Coriander is a most versatile seasoning, being wonderful in a sauce for game, a compote of pears, or with pork or cream of almond soup. It even makes a rice pudding palatable. If the flavor is nostalgic it may be because it is an ingredient in gin, or it may be that it takes you back to the days when you sucked long and blissfully on a huge ball of sugar candy and finally reached its center of goodness — a coriander seed.

Cumin seed, often used in chili powder, seems to have a particular affinity for cheese, but it does wonderful things for rice, deviled eggs, and for thick chicken or bean soup. Those with gastronomical daring may even want to try it as a flavoring for stewed fruit.

Dill goes well with many things other than the ubiquitous pickle: avocados, olives (green and ripe), cottage cheese, tomatoes, borscht, razolnik, string beans, and everything from the sea. Mustard (the name was derived from the fact that it was mixed with must) is used mostly in the ground form. Its functions need no introduction.

Poppy and sesame seeds, the least pungent but most useful of the savory seeds, have at last been recognized

as a delightful adjunct to many foods other than breads and rolls. They may be used wherever chopped nuts are indicated: topping cookies or casserole dishes or cakes, sprinkled



on canapés, sandwiched between buttered bread, coating balls of cheese. The famous Charleston Benne candy is a brittle made with sesame seeds, but poppy seeds are good in candy too.

Best use of all for sesame and poppy seeds is on crackers or Melba toast: brush with melted butter, sprinkle with the seeds of your choice, and toast under the broiler until they are lightly browned and crisp. Serve these with drinks, soups, salads, cheese, or alone, just for the sheer joy of eating.

CHALLENGE

by MILDRED R. HOWLAND

How shall we teach
A child to reach
Beyond himself and touch
The stars,
We who have stooped so much?

How shall we tell
A child to dwell
With honor, live and die
For truth,
We who have lived a lie?

How shall we say
To him, "The way
Of life is through the gate
Of love,"
We who have learned to hate?

How shall we dare
To teach him prayer
And turn him toward the way
Of faith,
We who no longer pray?